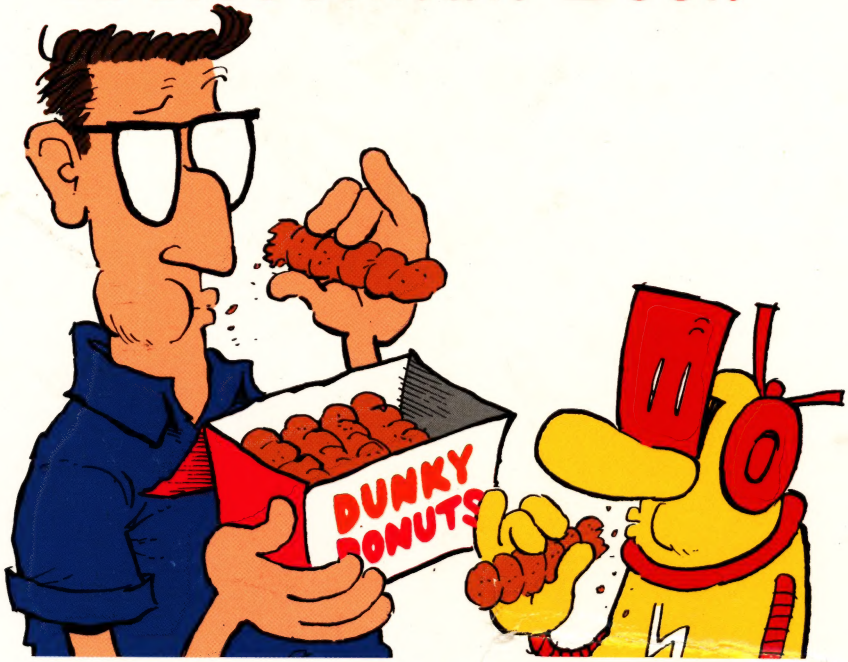
PRIMARY CRULLERS

A Robotman Book



by JIM MEDDICK

MEDDICK

PRIMARY CRULLERS *A Robotman Book*

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A Robotman Book

JIM MEDDICK

Andrews McMeel
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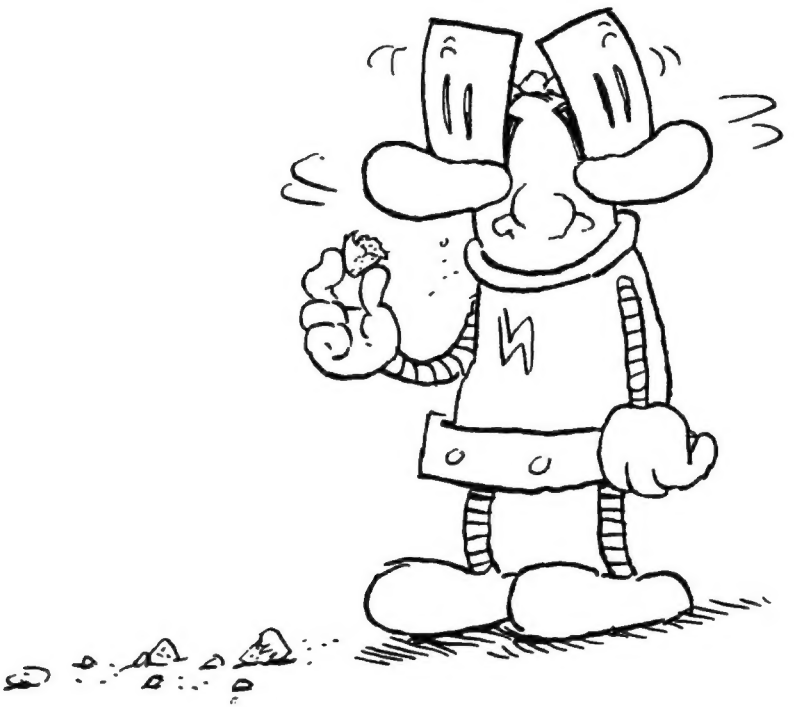
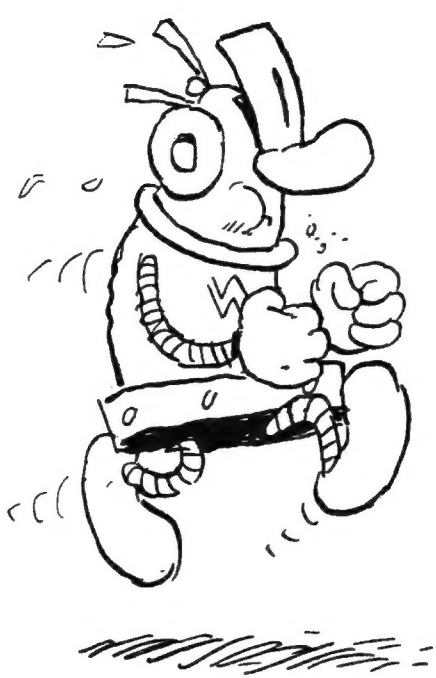
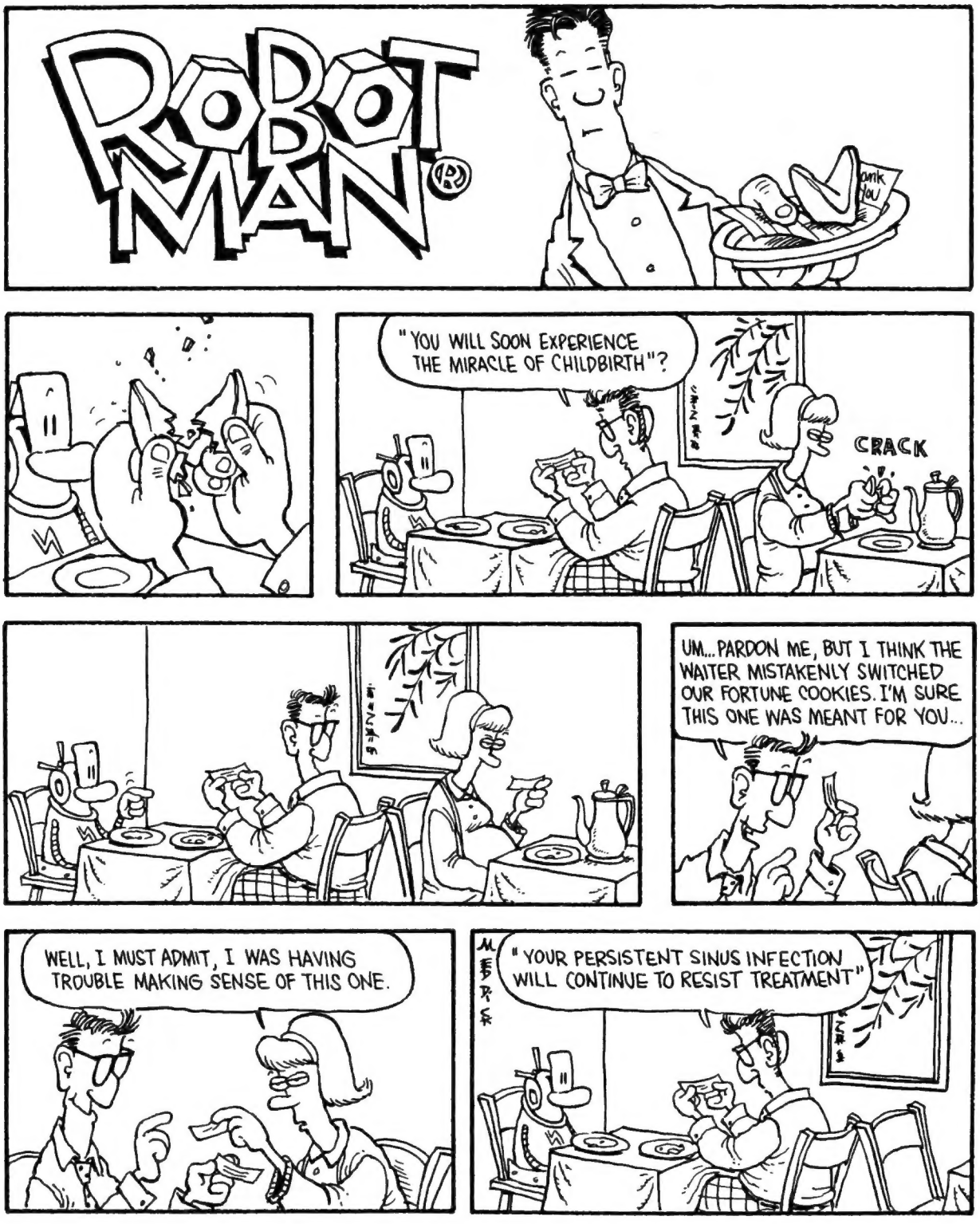
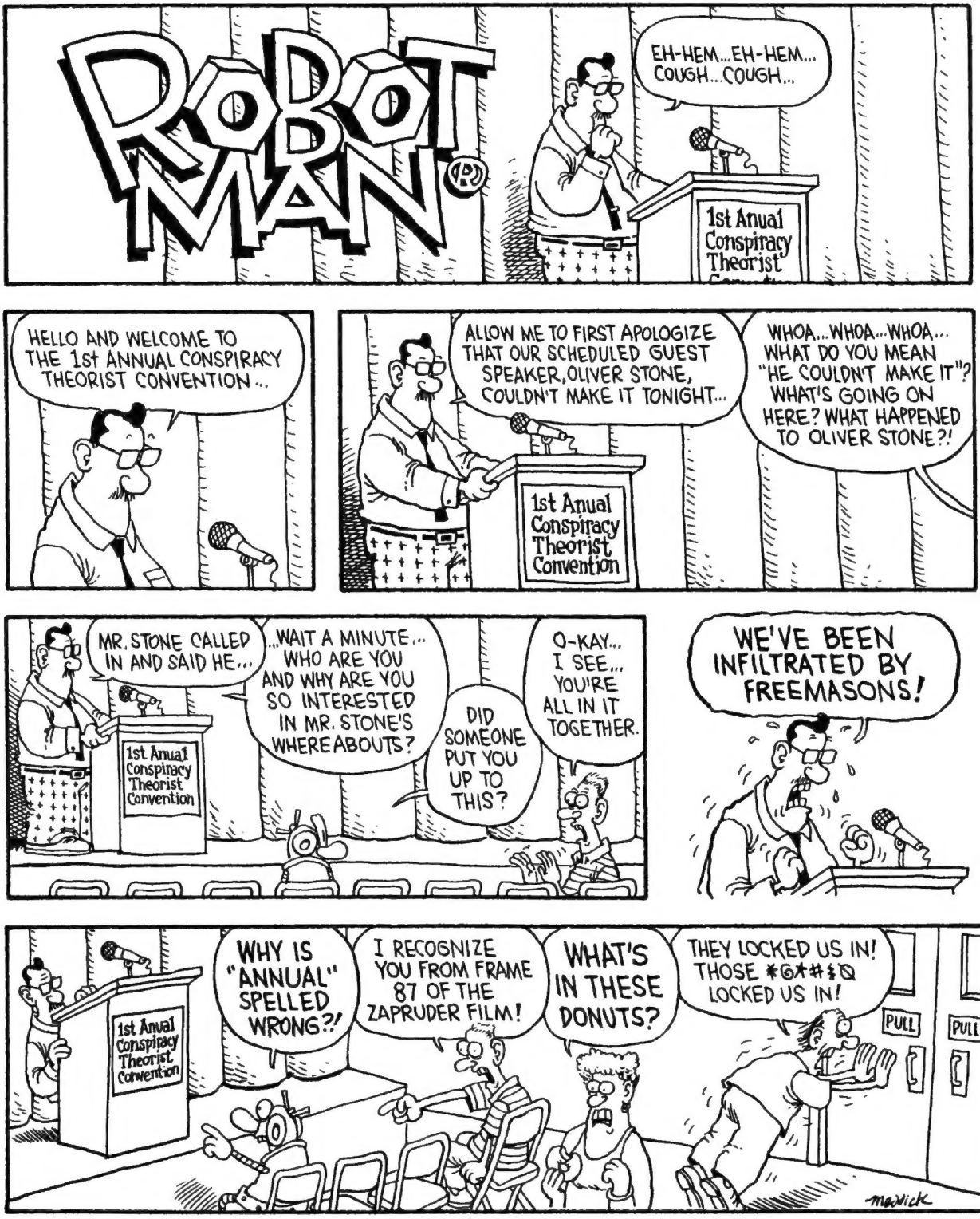
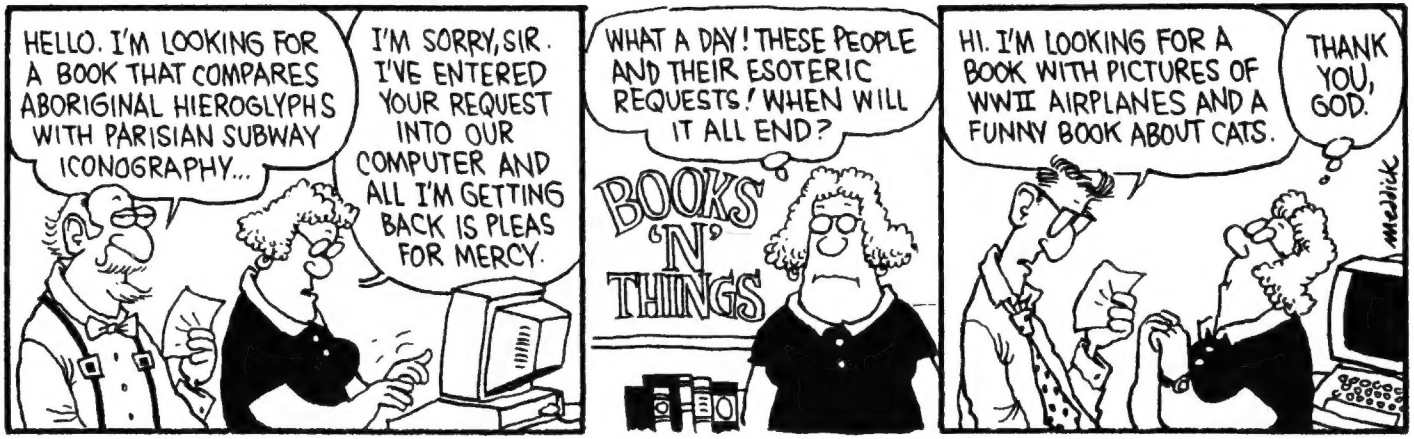


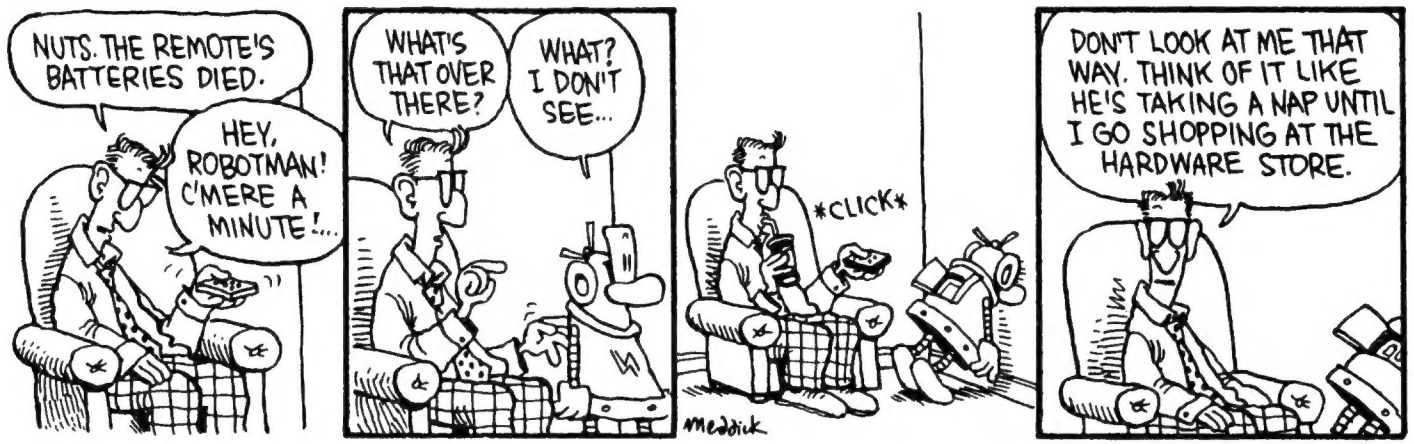


DUNKY
DONUTS

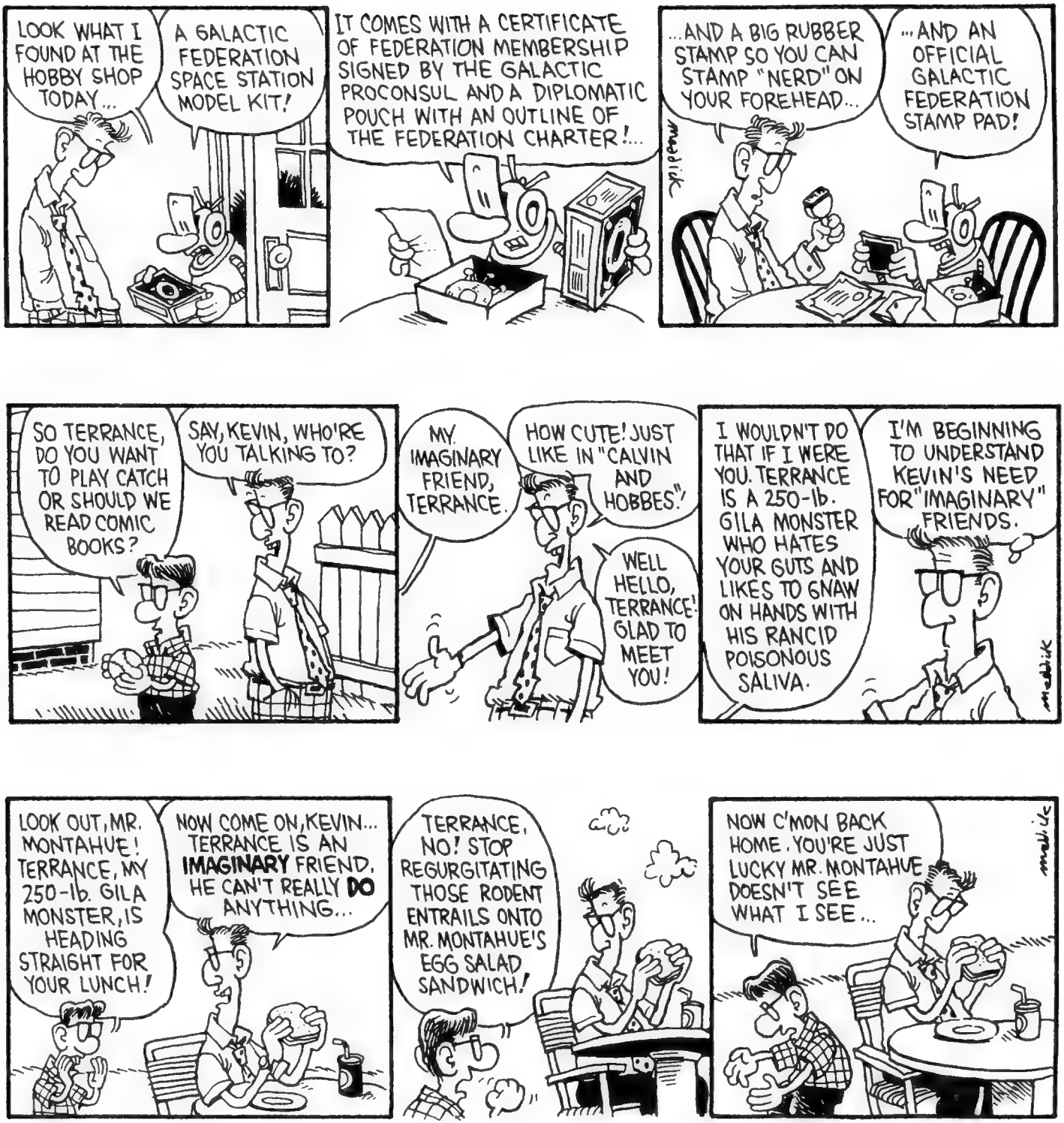

ROBOT MAN®
thank you
"YOU WILL SOON EXPERIENCE THE MIRACLE OF CHILDBIRTH"?
CRACK
UM... PARDON ME, BUT I THINK THE WAITER MISTAKENLY SWITCHED OUR FORTUNE COOKIES. I'M SURE THIS ONE WAS MEANT FOR YOU...
WELL, I MUST ADMIT, I WAS HAVING TROUBLE MAKING SENSE OF THIS ONE.
"YOUR PERSISTENT SINUS INFECTION WILL CONTINUE TO RESIST TREATMENT"

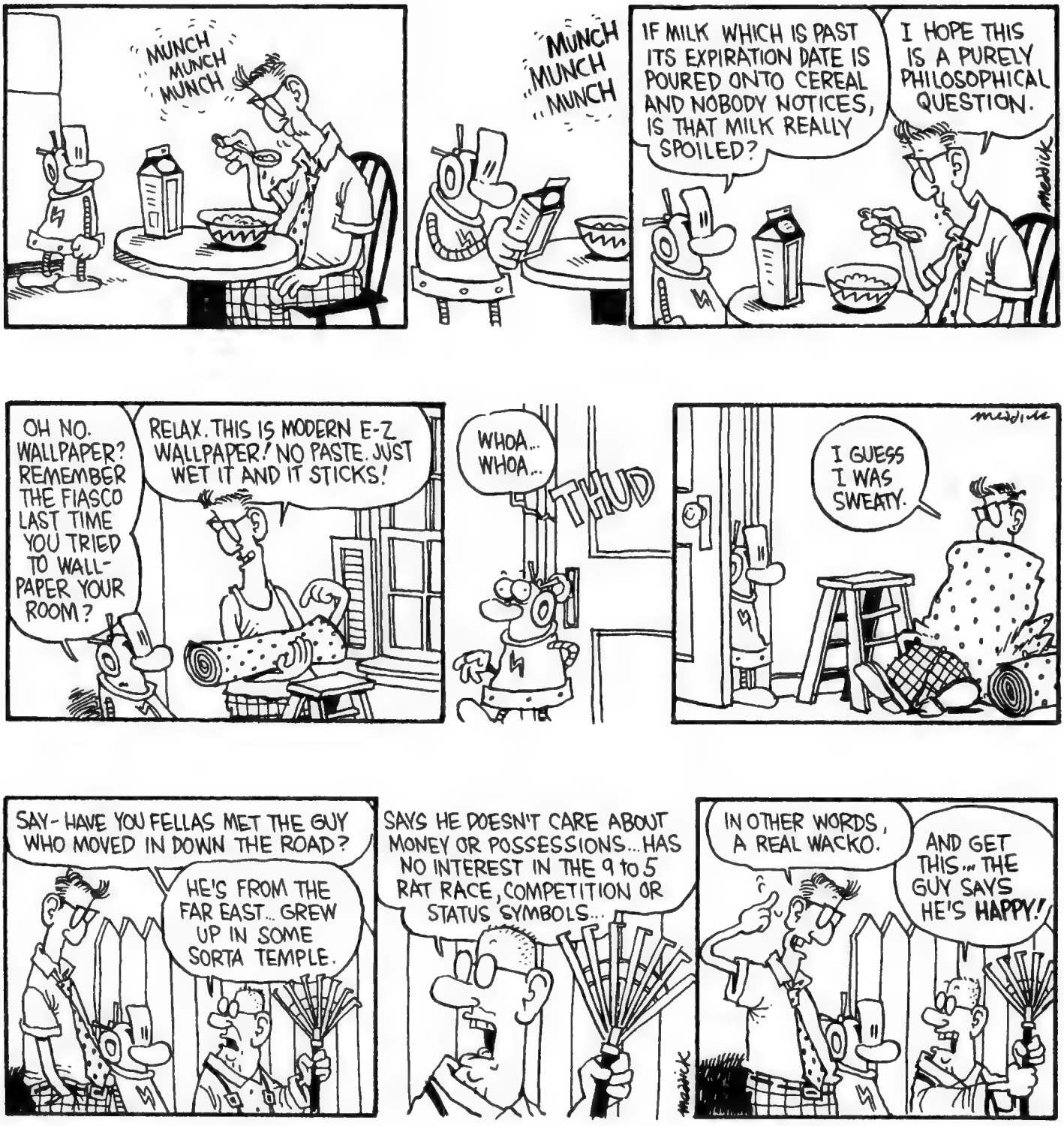

ROBOT MAN
EH-HEM...EH-HEM... COUGH...COUGH...
1st Anual Conspiracy Theorist
HELLO AND WELCOME TO THE 1st ANNUAL CONSPIRACY THEORIST CONVENTION...
ALLOW ME TO FIRST APOLOGIZE THAT OUR SCHEDULED GUEST SPEAKER, OLIVER STONE, COULDN'T MAKE IT TONIGHT...
1st Anual Conspiracy Theorist Convention
WHOA...WHOA...WHOA... WHAT DO YOU MEAN "HE COULDN'T MAKE IT"? WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHAT HAPPENED TO OLIVER STONE?!
MR. STONE CALLED IN AND SAID HE...
1st Anual Conspiracy Theorist Convention
...WAIT A MINUTE... WHO ARE YOU AND WHY ARE YOU SO INTERESTED IN MR. STONE'S WHEREABOUTS?
DID SOMEONE PUT YOU UP TO THIS?
O-KAY... I SEE... YOU'RE ALL IN IT TOGETHER.
WE'VE BEEN INFILTRATED BY FREEMASONS!
1st Anual Conspiracy Theorist Convention
WHY IS "ANNUAL" SPELLED WRONG?!
I RECOGNIZE YOU FROM FRAME 87 OF THE ZAPRUDER FILM!
WHAT'S IN THESE DONUTS?
THEY LOCKED US IN! THOSE *@*#$@ LOCKED US IN!
PULL
PULL
mavick

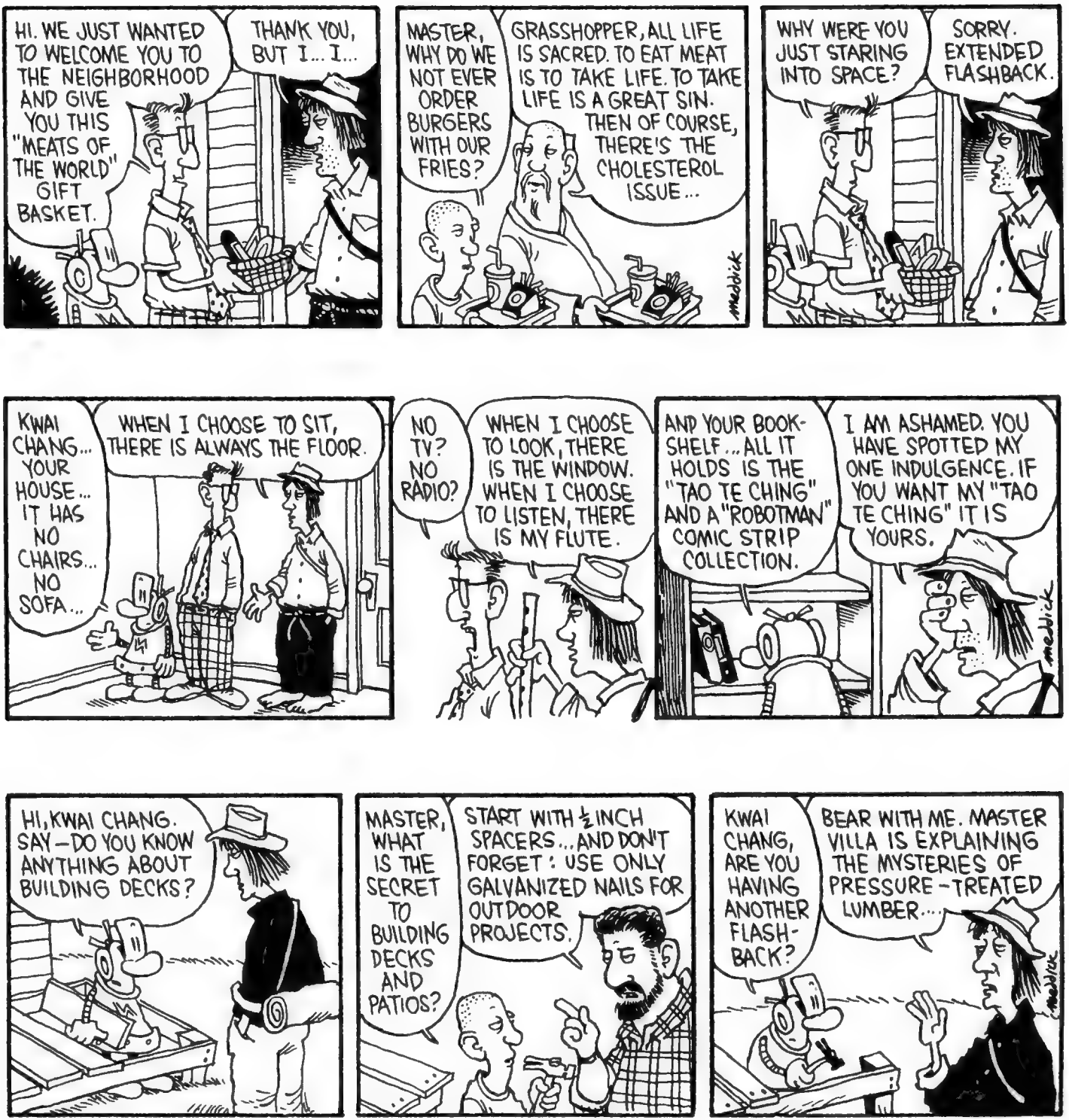

HELLO. I'M LOOKING FOR A BOOK THAT COMPARES ABORIGINAL HIEROGLYPHS WITH PARISIAN SUBWAY ICONOGRAPHY...
I'M SORRY, SIR. I'VE ENTERED YOUR REQUEST INTO OUR COMPUTER AND ALL I'M GETTING BACK IS PLEAS FOR MERCY.
WHAT A DAY! THESE PEOPLE AND THEIR ESOTERIC REQUESTS! WHEN WILL IT ALL END?
BOOKS 'N' THINGS
HI. I'M LOOKING FOR A BOOK WITH PICTURES OF WWII AIRPLANES AND A FUNNY BOOK ABOUT CATS.
THANK YOU, GOD.
Meddick


NUTS. THE REMOTE'S BATTERIES DIED.
HEY, ROBOTMAN! C'MERE A MINUTE!...
WHAT'S THAT OVER THERE?
WHAT? I DON'T SEE...
CLICK
DON'T LOOK AT ME THAT WAY. THINK OF IT LIKE HE'S TAKING A NAP UNTIL I GO SHOPPING AT THE HARDWARE STORE.
Meddick

ON YOUR APPLICATION YOU CLAIMED 5 YEARS' EXPERIENCE MAKING PIZZAS...
MORE IF YOU COUNT THE YEARS I SPENT IN THE OLD COUNTRY...
MOMMA MIA! HAVE I MADE PIZZAS! BIG ONES. SMALL ONES. MICRO-WAVE ONES. YOU NAME IT!
YOU LIED ON YOUR APPLICATION, DIDN'T YOU?
I'VE SEEN THIS HAPPEN BEFORE AND DON'T WORRY... THERE'S NEVER ANY PERMANENT DAMAGE TO THE CEILING FAN...
Meddick


LOOK WHAT I FOUND AT THE HOBBY SHOP TODAY...
A GALACTIC FEDERATION SPACE STATION MODEL KIT!
IT COMES WITH A CERTIFICATE OF FEDERATION MEMBERSHIP SIGNED BY THE GALACTIC PROCONSUL AND A DIPLOMATIC POUCH WITH AN OUTLINE OF THE FEDERATION CHARTER!...
...AND A BIG RUBBER STAMP SO YOU CAN STAMP "NERD" ON YOUR FOREHEAD...
...AND AN OFFICIAL GALACTIC FEDERATION STAMP PAD!
SO TERRANCE, DO YOU WANT TO PLAY CATCH OR SHOULD WE READ COMIC BOOKS?
SAY, KEVIN, WHO'RE YOU TALKING TO?
MY IMAGINARY FRIEND, TERRANCE.
HOW CUTE! JUST LIKE IN "CALVIN AND HOBBES."
WELL HELLO, TERRANCE! GLAD TO MEET YOU!
I WOULDN'T DO THAT IF I WERE YOU. TERRANCE IS A 250-lb. GILA MONSTER WHO HATES YOUR GUTS AND LIKES TO GNAW ON HANDS WITH HIS RANCID POISONOUS SALIVA.
I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND KEVIN'S NEED FOR "IMAGINARY" FRIENDS.
LOOK OUT, MR. MONTAHUE! TERRANCE, MY 250-lb. GILA MONSTER, IS HEADING STRAIGHT FOR YOUR LUNCH!
NOW COME ON, KEVIN... TERRANCE IS AN IMAGINARY FRIEND, HE CAN'T REALLY DO ANYTHING...
TERRANCE, NO! STOP REGURGITATING THOSE RODENT ENTRAILS ONTO MR. MONTAHUE'S EGG SALAD SANDWICH!
NOW C'MON BACK HOME. YOU'RE JUST LUCKY MR. MONTAHUE DOESN'T SEE WHAT I SEE...


MUNCH MUNCH MUNCH
MUNCH MUNCH MUNCH
IF MILK WHICH IS PAST ITS EXPIRATION DATE IS POURED ONTO CEREAL AND NOBODY NOTICES, IS THAT MILK REALLY SPOILED?
I HOPE THIS IS A PURELY PHILOSOPHICAL QUESTION.
mesdick
OH NO. WALLPAPER? REMEMBER THE FIASCO LAST TIME YOU TRIED TO WALL-PAPER YOUR ROOM?
RELAX. THIS IS MODERN E-Z WALLPAPER! NO PASTE. JUST WET IT AND IT STICKS!
WHOA... WHOA...
THUD
mesdick
I GUESS I WAS SWEATY.
SAY- HAVE YOU FELLAS MET THE GUY WHO MOVED IN DOWN THE ROAD?
HE'S FROM THE FAR EAST... GREW UP IN SOME SORTA TEMPLE.
SAYS HE DOESN'T CARE ABOUT MONEY OR POSSESSIONS... HAS NO INTEREST IN THE 9 to 5 RAT RACE, COMPETITION OR STATUS SYMBOLS...
mesdick
IN OTHER WORDS, A REAL WACKO.
AND GET THIS... THE GUY SAYS HE'S HAPPY!

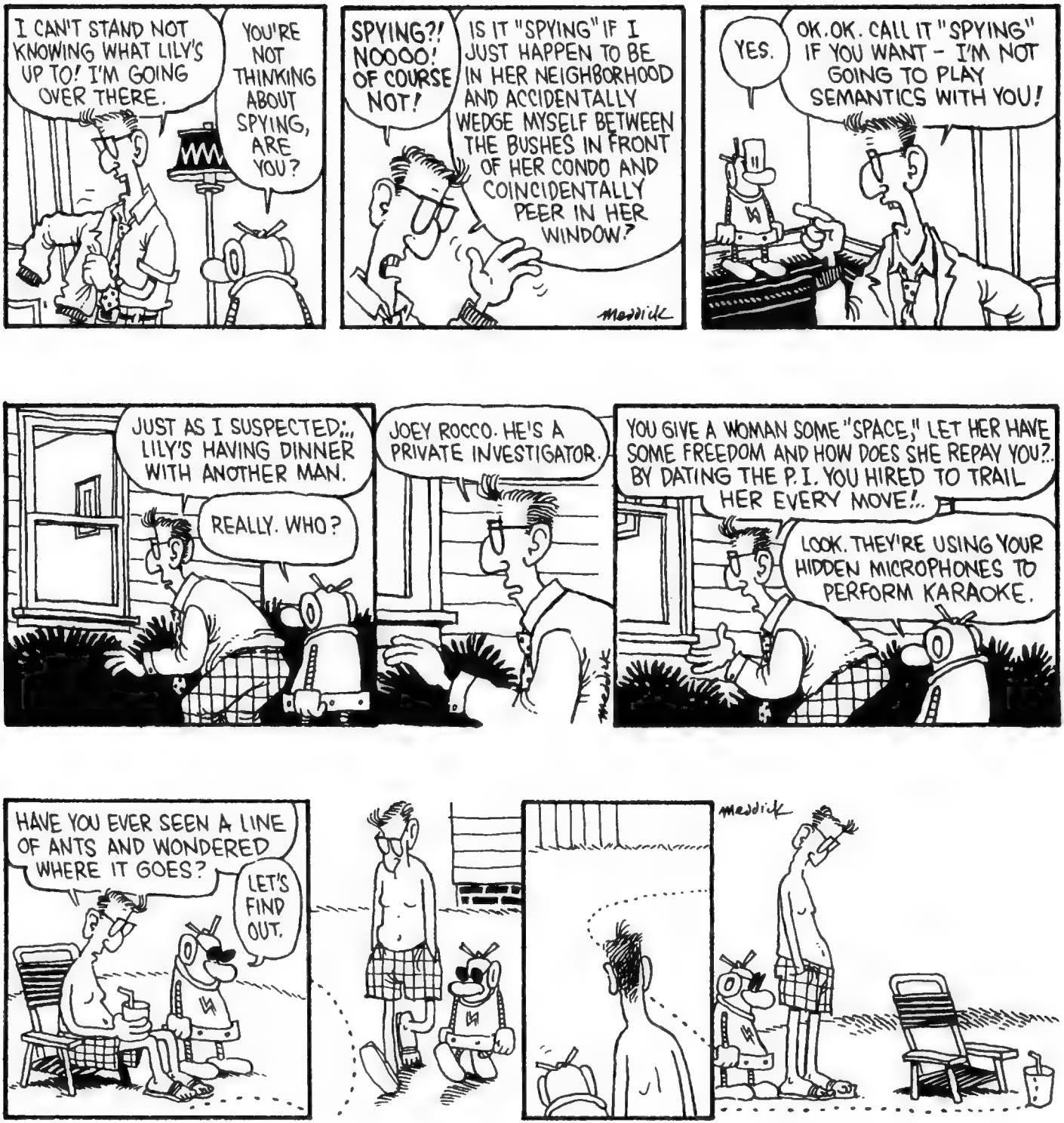

HI. WE JUST WANTED TO WELCOME YOU TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD AND GIVE YOU THIS "MEATS OF THE WORLD" GIFT BASKET.
THANK YOU, BUT I... I...
MASTER, WHY DO WE NOT EVER ORDER BURGERS WITH OUR FRIES?
GRASSHOPPER, ALL LIFE IS SACRED. TO EAT MEAT IS TO TAKE LIFE. TO TAKE LIFE IS A GREAT SIN. THEN OF COURSE, THERE'S THE CHOLESTEROL ISSUE...
WHY WERE YOU JUST STARING INTO SPACE?
SORRY. EXTENDED FLASHBACK.
KWAI CHANG... YOUR HOUSE... IT HAS NO CHAIRS... NO SOFA...
WHEN I CHOOSE TO SIT, THERE IS ALWAYS THE FLOOR.
NO TV? NO RADIO?
WHEN I CHOOSE TO LOOK, THERE IS THE WINDOW. WHEN I CHOOSE TO LISTEN, THERE IS MY FLUTE.
AND YOUR BOOK-SHELF... ALL IT HOLDS IS THE "TAO TE CHING" AND A "ROBOTMAN" COMIC STRIP COLLECTION.
I AM ASHAMED. YOU HAVE SPOTTED MY ONE INDULGENCE. IF YOU WANT MY "TAO TE CHING" IT IS YOURS.
HI, KWAI CHANG. SAY—DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT BUILDING DECKS?
MASTER, WHAT IS THE SECRET TO BUILDING DECKS AND PATIOS?
START WITH ½ INCH SPACERS... AND DON'T FORGET: USE ONLY GALVANIZED NAILS FOR OUTDOOR PROJECTS.
KWAI CHANG, ARE YOU HAVING ANOTHER FLASH-BACK?
BEAR WITH ME. MASTER VILLA IS EXPLAINING THE MYSTERIES OF PRESSURE-TREATED LUMBER....
medrick

ALL I NEED IS ONE BIG BREAK IN LIFE AND I'LL BE FINE...
YOU REMIND ME OF THE FARMER WHO WAS SO ANXIOUS FOR HIS CROPS TO GROW, HE TUGGED ON HIS SPROUTS AND RUINED HIS HARVEST.
MAYBE IF I BUY A BUNCH OF LOTTERY TICKETS...
HE TUGGED ON HIS SPROUTS AND...
IN OTHER WORDS, YOU REMIND ME OF A STUPID PERSON...
OH.

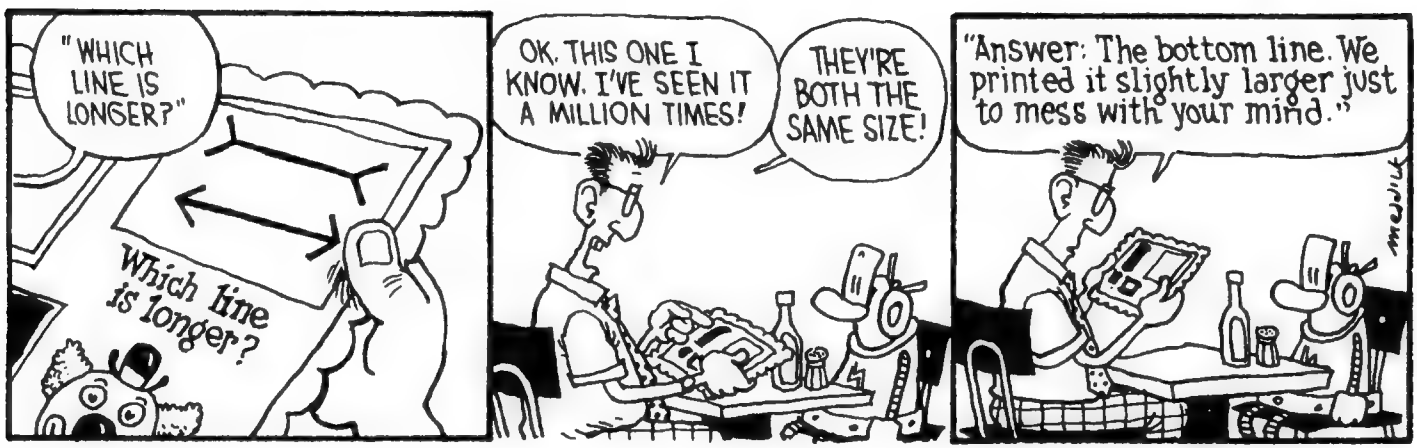
YOU KNOW WHAT'S SO FRUSTRATING ABOUT MEN? YOU NEVER OPEN UP AND SHARE YOUR FEELINGS.
I DON'T LIKE FANCY RESTAURANTS. I DON'T LIKE YOUR HAIR SHORT. I HATE GOING SHOPPING. I DON'T LIKE FOREPLAY. I...
OK. OK. YOU MADE YOUR POINT.

DID YOU BREAK UP WITH LILY?
NOT EXACTLY. WE BOTH AGREED WE NEED MORE "SPACE".
WE WERE GETTING A LITTLE TOO CODEPENDENT... WE NEED TIME APART... TO GROW AS INDIVIDUALS...
I WONDER WHAT THE *@*% SHE'S DOING RIGHT NOW.
I WONDER WHAT THE *@*% HE'S DOING RIGHT NOW.

WHY DID I LET LILY TALK ME INTO THIS SEPARATION?! I KNOW SHE'S ALREADY DATING...I JUST KNOW IT!
RELAX. EVEN IF SHE IS DATING SOMEONE HE'S PROBABLY AN ACCOUNTANT OR SOMETHING.
AN ACCOUNTANT! HA HA HA HA HA...
HEY, BABE, BEFORE WE GET TO RIO REMIND ME TO TELL YOU ABOUT COLLATERALIZED MORTGAGE OPPORTUNITIES.
AN ACCOUNTANT?!
IF YOU'RE SO WORRIED ABOUT LILY, GIVE HER A CALL AND CHECK IN ON HER...
I'M WAY AHEAD OF YOU, SPORT.
RING ♪ RING ♪... HELLO?
WHAT'S GOING ON? WHY'D YOU HANG UP?
THERE WAS A MAN'S VOICE IN THE BACK-GROUND.
A MAN'S VOICE?
IT SOUNDED LIKE... DAN RATHER...
LILY IS DATING DAN RATHER!
HELLO? HELLO?
TODAY IN WASHINGTON...
LOOKING BACK AT OLD SCI FI, IT'S AMAZING HOW MUCH STUFF ACTUALLY CAME TRUE...
MOON ROCKETS... SUBMARINES... GENETIC ENGINEERING.
ISN'T IT REMARKABLE HOW THE SCIENCE FICTION OF TODAY CAN BECOME THE SCIENCE FACT OF TOMORROW?
I SAID, ISN'T IT REMARKABLE HOW...
DON'T BOTHER ME. I'M WRITING A STORY ABOUT HOT-LOOKING ANDROID WOMEN WHO HAVE MARITAL RELATIONS WITH GEEKY HUMAN MALES.

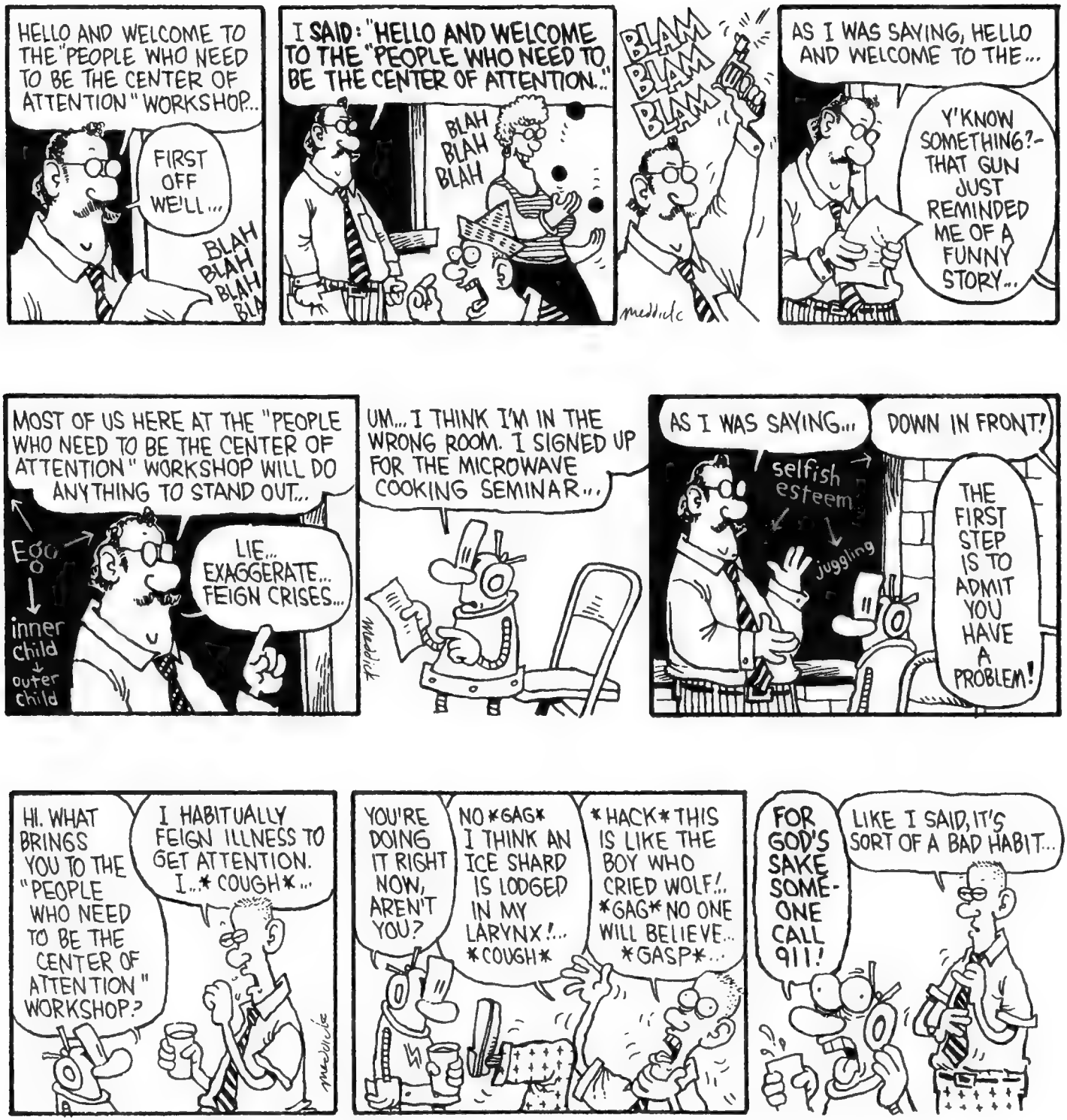

I CAN'T STAND NOT KNOWING WHAT LILY'S UP TO! I'M GOING OVER THERE.
YOU'RE NOT THINKING ABOUT SPYING, ARE YOU?
SPYING?! NOOOO! OF COURSE NOT!
IS IT "SPYING" IF I JUST HAPPEN TO BE IN HER NEIGHBORHOOD AND ACCIDENTALLY WEDGE MYSELF BETWEEN THE BUSHES IN FRONT OF HER CONDO AND COINCIDENTALLY PEER IN HER WINDOW?
Maddick
YES.
OK. OK. CALL IT "SPYING" IF YOU WANT - I'M NOT GOING TO PLAY SEMANTICS WITH YOU!
JUST AS I SUSPECTED;.. LILY'S HAVING DINNER WITH ANOTHER MAN.
REALLY. WHO?
JOEY ROCCO. HE'S A PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR.
YOU GIVE A WOMAN SOME "SPACE," LET HER HAVE SOME FREEDOM AND HOW DOES SHE REPAY YOU?.. BY DATING THE P.I. YOU HIRED TO TRAIL HER EVERY MOVE!..
LOOK. THEY'RE USING YOUR HIDDEN MICROPHONES TO PERFORM KARAOKE.
HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A LINE OF ANTS AND WONDERED WHERE IT GOES?
LET'S FIND OUT.
Maddick

LOOK! THIS PLACE HAS PUZZLE MATS! THESE USED TO BE THE ONLY TESTS I EVER ACED!
LET'S SEE... "MR. OWL AND MR. BEAR HAVE TO CROSS THE RIVER..."
...BUT THEY ONLY HAVE A ONE-PERSON CANOE... AND...
messick
NO FAIR CHEATING, MISTER!
THEY DON'T PRINT THE ANSWERS UPSIDE DOWN ON THE BOTTOM LIKE THEY USED TO...

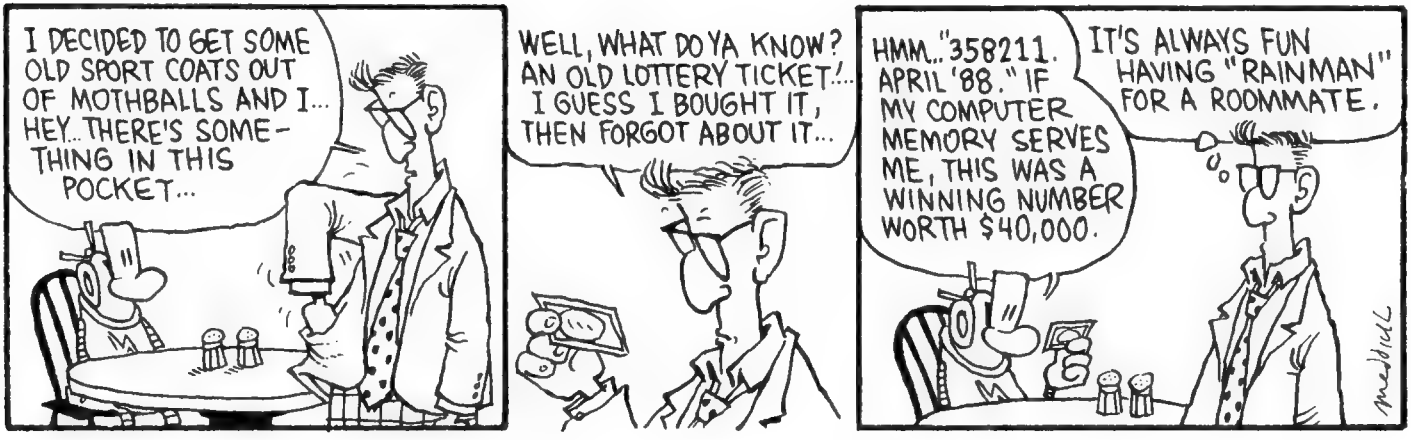

"WHICH LINE IS LONGER?"
Which line is longer?
OK. THIS ONE I KNOW. I'VE SEEN IT A MILLION TIMES!
THEY'RE BOTH THE SAME SIZE!
"Answer: The bottom line. We printed it slightly larger just to mess with your mind."
messick

LET'S SEE... HMM... OK... THAT OUGHTA DO IT...
OOO... THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT A MAN REPAIRING A CAR WITH HIS HANDS ALL DIRTY AND GRIMY THAT REALLY TURNS ME ON.
I DIDN'T KNOW YOU KNEW ANYTHING ABOUT CAR REPAIR.
I DON'T. OCCASIONALLY I LIFT THE HOOD AND RUB MY HANDS ON THE ENGINE BLOCK FOR LILY'S SAKE...
messick

ROBOT MAN®
SALE
I THINK I SEE LILY. SHE'S OVER THERE IN THE COSMETICS DEPARTMENT.
OH NO! NOT THE COSMETICS DEPARTMENT!
THE COSMETICS INDUSTRY IS A CYNICAL CONGLOMERATE WHICH STRIVES TO LOWER WOMEN'S SELF-ESTEEM IN AN EFFORT TO PEDDLE THEIR EVIL WARES!
50% OFF
I'M GOING IN AFTER HER! IF I'M NOT BACK IN 5 MINUTES, NOTIFY STORE SECURITY!
THE STENCH OF PERFUME GROWS THICKER... MUST BE GETTING CLOSE...
AIRBRUSHED MODELS EVERYWHERE...
...PERFECT FACES...
...SURGICALLY ENHANCED LIPS...
MAX TRACER
Saybelleen
DISORIENTED NOW... A HALL OF MIRRORS!..
ENCIRCLED BY MY OWN REFLECTION... PALE AND SICKLY IN THE UNFORGIVING FLUORESCENT LIGHT...
PERFUME HEAVY IN THE AIR... NEED OXYGEN... CAN'T THINK STRAIGHT...
CARE TO SAMPLE OUR NEW FRAGRANCE, "LOBOTOMY"?
AIIEE!
maddick
MONTY, WHAT'RE YOU DOING HERE?
HMM? WHAT? OH - I JUST THOUGHT I'D BUY A LITTLE ROUGE.

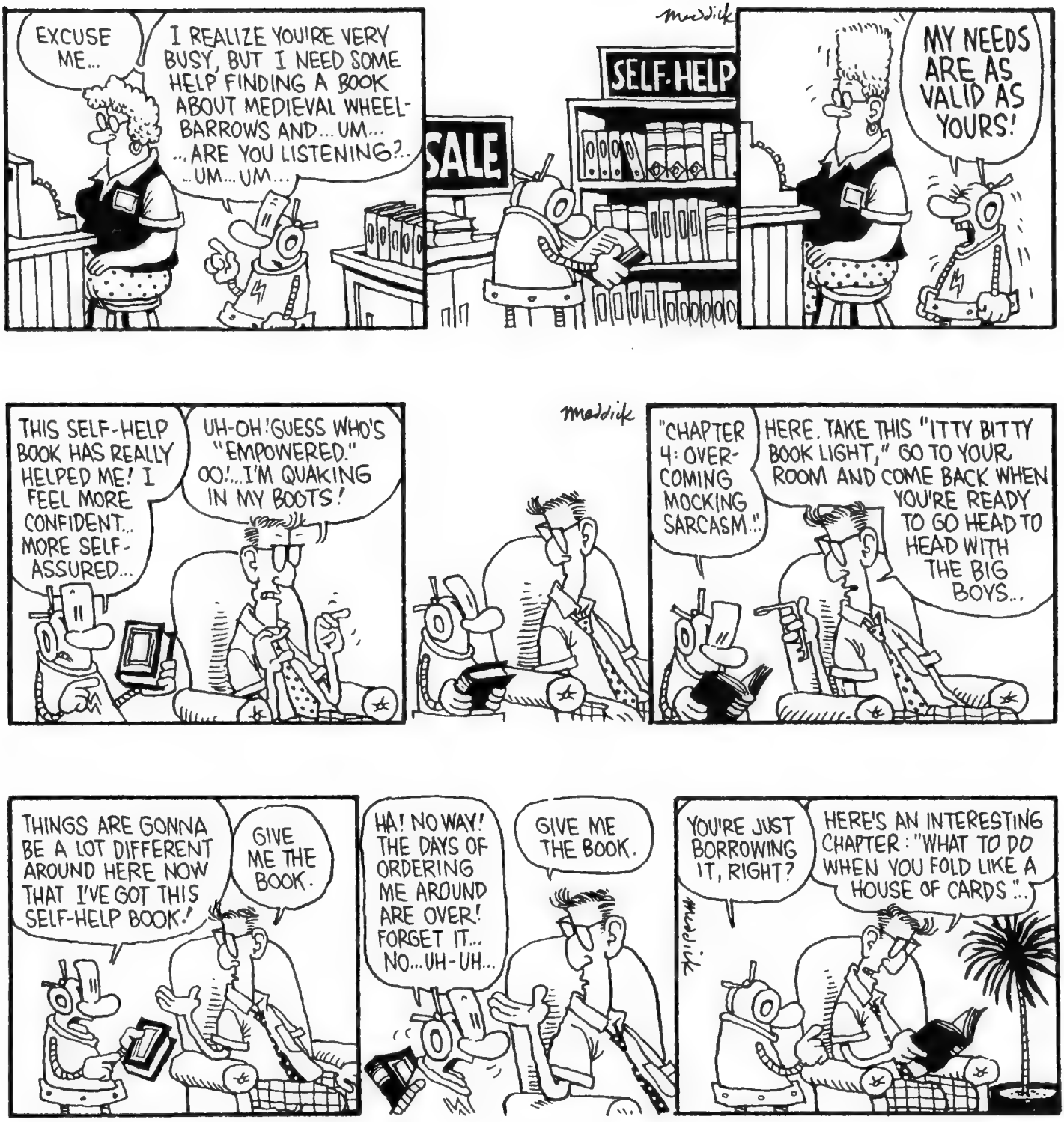

HELLO AND WELCOME TO THE "PEOPLE WHO NEED TO BE THE CENTER OF ATTENTION" WORKSHOP...
FIRST OFF WE'LL...
BLAH BLAH BLAH BLA
I SAID: "HELLO AND WELCOME TO THE "PEOPLE WHO NEED TO BE THE CENTER OF ATTENTION..."
BLAH BLAH BLAH
BLAM BLAM BLAM
AS I WAS SAYING, HELLO AND WELCOME TO THE...
Y'KNOW SOMETHING?- THAT GUN JUST REMINDED ME OF A FUNNY STORY...
MOST OF US HERE AT THE "PEOPLE WHO NEED TO BE THE CENTER OF ATTENTION" WORKSHOP WILL DO ANYTHING TO STAND OUT...
Ego
inner child
outer child
LIE... EXAGGERATE... FEIGN CRISES...
UM... I THINK I'M IN THE WRONG ROOM. I SIGNED UP FOR THE MICROWAVE COOKING SEMINAR...
AS I WAS SAYING...
DOWN IN FRONT!
selfish esteem
juggling
THE FIRST STEP IS TO ADMIT YOU HAVE A PROBLEM!
HI. WHAT BRINGS YOU TO THE "PEOPLE WHO NEED TO BE THE CENTER OF ATTENTION" WORKSHOP?
I HABITUALLY FEIGN ILLNESS TO GET ATTENTION. I..*COUGH*...
YOU'RE DOING IT RIGHT NOW, AREN'T YOU?
NO *GAG* I THINK AN ICE SHARD IS LODGED IN MY LARYNX!... *COUGH*
HACK THIS IS LIKE THE BOY WHO CRIED WOLF!... *GAG* NO ONE WILL BELIEVE... *GASP*...
FOR GOD'S SAKE SOME-ONE CALL 911!
LIKE I SAID, IT'S SORT OF A BAD HABIT...

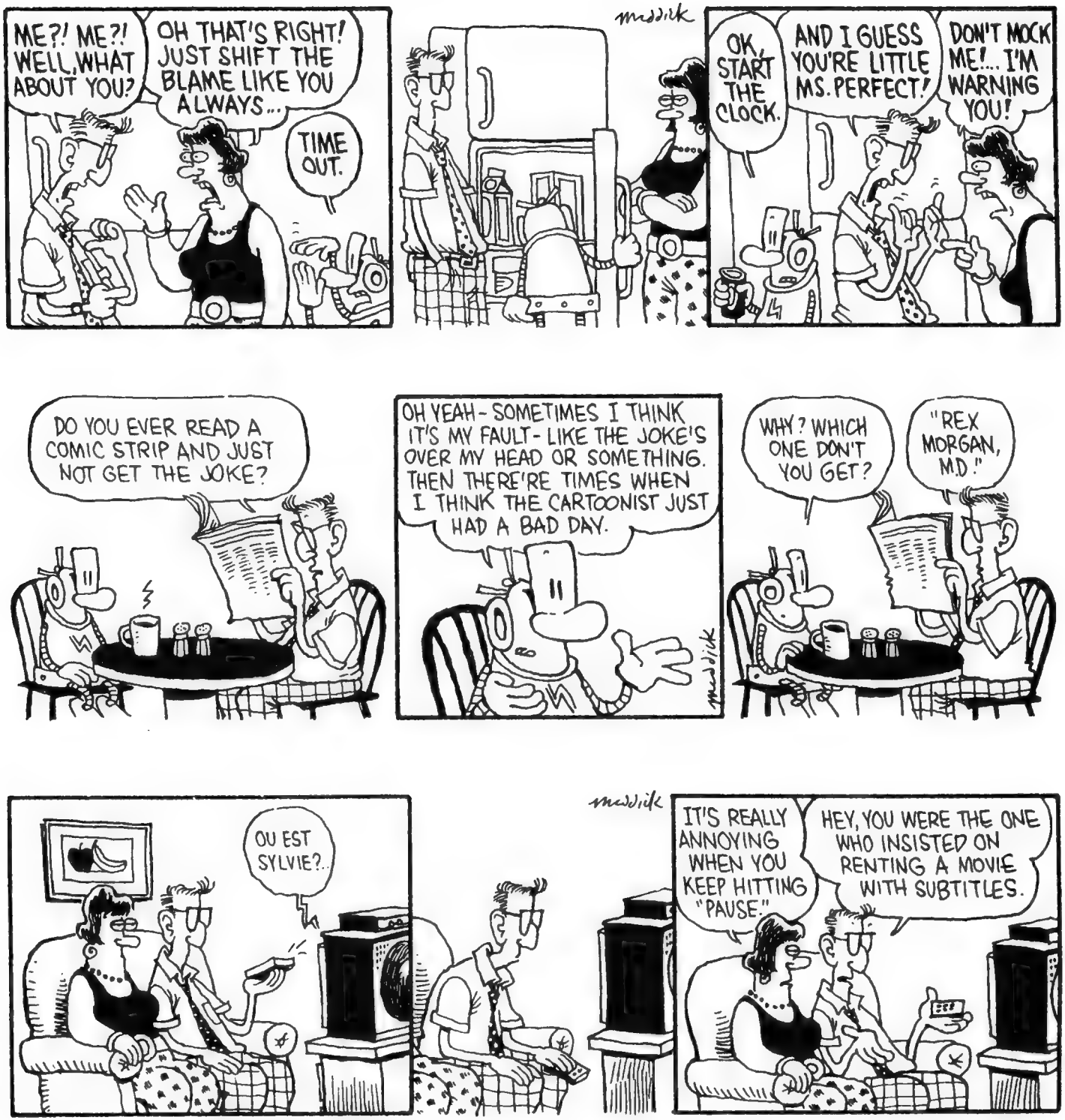
AHH, WHAT A GRAND AND GLORIOUS DAY THE RISING SUN HAS THUS UNVEILED!...
AND WHAT BETTER WAY TO GREET THE DAY THAN WITH AN INVIGORATING THERAPEUTIC MASSAGE?
ALAS, WORDS FAIL TO DESCRIBE THE SIMPLE SOOTHING PLEASURE OF THE FULL BODY MASSAGE...
IF YOU ASK ME YOU'RE DEVELOPING AN UNHEALTHY CODEPENDENCE WITH YOUR SHOWER MESSAGE...
SAY WHAT YOU WILL ABOUT ME, BUT DO NOT, I REPEAT, DO NOT SPEAK ILL OF MY SHOWER MASSAGE!


I DECIDED TO GET SOME OLD SPORT COATS OUT OF MOTHBALLS AND I... HEY... THERE'S SOMETHING IN THIS POCKET...
WELL, WHAT DO YA KNOW? AN OLD LOTTERY TICKET!... I GUESS I BOUGHT IT, THEN FORGOT ABOUT IT...
HMM... "358211. APRIL '88." IF MY COMPUTER MEMORY SERVES ME, THIS WAS A WINNING NUMBER WORTH $40,000.
IT'S ALWAYS FUN HAVING "RAINMAN" FOR A ROOMMATE.

UMM... ROBOTMAN... YOU GOTTA HELP ME OUT. I LOCKED MY KEYS IN THE CAR AGAIN...
WHAT WERE YOU DOING? THE WIPERS ARE ON, THE RADIO'S BLARING POLKA MUSIC AND THERE'S A FULL-SIZE CARDBOARD CUT-OUT OF STAR TREK'S COUNSELOR TROI IN THE PASSENGER SEAT.
WELL, UM...
DON'T TELL ME. LET ME GUESS: IT'S A LONG STORY.
I'LL EXPLAIN WHEN WE HAVE MORE TIME... LIKE MAYBE A SUNDAY COMICS PAGE...

ROBOT MAN®
YESSIR!... THE GREAT OUTDOORS! YES INDEED!
IT'S THE CAMPING LIFE FOR ME!
Cartoon Character. Don't try this at home.
OH NO! NO! NOOOOO!
FFFT
WHAT?! WHAT IS IT?! ARE YOU OK?!
WE RAN OUT OF DEEP WOODS OFF! AND WE'RE MILES FROM K-MART!
NOW JUST SETTLE DOWN. HOW MUCH WERE YOU ABLE TO SPRAY BEFORE IT RAN OUT?...
I...I WAS ABLE TO COVER EVERY INCH OF MY BODY EXCEPT MY LEFT EAR AND NOSTRIL.
WELL NOW... DON'T YOU FEEL SILLY?
YOU KNOW, YOU'RE RIGHT. LEWIS AND CLARK DIDN'T NEED BUG SPRAY. DANIEL BOONE DIDN'T NEED BUG SPRAY.
I'M NOT GOING TO LET THIS RUIN MY VACATION!
IN FACT, I THINK I'LL TAKE A LITTLE NATURE WALK AND UNWIND.
GOOD IDEA.
OK. MAYBE MY VACATION ISN'T EXACTLY RUINED, BUT IT SURE PUTS A DAMPER ON THINGS.


EXCUSE ME...
I REALIZE YOU'RE VERY BUSY, BUT I NEED SOME HELP FINDING A BOOK ABOUT MEDIEVAL WHEEL-BARROWS AND... UM... ...ARE YOU LISTENING?.. ...UM... UM...
SELF-HELP
SALE
MY NEEDS ARE AS VALID AS YOURS!
maddick
THIS SELF-HELP BOOK HAS REALLY HELPED ME! I FEEL MORE CONFIDENT.. MORE SELF-ASSURED...
UH-OH! GUESS WHO'S "EMPOWERED." OO!... I'M QUAKING IN MY BOOTS!
"CHAPTER 4: OVER-COMING MOCKING SARCASM.."
HERE. TAKE THIS "ITTY BITTY BOOK LIGHT," GO TO YOUR ROOM AND COME BACK WHEN YOU'RE READY TO GO HEAD TO HEAD WITH THE BIG BOYS...
THINGS ARE GONNA BE A LOT DIFFERENT AROUND HERE NOW THAT I'VE GOT THIS SELF-HELP BOOK!
GIVE ME THE BOOK.
HA! NO WAY! THE DAYS OF ORDERING ME AROUND ARE OVER! FORGET IT... NO... UH-UH...
GIVE ME THE BOOK.
YOU'RE JUST BORROWING IT, RIGHT?
HERE'S AN INTERESTING CHAPTER: "WHAT TO DO WHEN YOU FOLD LIKE A HOUSE OF CARDS"...
maddick


ME?! ME?! WELL, WHAT ABOUT YOU?
OH THAT'S RIGHT! JUST SHIFT THE BLAME LIKE YOU ALWAYS...
TIME OUT.
mesdick
OK, START THE CLOCK.
AND I GUESS YOU'RE LITTLE MS. PERFECT!
DON'T MOCK ME!... I'M WARNING YOU!
DO YOU EVER READ A COMIC STRIP AND JUST NOT GET THE JOKE?
OH YEAH - SOMETIMES I THINK IT'S MY FAULT - LIKE THE JOKE'S OVER MY HEAD OR SOMETHING. THEN THERE'RE TIMES WHEN I THINK THE CARTOONIST JUST HAD A BAD DAY.
mesdick
WHY? WHICH ONE DON'T YOU GET?
"REX MORGAN, M.D."
OU EST SYLVIE?..
mesdick
IT'S REALLY ANNOYING WHEN YOU KEEP HITTING "PAUSE."
HEY, YOU WERE THE ONE WHO INSISTED ON RENTING A MOVIE WITH SUBTITLES.

ROBOT MAN®
-O-HRAW
CALL
-O-HRAW
IN COMMERCIALS, LAUNDROMATS ARE PLACES WHERE WACKY, ROMANTIC THINGS HAPPEN, BUT IN REALITY LAUNDROMATS ARE PRETTY DULL.
WELL MAYBE IT TAKES A LITTLE EFFORT TO GET THINGS STARTED.
HOW DO YOU MEAN?
SEE THAT WOMAN OVER THERE? I THINK SHE'S BEEN CHECKING YOU OUT.
I KNOW WHAT TO DO! I'M GOING TO TAKE OFF MY SHIRT AND THROW IT IN WITH MY WASH!
HEY! SHE'S SMILING AND WAVING!
I'M TAKING OFF MY T-SHIRT TOO!
SHE'S BLUSHING AND GIGGLING.
THIS'LL BE A RIOT! I'M TAKING OFF MY PANTS!
OFFICER, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!... I SAW IT IN A COMMERCIAL!
RIGHT. RIGHT. SOMETIMES YOU FEEL LIKE A NUT. SOMETIMES YOU DON'T.
I'M NOT SURE SHE LIKED THE SPRITE IN YOU.

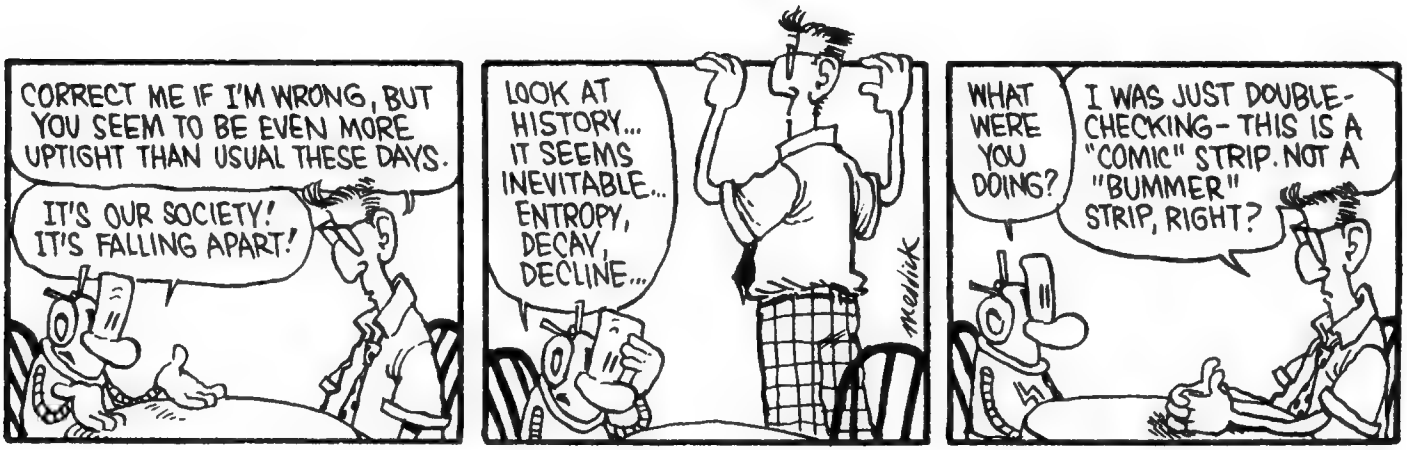
WE'VE BEEN DATING OVER A YEAR NOW... AND... WELL... MAYBE IT'S TIME TO CONSIDER TAKING THE NEXT STEP AND.. HEY... WHY'S THE FLOOR WET IN..?
...THIS BOAT IS LEAKING!
ABANDON SHIP! EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF!
IT WAS A BOTTLE OF SPRITE. A BOTTLE OF SPRITE SPILLED...
ANYWAY, AS I WAS SAYING, OURS IS AN ENDURING LOVE...
medlock

...WE'VE BEEN DATING FOR A LONG TIME NOW AND MAYBE WE SHOULD CONSIDER TAKING THE NEXT STEP...
WAIT... BEFORE YOU GO ON, ASK YOURSELVES THIS...
WILL YOUR RELATIONSHIP SUDDENLY BECOME BORING - LIKE WHEN LI'L ABNER MARRIED DAISY MAE OR WHEN JEANNIE MARRIED MAJOR NELSON?
HOW ABOUT LUCY AND RICKY?!
YEAH, BUT REMEMBER WHEN THEY HAD LITTLE RICKY AND MOVED TO CONNECTICUT?
medlock

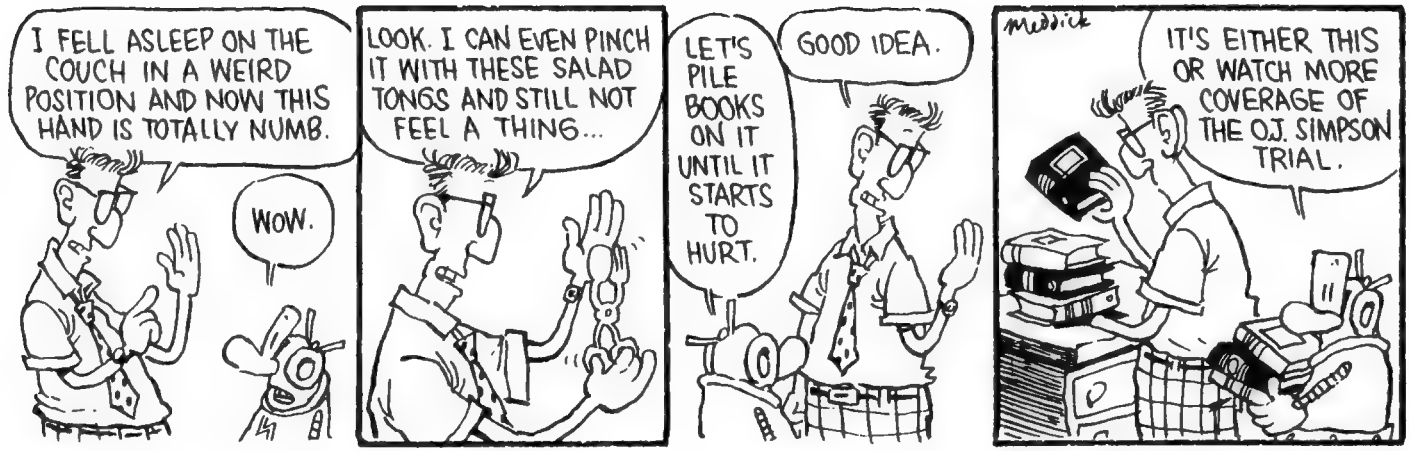
I TOLD MY HAIR STYLIST I WANTED A KEANU REEVES HAIRCUT AND LOOK!... LOOK WHAT SHE GAVE ME!!!
medlock
A FORREST GUMP HAIR-CUT?
THAT'S RIGHT! A FORREST GUMP HAIRCUT!
AS FORREST GUMP'S MOTHER ALWAYS SAID, "LIFE IS LIKE A BOX OF CHOCOLATES..."
SHUT UP!

WE FINALLY GOT OUR VACATION PHOTOS DEVELOPED!
EH-HEM.
LILY RESERVES THE RIGHT TO EDIT OUT ANY SHOTS SHE DEEMS UNFLATTERING.
INNERTUBE SHOT.
SOMBRERO SHOT.
BIKINI SHOT.
OK, HERE'S ONE YOU CAN SHOW.
YOU'RE NOT EVEN IN THIS PICTURE!
LOOK AT THE BASE OF THE HOWARD JOHNSON SIGN. THEN RIGHT.
meddick

AHA! THAT'S THE PROBLEM WITH SOCIETY!
PEOPLE READING CEREAL BOXES!
meddick
THERE ONCE WAS A TIME WHEN PEOPLE READ NEWSPAPERS OR MAGAZINES OR EVEN BOOKS!
BUT NOW PEOPLE READ CEREAL BOXES!
I WONDER IF THE ROMANS WERE READING CEREAL BOXES WHEN THE BARBARIANS STORMED THE GATES.
ACTUALLY I WASN'T READING THE CEREAL BOX. I WAS JUST LOOKING AT THE PICTURES.


CORRECT ME IF I'M WRONG, BUT YOU SEEM TO BE EVEN MORE UPTIGHT THAN USUAL THESE DAYS.
IT'S OUR SOCIETY! IT'S FALLING APART!
LOOK AT HISTORY... IT SEEMS INEVITABLE... ENTROPY, DECAY, DECLINE...
meddick
WHAT WERE YOU DOING?
I WAS JUST DOUBLE-CHECKING- THIS IS A "COMIC" STRIP. NOT A "BUMMER" STRIP, RIGHT?

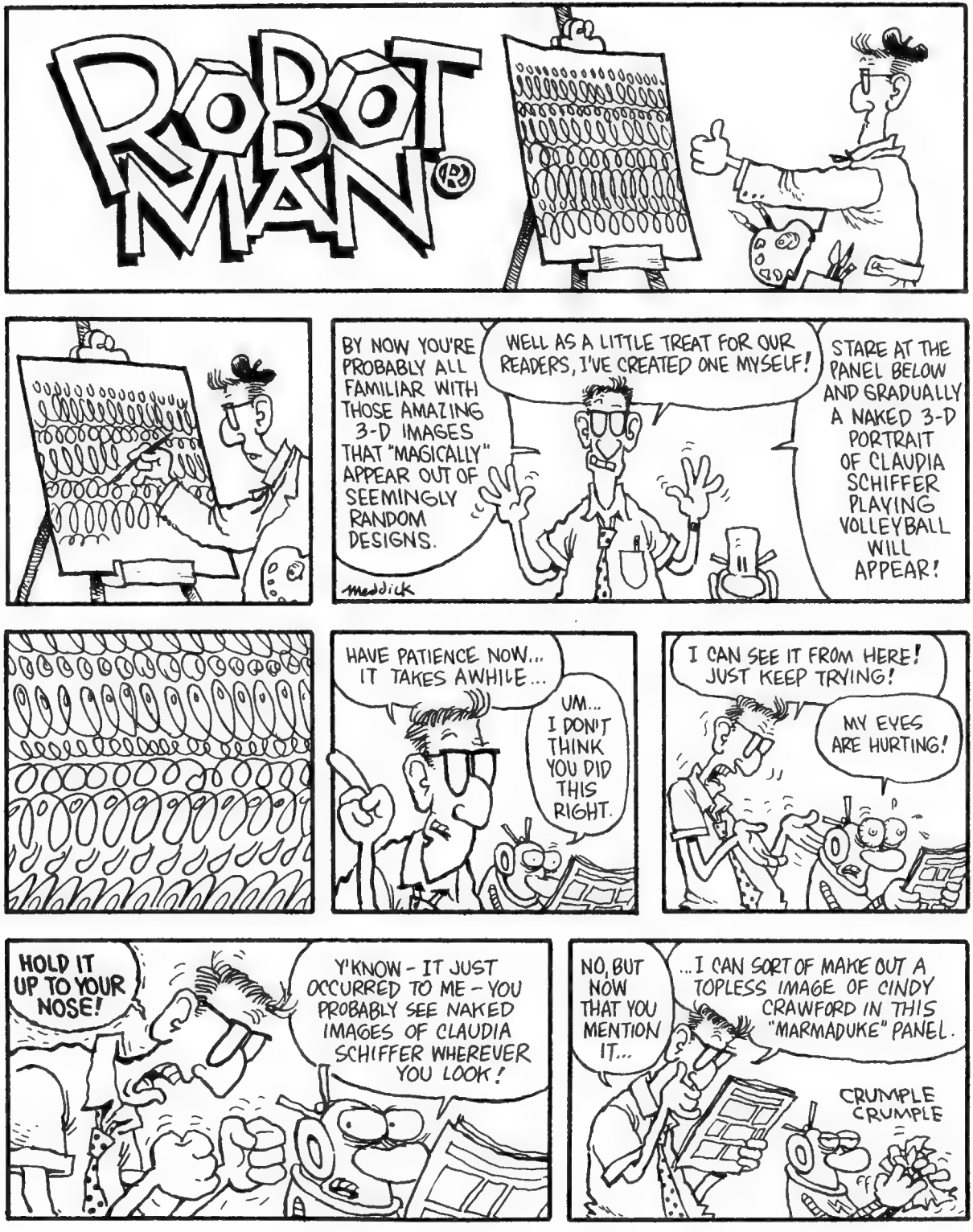
ROBOT MAN ®
UH-OH. THAT LADY STARTED PUTTING HER GROCERY ITEMS ON THE CONVEYOR BELT BEFORE I COULD PUT DOWN THE "LITTLE WHITE SEPARATOR BAR"...
SHOULD I PUT THE BAR DOWN NOW? OR DOES THAT MAKE ME LOOK UPTIGHT... LIKE I'M WORRIED SHE'S PUTTING HER ITEMS TOO CLOSE TO MINE?
IS IT A COURTESY TO PUT THE BAR DOWN? OR IS IT AN INSULT?
I KNOW. I'LL LEAVE IT UP TO HER. IF SHE WANTS THE BAR, SHE CAN PUT IT DOWN... IF NOT, THAT'S OK TOO!
THIS MAY BE THE DAWNING OF A NEW ROBOTMAN! A RELAXED, LAID-BACK, FREE-WHEELING ROBOTMAN.
I'M JUST GONNA MELLOW OUT, KICK BACK AND LET WHATEVER HAPPENS, HAPPEN.
"JUMBO-PACK, -GRADE A FANCY PRUNES.
I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT.
maddick


I FELL ASLEEP ON THE COUCH IN A WEIRD POSITION AND NOW THIS HAND IS TOTALLY NUMB.
WOW.
LOOK. I CAN EVEN PINCH IT WITH THESE SALAD TONGS AND STILL NOT FEEL A THING...
LET'S PILE BOOKS ON IT UNTIL IT STARTS TO HURT.
GOOD IDEA.
meddick
IT'S EITHER THIS OR WATCH MORE COVERAGE OF THE O.J. SIMPSON TRIAL.

HEH, HEH... THIS ALWAYS CRACKS ME UP...
I DON'T THINK IT'S A GOOD IDEA TO DO THAT ON A TRUCK... ESPECIALLY SINCE YOU DON'T KNOW IF...
Clean me
meddick
me
Clean me when you get a chance, although it's certainly understandable how a vehicle could get a little dusty, considering the high mileage and

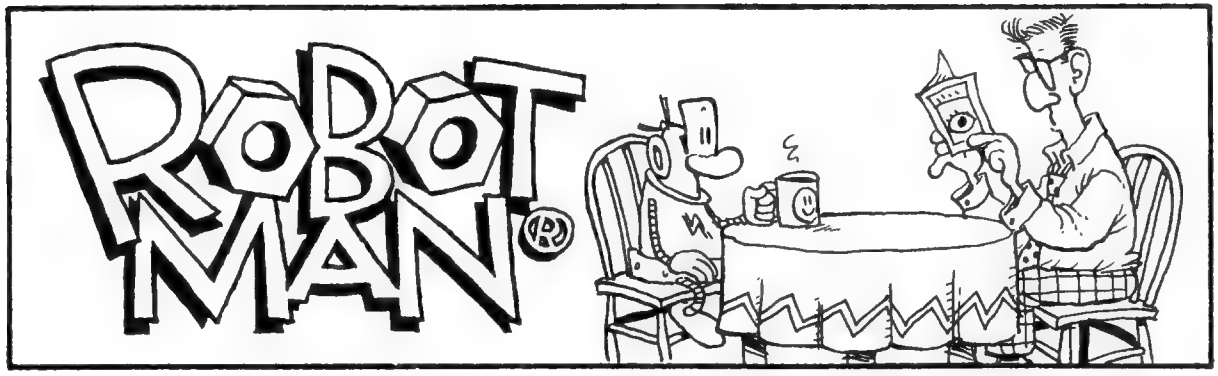
MONTY, IF IT ISN'T TOO MUCH TROUBLE, COULD YOU BRING ME A GLASS OF ICE WATER WHEN YOU COME BACK?
THAT'S A FUNNY SAYING: "IF IT ISN'T TOO MUCH TROUBLE." OF COURSE IT'S NOT TOO MUCH TROUBLE! HA! HOW SILLY!
meddick
UM... WHY..?
MY HAND GOT STUCK ON THE ICE CUBE TRAY.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
JUST A PET PEEVE... I ALWAYS PUT SUN BLOCK ON IN THE PARKING LOT 'CAUSE I HATE IT WHEN SAND STICKS TO MY SKIN...
TALK ABOUT PET PEEVES...
I HATE IT WHEN SAND GETS ON MY BEACH TOWEL!
UH-OH. ANOTHER NEIGHBORHOOD UPSTART TRYING TO CHALLENGE MY STATUS AS #1 SPEEDWALKER.
YEP. SHE'S MAKING HER MOVE!
SPEED WALK USA
WHOA...
WHOAAA...
SPEED WALK USA
THE YOUNG ONES NEVER REALIZE YOU HAVE TO LEAN INTO THE TURNS.
SPEED WALK USA
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
I ALWAYS PUT A COAT ON WHEN I'M IN THIS STORE— TOO MUCH AIR CONDITIONING!
WEIRD.
HELLO, MR. MONTAHUE.
HI, LOUIE.
YOU KNOW THAT GUY?
STORE DETECTIVE.

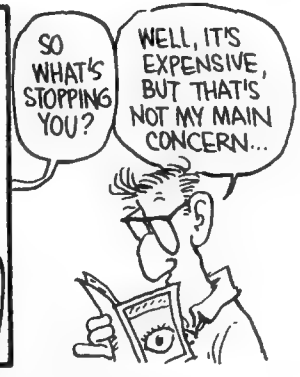

ROBOT MAN®
BY NOW YOU'RE PROBABLY ALL FAMILIAR WITH THOSE AMAZING 3-D IMAGES THAT "MAGICALLY" APPEAR OUT OF SEEMINGLY RANDOM DESIGNS.
WELL AS A LITTLE TREAT FOR OUR READERS, I'VE CREATED ONE MYSELF!
STARE AT THE PANEL BELOW AND GRADUALLY A NAKED 3-D PORTRAIT OF CLAUDIA SCHIFFER PLAYING VOLLEYBALL WILL APPEAR!
meddick
HAVE PATIENCE NOW... IT TAKES AWHILE...
UM... I DON'T THINK YOU DID THIS RIGHT.
I CAN SEE IT FROM HERE! JUST KEEP TRYING!
MY EYES ARE HURTING!
HOLD IT UP TO YOUR NOSE!
Y'KNOW - IT JUST OCCURRED TO ME - YOU PROBABLY SEE NAKED IMAGES OF CLAUDIA SCHIFFER WHEREVER YOU LOOK!
NO, BUT NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT...
...I CAN SORT OF MAKE OUT A TOPLESS IMAGE OF CINDY CRAWFORD IN THIS "MARMADUKE" PANEL.
CRUMPLE CRUMPLE

ROBOT MAN®
PUTT PUTT PUTT PUTT
WHAT THE...
WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS LEAF BLOWER?
BAH HA HA HA!
BLAME NOT YOUR MEAGER CONTRIVANCE! IT IS I, YÖGEL THE ANCIENT NORSE GOD OF FOUL WINDS, WHO HAS THWARTED YOUR MORTAL STRIVINGS!
FOR OVER TWO MILLENNIA I HAVE SUFFERED THE CURSE OF THE EVIL WITCH, XURPA... SHE HAVING TRANSFORMED ME INTO A LUTE-PLAYING GOAT-BOY...
BUT BEHOLD! AN EMPTY WINE CASK PROVIDED ME THE MEANS TO ESCAPE HER SINISTER ISLAND AND LO! I HAVE REGAINED MY ORIGINAL FORM!
YÖDEL...UM...I DON'T KNOW HOW TO BREAK THIS TO YOU...BUT THIS IS 1994...THERE JUST AREN'T MANY OPENINGS FOR GOAT-BOYS...OR WIND-GODS OR THINGS LIKE THAT THESE DAYS...
HEY LISTEN, I'M NOT MAKING ANY GUARANTEES, BUT YOU MIGHT WANT TO TRY "HÄGAR THE HORRIBLE" OR MAYBE EVEN "PRINCE VALIANT."
AND THERE'S ALWAYS THE WORLD OF PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING.
mesnik

ROBOT MAN®



I'M CONSIDERING "RADIAL KERATOTOMY"... IT'S AN OPERATION THAT CORRECTS NEARSIGHTED VISION...


SO WHAT'S STOPPING YOU?
WELL, IT'S EXPENSIVE, BUT THAT'S NOT MY MAIN CONCERN...

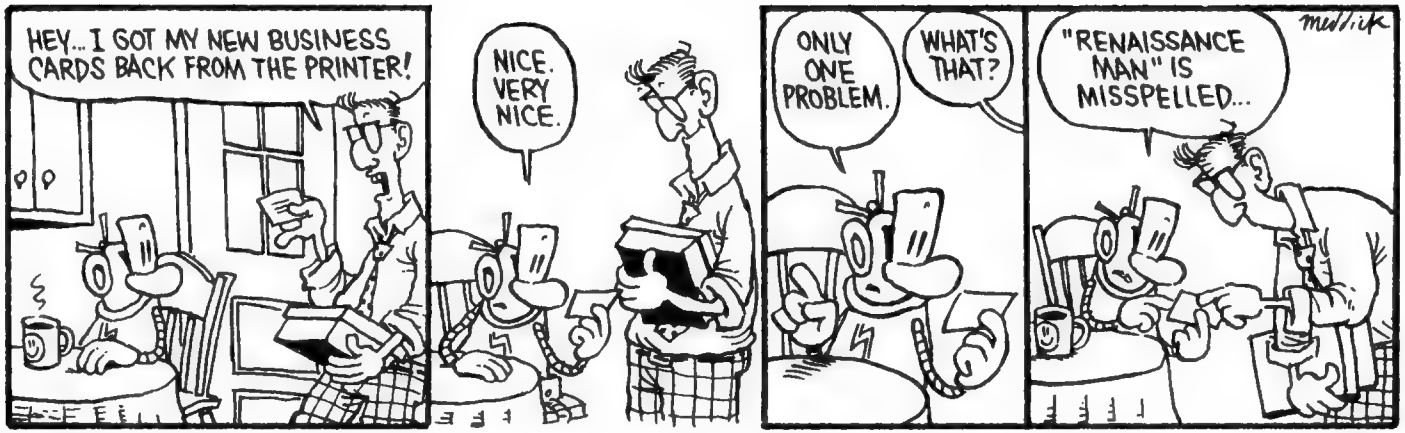
THE OPERATION INVOLVES CUTTING INTO THE EYEBALL...
...AND IN MY OPINION, EYEBALLS AND KNIVES DON'T REALLY MIX...

SO BASICALLY IT ALL COMES DOWN TO VANITY... IS IT WORTH ALL THE MONEY AND ANXIETY FOR ME TO GET A LITTLE EGO-BOOST?

EGO-BOOST?
YEAH...WELL YOU KNOW... EVERYONE LOOKS BETTER WITHOUT GLASSES.

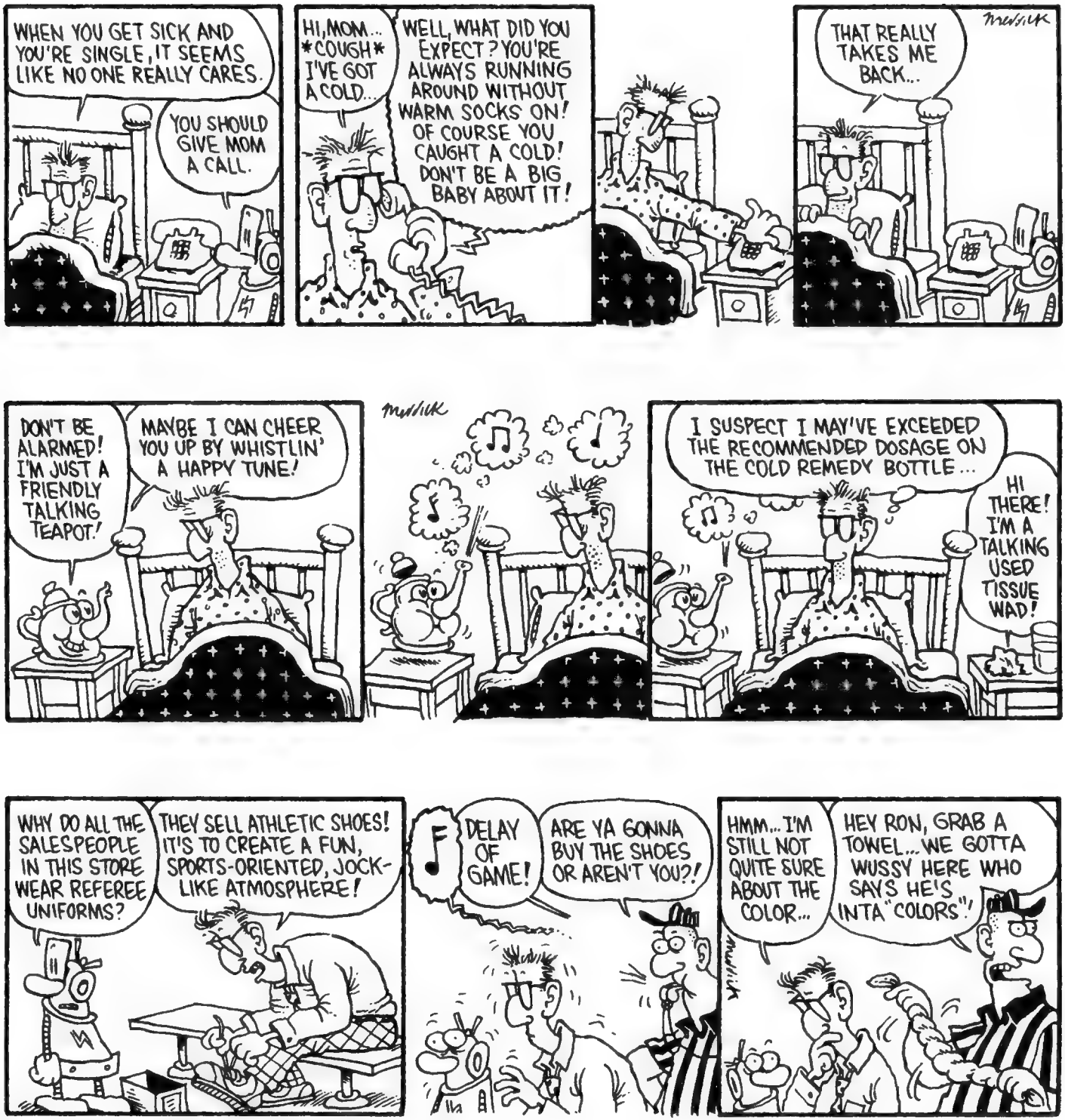
PFFT

SCARY.
YEAH. I KEEP COMING BACK TO THAT TOO... IS ALL THE GLAMOUR WORTH THE SCARY OPERATION?...


HEY... I GOT MY NEW BUSINESS CARDS BACK FROM THE PRINTER!
NICE. VERY NICE.
ONLY ONE PROBLEM.
WHAT'S THAT?
"RENAISSANCE MAN" IS MISSPELLED...

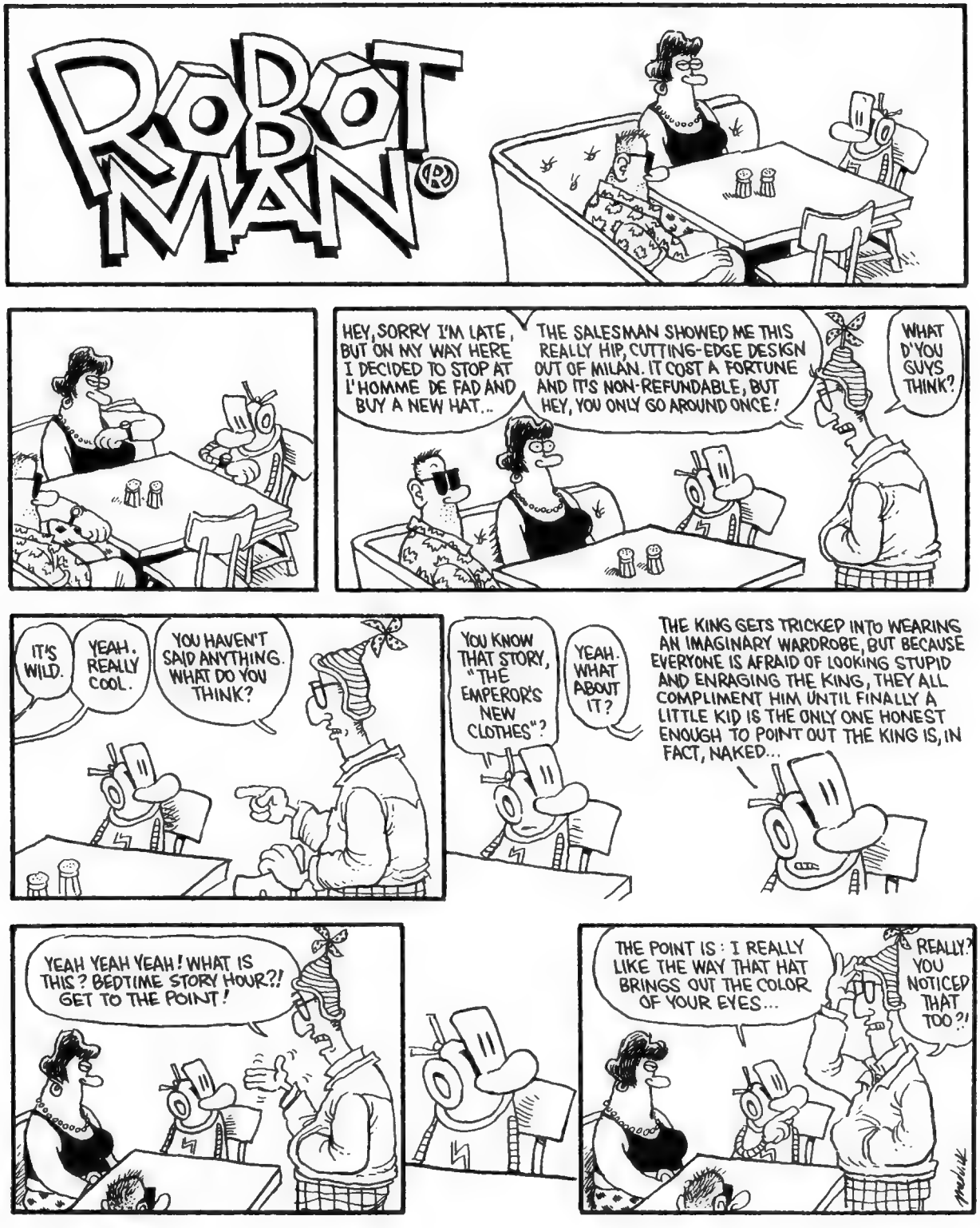
SALAD BAR?... DURING COLD AND FLU SEASON?
HEY- DON'T TRY TO RUIN MY MEAL WITH ONE OF YOUR NEUROTIC, GERM-PHOBIA RAPS...
WELL, IT'S JUST THAT THE PLEXI-GLAS "SNEEZE GUARD" ONLY PROTECTS IN A CERTAIN HEIGHT RANGE.
SO I'M SUPPOSED TO AVOID SALAD BARS ON THE OFFHAND CHANCE THAT THERE MAY BE A DWARF, WITH A COLD, IN THE RESTAURANT, WHO LIKES SALADS?...
WAITER, WHEN YOU GET A CHANCE, THE GARBANZO BEANS NEED A REFILL!
COUGH COUGH HACK COUGH

ROBOTMAN... I'M NOT FEELING SO GOOD... COULD YOU GET ME SOME OJ AND MAYBE A POP-TART OR TWO?
NO WAY. EVERYTIME YOU GET A COLD YOU EXPECT ME TO BE A NURSEMAID. WELL, NOT THIS TIME. YOU'RE AN ADULT. YOU CAN TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF...
TOO... WEAK... TO... GET... GLASS... *SNORT*
GUESS... I'LL... JUST... DRINK... FROM... CARTON...
OK! OK! YOU WIN! I'LL PLAY FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE!


WHEN YOU GET SICK AND YOU'RE SINGLE, IT SEEMS LIKE NO ONE REALLY CARES.
YOU SHOULD GIVE MOM A CALL.
HI, MOM... *COUGH* I'VE GOT A COLD...
WELL, WHAT DID YOU EXPECT? YOU'RE ALWAYS RUNNING AROUND WITHOUT WARM SOCKS ON! OF COURSE YOU CAUGHT A COLD! DON'T BE A BIG BABY ABOUT IT!
THAT REALLY TAKES ME BACK...
DON'T BE ALARMED! I'M JUST A FRIENDLY TALKING TEAPOT!
MAYBE I CAN CHEER YOU UP BY WHISTLIN' A HAPPY TUNE!
I SUSPECT I MAY'VE EXCEEDED THE RECOMMENDED DOSAGE ON THE COLD REMEDY BOTTLE...
HI THERE! I'M A TALKING USED TISSUE WAD!
WHY DO ALL THE SALESPEOPLE IN THIS STORE WEAR REFEREE UNIFORMS?
THEY SELL ATHLETIC SHOES! IT'S TO CREATE A FUN, SPORTS-ORIENTED, JOCK-LIKE ATMOSPHERE!
DELAY OF GAME!
ARE YA GONNA BUY THE SHOES OR AREN'T YOU?!
HMM... I'M STILL NOT QUITE SURE ABOUT THE COLOR...
HEY RON, GRAB A TOWEL... WE GOTTA WUSSY HERE WHO SAYS HE'S INTA "COLORS"!

ROBOT MAN®
OH MY...THE ELEVATOR'S STUCK AND THE ALARM DOESN'T SEEM TO WORK...
WELL, WELL, WELL...THIS SHOULD BE INTERESTING TO SEE WHO CRACKS FIRST...
I DON'T THINK IT'LL BE THE GUY IN THE SWEATSHIRT...HE LOOKS TOUGH... POSSIBLY A 'NAM VET...PROBABLY BEEN IN A BAMBOO CAGE TIGHTER'N THIS...
THE WOMAN?...NO WAY...THAT WOULD BE POLITICALLY INCORRECT...
I SAY SHORTY'S THE WEAK LINK. HE'S SHOWIN' ALL THE SIGNS...FIDGETING... LOOKIN' AROUND...YEP...HE'S GONNA FOLD LIKE AN ORIGAMI SWAN...
HEY...LISTEN...SUDDENLY IT GOT REAL QUIET...
WHA?...WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MUZAK?!...WHAT'S GOING ON?! WE'RE ALL GONNA DIE! DIE! DIE!
HOLD A COMB IN HIS MOUTH SO HE DOESN'T SWALLOW HIS TONGUE! I'LL CLIMB THROUGH THE EMERGENCY PANEL, SHINNING UP THE CABLES AND GET HELP!
MOMMY! MOMMY!

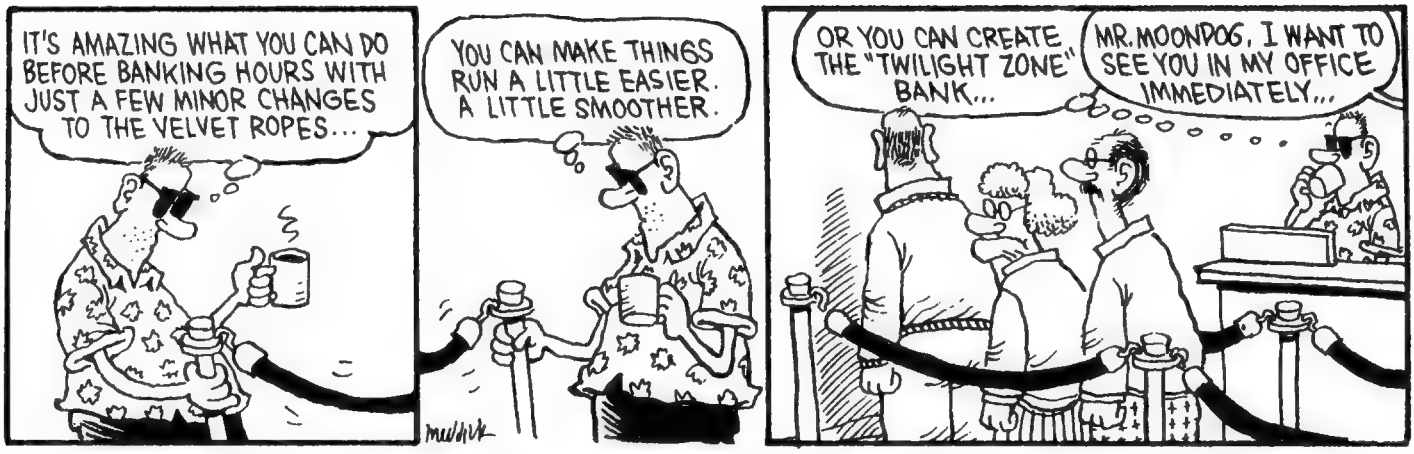
ROBOT MAN®
BANG BANG BLAM
QUICK. DUCK DOWN IN HERE.
... A HOT TUB?
NO TIME FOR QUESTIONS. JUST DO IT!
OH NO...IT CAN'T BE... THEY'RE NOT GOING TO... THEY ARE.
WHY IS IT THAT WHENEVER I RENT AN ACTION MOVIE WITH MY PARENTS, THERE HAS TO BE A GRATUITOUS, SEMI-EXPLICIT SEX SCENE THROWN IN THE MIDDLE OF IT?...
HEY... WHAT AM I GETTING ALL UP-TIGHT ABOUT? WE'RE ALL ADULTS, RIGHT? IT'S NO BIG DEAL...
FORGET IT... I CAN'T HANDLE IT...
I KNOW...I'LL BLOCK THE SCREEN...CREATE A DIVERSION...
WELL WELL...LOOKS LIKE WE'RE KINDA LOW ON POPCORN... DOES ANYONE NEED A DRINK?...
MOM?
OH, I'M FINE, DEAR.
DAD...
ANOTHER TOM COLLINS?
I'M OK, SON.
WHAT'RE YOU DOING?
REWINDING.
Murlin


ROBOT MAN®
HEY, SORRY I'M LATE, BUT ON MY WAY HERE I DECIDED TO STOP AT L'HOMME DE FAD AND BUY A NEW HAT...
THE SALESMAN SHOWED ME THIS REALLY HIP, CUTTING-EDGE DESIGN OUT OF MILAN. IT COST A FORTUNE AND IT'S NON-REFUNDABLE, BUT HEY, YOU ONLY GO AROUND ONCE!
WHAT D'YOU GUYS THINK?
IT'S WILD.
YEAH. REALLY COOL.
YOU HAVEN'T SAID ANYTHING. WHAT DO YOU THINK?
YOU KNOW THAT STORY, "THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES"?
YEAH. WHAT ABOUT IT?
THE KING GETS TRICKED INTO WEARING AN IMAGINARY WARDROBE, BUT BECAUSE EVERYONE IS AFRAID OF LOOKING STUPID AND ENRAGING THE KING, THEY ALL COMPLIMENT HIM UNTIL FINALLY A LITTLE KID IS THE ONLY ONE HONEST ENOUGH TO POINT OUT THE KING IS, IN FACT, NAKED...
YEAH YEAH YEAH! WHAT IS THIS? BEDTIME STORY HOUR?! GET TO THE POINT!
THE POINT IS: I REALLY LIKE THE WAY THAT HAT BRINGS OUT THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES...
REALLY? YOU NOTICED THAT TOO?!

CAN YOU BELIEVE IT? I FINALLY GOT A JOB, MAN! TONIGHT WE'VE GOTTA PARTY!
I KNEW YOU'D DO IT BUDDY... I NEVER LOST FAITH IN YOU...
I ALWAYS SAID TO MYSELF, "MONTY." "MONTY," I'D SAY, "SOMEHOW, SOMEWHERE, SOMEPLACE, SOMETIME, SOMEDAY, SOMEWAY, SOMEONE OR SOMETHING WILL PROBABLY HIRE MOONDOG.
SNIFF THAT... THAT'S BEAUTIFUL MAN...
AND I'M NOT JUST SAYING THAT...

OK, MR. MOONDOG, THIS WILL BE YOUR TELLER STATION...
THIS IS YOUR COMPUTER. THIS IS YOUR MUG...
OH, AND THIS... THIS IS YOUR "NEXT WINDOW PLEASE" SIGN. NOW DO YOU KNOW HOW TO USE ONE OF THESE?
UM... I PUT THAT OUT WHENEVER THE BANK'S LINE OF CUSTOMERS GETS REALLY LONG...
NEXT WINDOW
THAT'S RIGHT. OR YOU CAN PUT IT OUT AT ANY TIME AND JUST PRETEND YOU'RE COUNTING MONEY...
NEXT WINDOW

AH'VE SPENT ALL MAH DAYS SAVIN' MONEY IN MAH MATTRESS...
FINALLY MAH OL' LADY CONVINCED ME T' BRING IT DOWN T' TH' BANK...
SIR, YOU'RE DOING THE RIGHT THING.
SIR, PLEASE. TO MAKE A DEPOSIT YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO LET GO OF THE BAG.... TRUST ME...
HA! HA! NOW IT'S MINE! MINE! ALL MINE!
STOP HYPERVENTILATING, SIR. I WAS JUST KIDDING AROUND.


IT'S AMAZING WHAT YOU CAN DO BEFORE BANKING HOURS WITH JUST A FEW MINOR CHANGES TO THE VELVET ROPES...
YOU CAN MAKE THINGS RUN A LITTLE EASIER. A LITTLE SMOOTHER.
OR YOU CAN CREATE THE "TWILIGHT ZONE" BANK...
MR. MOONDOG, I WANT TO SEE YOU IN MY OFFICE IMMEDIATELY...

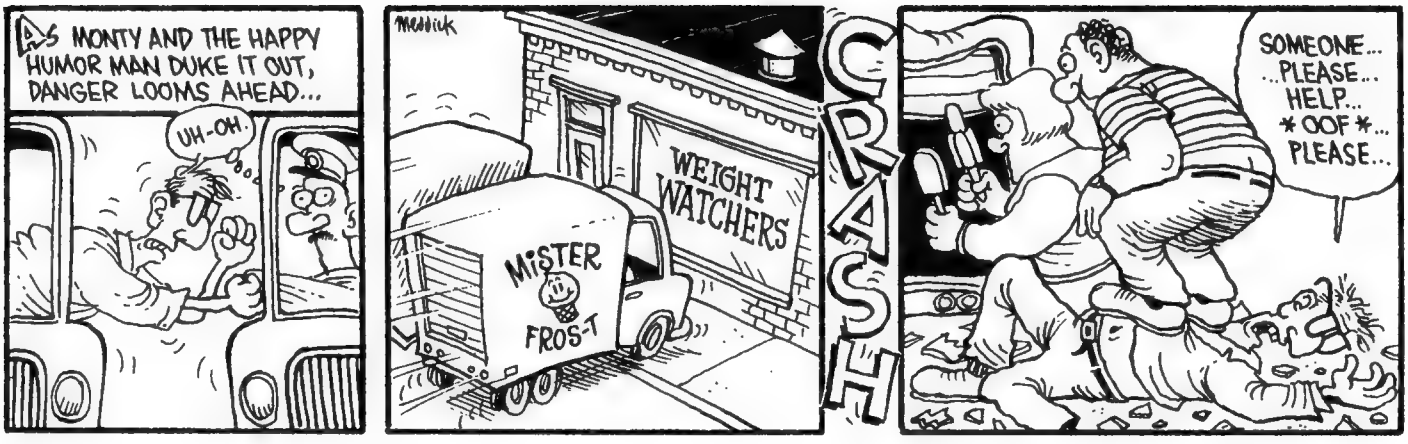
IS THERE SOMETHING WRONG WITH MY CHECK?
NO, NO, NOTHING WRONG. IT'S JUST THAT I'M AN AMATEUR HANDWRITING ANALYST AND I FIND SIGNATURES FASCINATING...
SEE, I CAN TELL BY YOUR CONDENSED VERTICALS THAT YOU'RE A VERY NO-NONSENSE TYPE. YOU'RE EFFICIENT... POSSIBLY A LITTLE RUSHED AND ILL-TEMPERED...
JUST GIVE ME MY MONEY!
...AND THE TEENY WEENY DOWN-STROKE ON YOUR "P"S... THAT MEANS ...WELL, IT WOULD PROBABLY BE INAPPROPRIATE FOR ME TO GO INTO THAT HERE...

OK. EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE IN ORDER HERE.
MAY I SEE YOUR DRIVER'S LICENSE?...
I DON'T SEE WHY YOU NEED ID. WHEN I'M MAKING A DEPOSIT...
I DON'T. I JUST LIKE LOOKING AT PEOPLE'S PICTURES ON THEIR DRIVER'S LICENSES.
SAY- WHAT WAS THE STORY WITH YOUR HAIR THAT DAY?

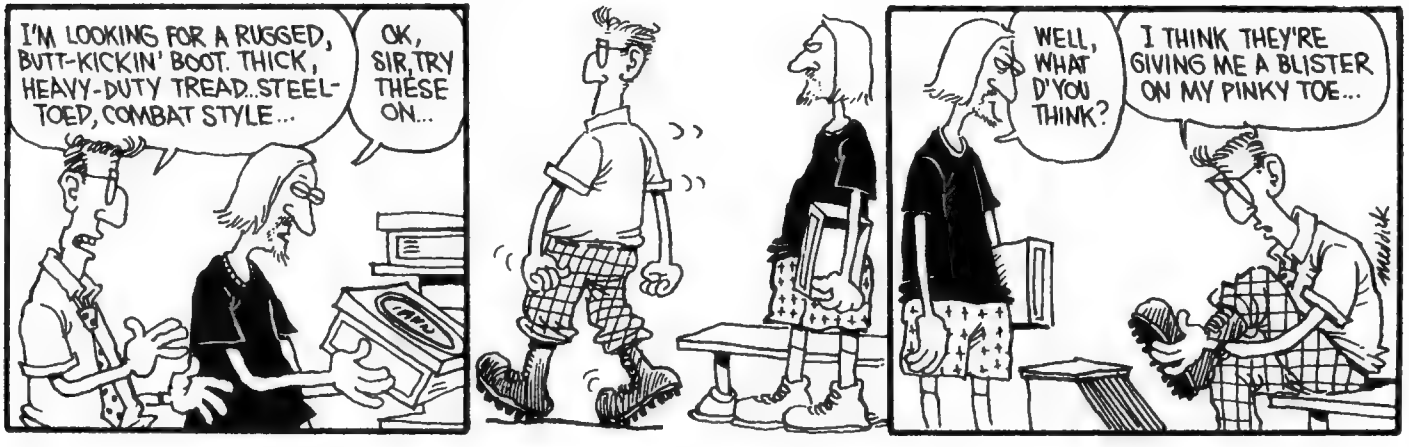
ROBOT MAN®
GLUG GLUG GLUG
CLICK
FRIDAY, MAY 5th 1995, 11:48am MONTY REACHES THE "I LOVE LUCY" RERUN SATURATION POINT...
HEH HEH HEH HAH HA HA...
DO YOU POP OUT AT PARTIES? ARE YOU UNPOOPULAR?
HEH HEH...HA... HEH HEH...
THE ANSWER TO ALL YOUR PROBLEMS IS IN THIS LITTLE BOTTLE...
PPFFFTT...
'VITA... MEATA... MINEY... MO.!.
AHH HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
SCRATCH SCRATCH
CLICK
WAR and PEACE
by L. Tolstoy

ROBOT MAN®
THREE, PLEASE.
COME ON BUDDY...STEP RIGHT UP AND SHOW YOUR LI'L LADY WHAT YOU'RE MADE OF!
HEH,HEH, MAYBE SOME OTHER TIME...
I'VE ALWAYS SECRETLY HAD AN AVERSION TO THOSE THINGS...
MY NIGHTMARE SCENARIO IS: I GIVE IT MY BEST SHOT, GET IT UP TO "LI'L DUMPLIN'" AND ALL THE WOMEN IN A FIVE MILE RADIUS SUDDENLY LOSE ALL AMOROUS INTERESTS IN ME...
MONTY YOU DON'T HAVE TO PROVE ANYTHING TO ME. I'M ATTRACTED TO YOU EVEN IF YOU ONLY GET IT UP TO "CHANGE YOUR DIAPERS."
I THINK I'M GONNA LOSE MY FUNNEL CAKE...
ON SECOND THOUGHT MAC, YOU GOT A DEAL...
HERE YOU GO, TOUGH GUY.
WHOAA!
SWAT
OOF!
HHHSIMMS
MONTY, I WAS WRONG. I HAVE LOST ALL AMOROUS INTERESTS IN YOU...
FUNNY HOW NATURE COMPENSATES IN TIMES OF ADVERSITY. I'VE MIRACULOUSLY LOST ALL AMOROUS INTERESTS AS WELL...
DELICATE FLOWER
EAT YOUR VEGGIES
LI'L DUMPLIN'
CHANGE YOUR DIAPERS

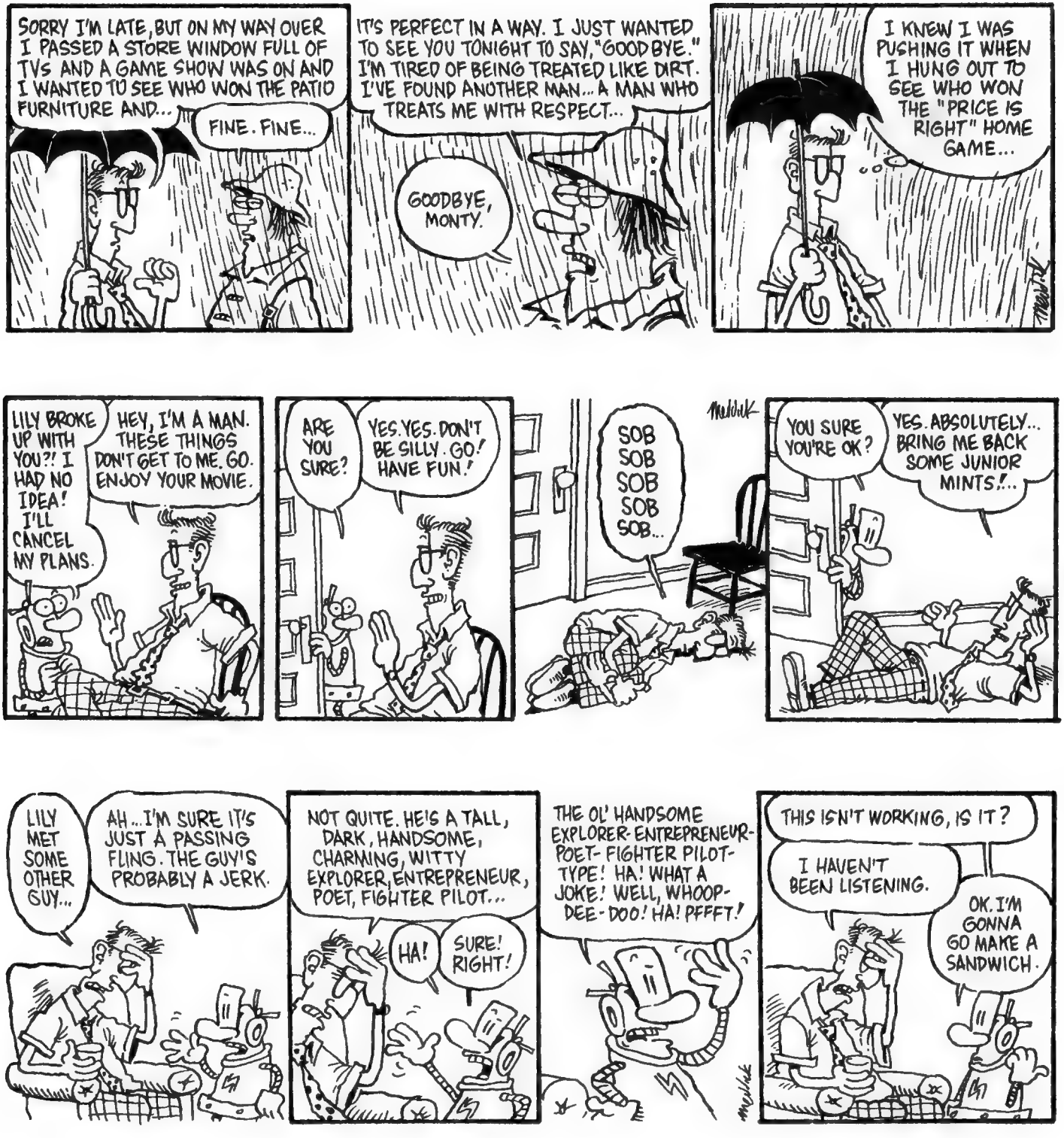
IT LOOKS LIKE YOU GOT THE JOB AS THE MR. FROS-T ICE CREAM MAN...
YES, MY FRIEND. AND THIS UNIFORM IS ALREADY DOING WONDERS FOR MY SELF-ESTEEM... I FEEL A SENSE OF POWER... POWER AND PRESTIGE!
THERE WILL BE NO BUDGING IN LINE AT MY FROS-T TRUCK! NO "FRONTSEES". NO "BACKSEES". THERE WILL BE ONLY ORDER! ORDER UND EFFICIENCY!
I'M JUST THANKFUL YOU'RE NOT ISSUED A FIREARM WITH THAT UNIFORM.
NO...BUT I WILL HAVE ACCESS TO A VAST ARRAY OF ROCKET POPS!
HEY, KIDS! READY FOR SOME YUMMY TREATS?
EEEEEEKK
HAD SOME TROUBLE LOADING THE RUBY RED CHERRY POPS THIS MORNING?
YEAH. WHAT'S YOUR POINT?
WHAT THE..? IT'S THE HAPPY HUMOR MAN!... TRYING TO BEAT ME TO MY OWN TERRITORY!
WELL, WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!
HAPPY HUMOR
BY THE WAY, FOLKS, UNLIKE MOST CELEBRITIES, I DO ALL MY OWN STUNTS.


AS MONTY AND THE HAPPY HUMOR MAN DUKE IT OUT, DANGER LOOMS AHEAD...
UH-OH
WEIGHT WATCHERS
MISTER FROS-T
CRASH
SOMEONE... ...PLEASE... HELP... * OOF *... PLEASE...

"URBAN SOUNDS"?
YEAH...SORT OF THE OPPOSITE OF A RELAXATION TAPE...IT'S A SERIES OF RECORDINGS DESIGNED TO PERK UP LAZY, SEDENTARY, TYPE-B PERSONALITIES.
"SIDE ONE: NEW YORK CITY MASS TRANSIT SAMPLER."
WELL, I GOTTA ADMIT THAT SUBWAY DERAILMENT BROUGHT MY LA-Z-BOY UP A FEW NOTCHES...


I'M LOOKING FOR A RUGGED, BUTT-KICKIN' BOOT. THICK, HEAVY-DUTY TREAD..STEEL-TOED, COMBAT STYLE...
OK, SIR, TRY THESE ON...
WELL, WHAT D'YOU THINK?
I THINK THEY'RE GIVING ME A BLISTER ON MY PINKY TOE...

ROBOT MAN®
Chips
Chips
Coke
GOT ANY NEW LOTTERY GAMES?
YOU'RE IN LUCK. THE STATE JUST CREATED A NEW GAME THIS WEEK. IT'S CALLED, "THE MORON TAX."
TEN BUCKS T' PLAY. CHANCES OF WINNING ARE 20 QUADRILLION TO ONE, BUT IF YOU SCRATCH OFF THE REAR END OF THE JACK ASS AND SEE A SMILEY FACE, YOU WIN A BILLION DOLLARS AND GET TO LIVE IN THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION WITH "VICTORIA'S SECRET" MODELS AS YOUR SERVANTS...
SHOOT! I'D LIKE A PIECE OF THAT ACTION!
ME TOO!
MONTY ARE YOU NUTS? AT 20 QUADRILLION TO ONE, YOUR ODDS OF WINNING ARE ROUGHLY EQUIVALENT TO THE ODDS OF BILL CLINTON PARACHUTING OUT OF AIR FORCE ONE AND LANDING ON YOUR HEAD IN DRAG...
NAG. NAG. NAG.
SCRATCH SCRATCH
SALE
I...I WON! I GOT A SMILEY FACE! I WON! I...
SALE
OOF...

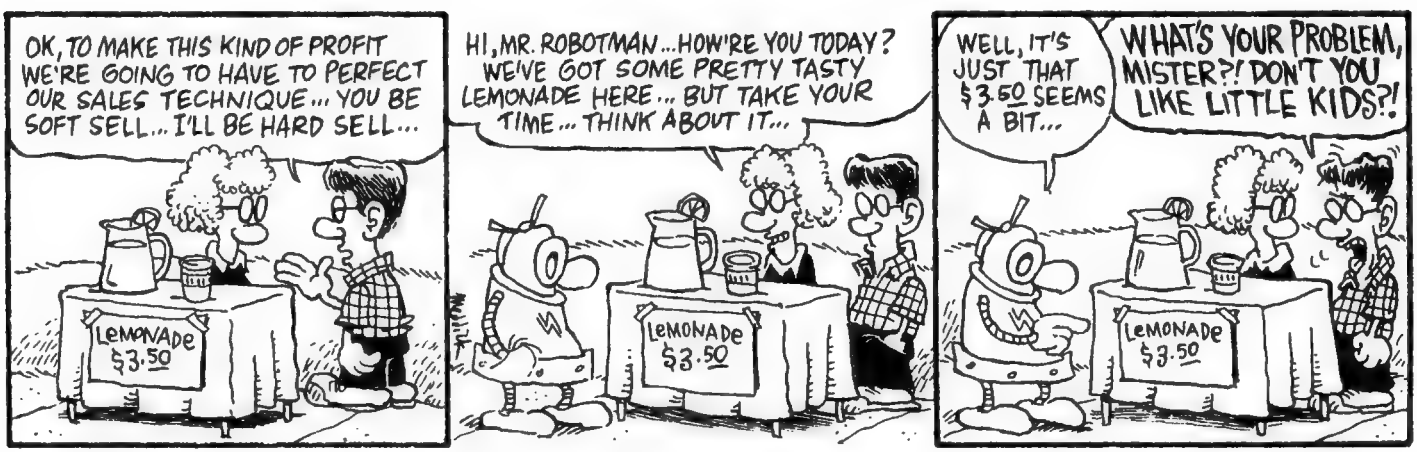

SORRY I'M LATE, BUT ON MY WAY OVER I PASSED A STORE WINDOW FULL OF TVs AND A GAME SHOW WAS ON AND I WANTED TO SEE WHO WON THE PATIO FURNITURE AND...
FINE. FINE...
IT'S PERFECT IN A WAY. I JUST WANTED TO SEE YOU TONIGHT TO SAY, "GOOD BYE." I'M TIRED OF BEING TREATED LIKE DIRT. I'VE FOUND ANOTHER MAN... A MAN WHO TREATS ME WITH RESPECT...
GOODBYE, MONTY.
I KNEW I WAS PUSHING IT WHEN I HUNG OUT TO SEE WHO WON THE "PRICE IS RIGHT" HOME GAME...
LILY BROKE UP WITH YOU?! I HAD NO IDEA! I'LL CANCEL MY PLANS.
HEY, I'M A MAN. THESE THINGS DON'T GET TO ME. GO. ENJOY YOUR MOVIE.
ARE YOU SURE?
YES. YES. DON'T BE SILLY. GO! HAVE FUN!
SOB SOB SOB SOB SOB...
YOU SURE YOU'RE OK?
YES. ABSOLUTELY... BRING ME BACK SOME JUNIOR MINTS!...
LILY MET SOME OTHER GUY...
AH... I'M SURE IT'S JUST A PASSING FLING. THE GUY'S PROBABLY A JERK.
NOT QUITE. HE'S A TALL, DARK, HANDSOME, CHARMING, WITTY EXPLORER, ENTREPRENEUR, POET, FIGHTER PILOT...
HA!
SURE! RIGHT!
THE OL' HANDSOME EXPLORER-ENTREPRENEUR-POET-FIGHTER PILOT-TYPE! HA! WHAT A JOKE! WELL, WHOOP-DEE-DOO! HA! PFFFT!
THIS ISN'T WORKING, IS IT?
I HAVEN'T BEEN LISTENING.
OK. I'M GONNA GO MAKE A SANDWICH.

MONTY, ARE YOU NUTS? YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SELL ANY MR. FROS-Ts TODAY... IT'S POURING!
I KNOW. I KNOW.
BUT WITH LILY GONE I NEED TO STAY BUSY... LOSE MYSELF IN WORK... ANYTHING TO KEEP FROM WALLOWING IN DESPAIR...
ALTHOUGH IT CAN BE ARGUED THAT IT'S NOT A GOOD IDEA TO HAVE ACCESS TO A VAN FULL OF FUDGESICLES WHILE IN A STATE OF DEPRESSION...
LILY, I CAME ALL THE WAY OVER HERE IN THE POURING RAIN TO PROCLAIM MY UNDYING LOVE FOR YOU...
MONTY... IT'S OVER. YOU'VE GOT TO ACCEPT THAT... NOW PLEASE LEAVE BEFORE TRENT ARRIVES...
HELLO, OLD CHAP. WHAT BRINGS YOU OUT ON SUCH A DREADFUL NIGHT?
IT... IT'S YOU!... WHY, I OUGHTA...
...AAARRRGGG! A DISARMING SMILE!
PARDON ME WHILE I SLIP OUT OF THESE WET CLOTHES AND INTO A DRY MARTINI...
THERE'S LILY AND HER NEW BOYFRIEND TRENT. WHAT 'RE THEY DOING IN THIS DINER?! THIS IS MY TURF... THOSE DIRTY, ROTTEN... *COUGH*...
HHHHHH... COUGH... HHHHHHHHH...
DON'T WORRY, OLD BEAN... I'M A SKILLED PRACTITIONER OF THE HEIMLICH MANEUVER...
HACK!
ZING
GREAT. HE SAVED MY LIFE. HOW TOTALLY HUMILIATING...
YEAH. THAT WAS A LOW BLOW.

I GOT MY OLD BLACKLIGHT POSTER OUT... MY LAVA LAMP... AND ZEPPELIN ON THE STEREO...
THIS REALLY BRINGS BACK THE HIGHSCHOOL MEMORIES...
...and she's buy...
...uy...ying a stairway...
EXCEPT THERE'S STILL SOMETHING MISSING... SOME KEY INGREDIENT...
COMIC CENSOR
OH YEAH! MY BEAN BAG CHAIR!
MONTY, GUESS WHAT!... MARTHA STEWART, THE HOME AND GARDEN GURU, JUST GOT A FLAT IN FRONT OF OUR HOUSE!...
MARTHA STEWART! I'M HER BIGGEST FAN!
FIG NEWT
MS. STEWART, I'D BE HONORED TO ASSIST YOU WITH YOUR LITTLE PROJECT THERE!...
WELL, UM... HOW KIND OF YOU...
YOU KNOW, THE FRENCH HAVE A WAY OF SECURING A LUG NUT THAT IS REALLY QUITE BEAUTIFUL...
ANAL
MS. STEWART, THIS IS MY MOST RECENT ACQUISITION. I CALL IT, "LES CHIENS ET LES CARTES." IN ENGLISH: "DOGS PLAYING POKER."
OVER HERE YOU'LL NOTE HOW I'VE ARRANGED THE LAUREL AND HARDY LAMP TO REFLECT, OH-SO-SUBTLY, IN THE VINYL SOFA COVERING...
I... I THINK I NEED A QUICK TOUR OF THE BATHROOM...
KNAVE! DON'T JUST STAND THERE! RUN AHEAD AND MAKE SURE THE STAR WARS TOOTHBRUSH AND TUMBLER SET IS PROPERLY DISPLAYED!

THESE DESSERTS ARE VERY... UM... INTERESTING. WHAT'S YOUR RECIPE?...
START WITH A COLD POP TART. ADORN WITH BOSCO SYRUP. SERVE AT ROOM TEMPERATURE.
PARDON ME, BUT I BELIEVE I NEED ANOTHER QUICK TOUR OF YOUR BATHROOM.
I DON'T THINK MS. STEWART IS ENJOYING HER VISIT... MAYBE YOU SHOULD TRY CHEERING HER UP...
MS. STEWART, HAS ANYONE EVER TOLD YOU HOW AMAZINGLY YOUNG YOUR HAIR LOOKS FOR A WOMAN OF YOUR AGE?
GOOD ONE.
UGH...

AT THE RISK OF BEING RUDE, I MUST LEAVE THIS HOUSE BEFORE IT PERMANENTLY DAMAGES MY AESTHETIC COMPASS...
BUT BEFORE I GO, I MUST FIND OUT HOW YOU COULD BE A FAN OF MINE AND YET SHOW ABSOLUTELY NO SIGNS OF GOOD TASTE.
HMM...
GOOD QUESTION.
IT'S JUST THAT I'VE HAD THIS WEIRD FANTASY ABOUT YOU EVER SINCE THE SHOW WHERE YOU MARBLEIZED THE BASEBOARD IN THE MASTER BEDROOM...
LA, LA, LA, I CAN'T HEAR YOU... LA, LA, LA...
STOP IT! YOU'RE DAMAGING HER COMPASS!


OK, TO MAKE THIS KIND OF PROFIT WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO PERFECT OUR SALES TECHNIQUE... YOU BE SOFT SELL... I'LL BE HARD SELL...
LEMONADE $3.50
HI, MR. ROBOTMAN... HOW'RE YOU TODAY? WE'VE GOT SOME PRETTY TASTY LEMONADE HERE... BUT TAKE YOUR TIME... THINK ABOUT IT...
LEMONADE $3.50
WELL, IT'S JUST THAT $3.50 SEEMS A BIT...
WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM, MISTER?! DON'T YOU LIKE LITTLE KIDS?!
LEMONADE $3.50

ROBOT MAN®
REMEMBER THAT OLD "OUTER LIMITS" EPISODE WHERE DAVID McCALLUM INVENTS A MACHINE THAT ACCELERATES HUMAN EVOLUTION?
WELL, I THINK I'VE FIGURED IT OUT... HIT THE SWITCH...
BZZZZ
HMM... SUDDENLY THE CURE FOR CANCER SEEMS PAINFULLY OBVIOUS...
BZZZ
I KNOW WHAT "PNEUMONOULTRAMICROSCOPICSILIOCOVOLCANOCONIOSIS" MEANS...
BZZZ
IT HAS BECOME READILY APPARENT THAT HUMANS ARE A PITIFUL SPECIES OF DESPICABLE, MEAGER INSECTS THAT SHOULD BE EXTERMINATED FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH...
BZT
HAHAHAHA...
WHAT? WHAT IS IT?
I JUST GOT TUESDAY'S "DOONESBURY."

JUMP, FLIPPER! C'MON, JUMP!
MONTY, THOSE AREN'T DOLPHINS, THEY'RE SHARKS... AND PLEASE DON'T DANGLE THE CAR KEYS OVER LARGE TANKS OF WATER...
CITY AQUARIUM
WHAT ARE YOU IMPLYING? THAT I'M IRRESPONSIBLE?... THAT I'M SOME FUMBLE-FINGERED MORON WHO COULD ACCIDENTALLY...
KER PLOP
WELL, JACQUES "KOOKSTEAU," I HOPE YOU BROUGHT YOUR BANG STICK...
THERE ARE OUR CAR KEYS... RIGHT BETWEEN THE STINGRAY AND THE MORAY EEL...
DON'T WORRY. I'LL GET 'EM BACK... EVEN IF I HAVE TO STRIP DOWN TO MY CALVIN KLEINS AND GET THE BENDS.
WELL, I GUESS YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE DUMB ENOUGH TO DROP STUFF IN THE AQUARIUM... LOOK! SOMEONE'S VISA CARD, DRIVER'S LICENSE AND... DENTAL RECORDS?!
YEAH. RIGHT. WELL, LET'S GET GOING...
WAIT. I CAN ALMOST MAKE OUT THE NAME ON THE DENTAL RECORDS... "M-O-N-T..."
OK. I ADMIT IT. I WAS HERE LAST YEAR ON A KIWANIS CLUB OUTING...
IF I'M NOT BACK IN FIVE MINUTES, CALL 911...
MONTY, WHAT'RE YOU DOING? WAIT!
GOT THE KEYS!
MY GOD! DIDN'T THE SHARKS ATTACK YOU?!
NOPE. THE SHARKS WERE NO PROBLEM...
BUT THESE LITTLE FREELOADING, BELLY-SUCKING FISH ARE REALLY MAKING MY NIPPLES STING...

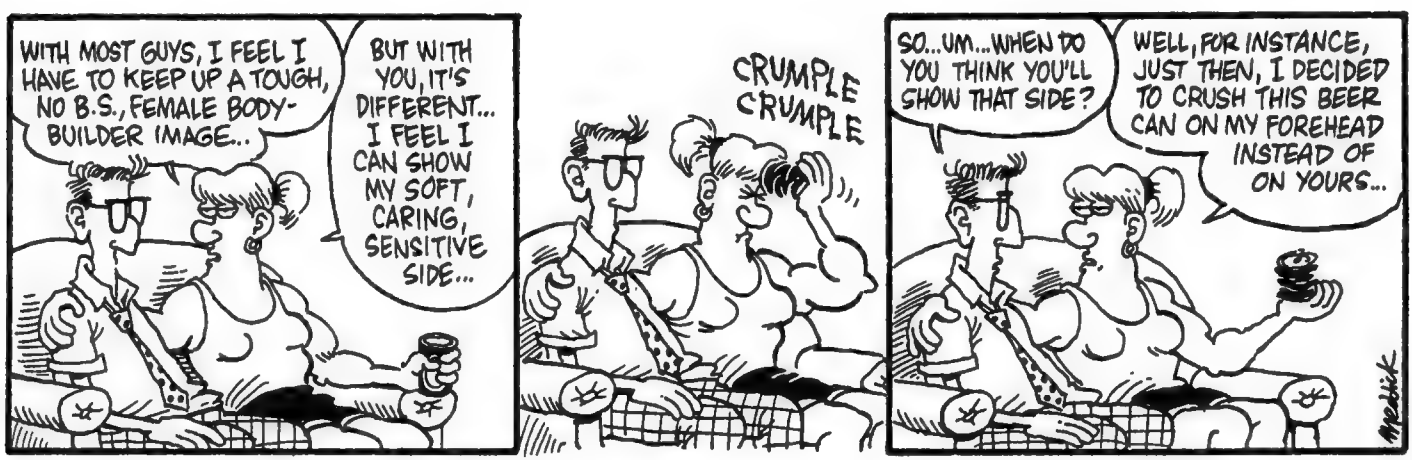
I'VE GOT TO GET ORGANIZED...I'M ALWAYS PROCRASTINATING AND FORGETTING AND..
YOU SHOULD MAKE A LIST OF THINGS TO DO...
SAY... THAT'S A GOOD IDEA... UM... LET'S SEE... UMM...
WELL, JUST TO START THE BALL ROLLING...
"1.) Make a list of things to..."
CRACK
NUTS.
"2.) Sharpen pencil..."
JUST OUT OF CURIOSITY, HOW ARE YOU ABLE TO WRITE THAT?...
BY PINCHING THE LITTLE BROKEN NIB...

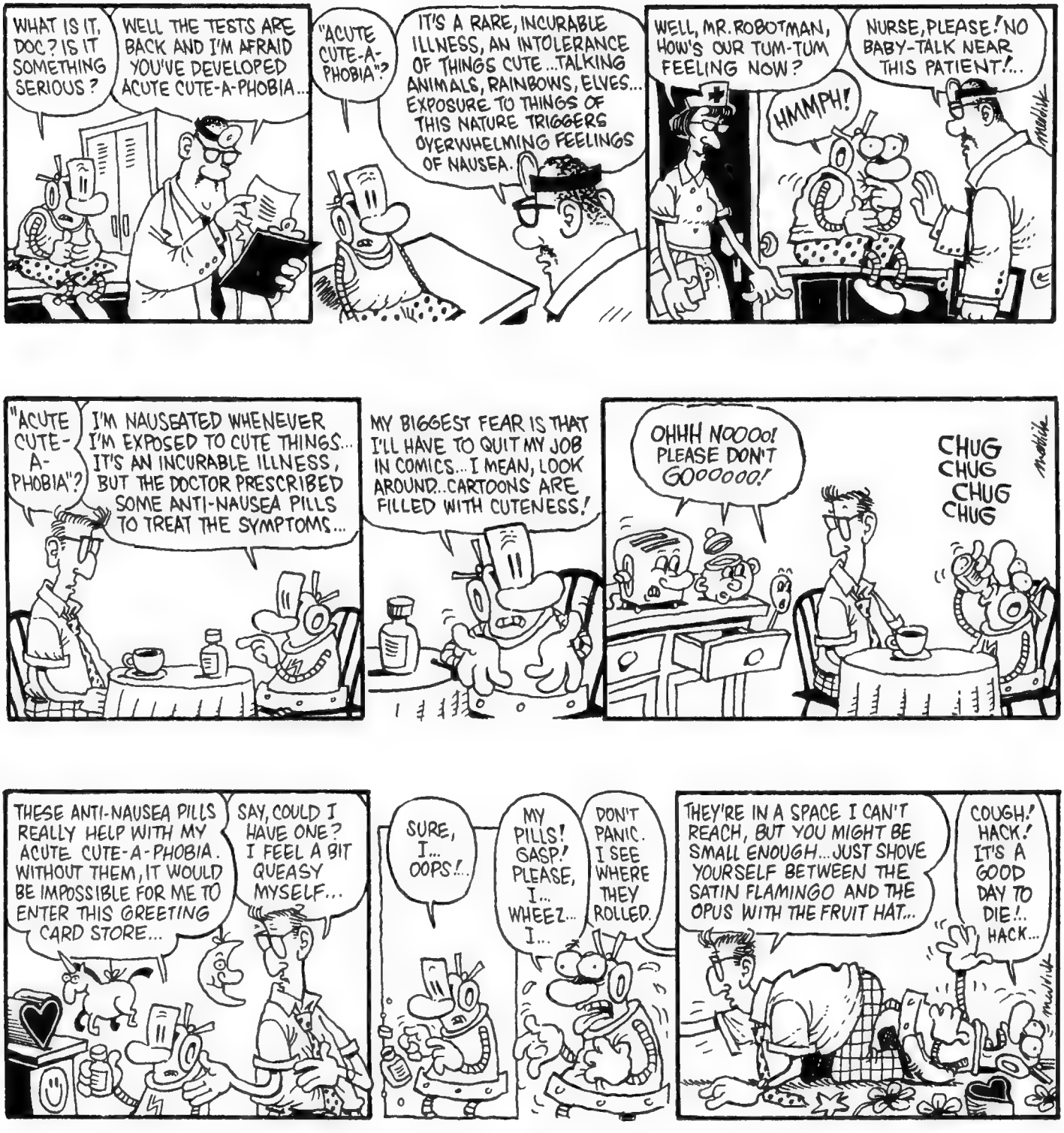
I KNOW I SHOULD BE DATING, BUT IN SOME WAY, I STILL FEEL CONNECTED TO LILY... LIKE MAYBE I STILL LOVE HER...
MAN, WHAT A WUSSY, MAMBY-PAMBY POOFTA...
YOU'RE PROBABLY THINKING: WHAT A WUSSY, MAMBY-PAMBY WIMP I AM...
"POOFTA," NOT "WIMP." I'M FREE ON A TECHNICALITY...
NO...NO...I WASN'T THINKING THAT AT ALL...
OR MAYBE "POOFTA" OR SOMETHING...

I'VE BEEN TRYING TO WORK OUT A PLAN TO GET BACK WITH LILY, BUT UNTIL RECENTLY, NOTHING SEEMED PRACTICAL...THEN SUDDENLY IT CAME TO ME...
I "COINCIDENTALLY" RUN INTO HER IN TOWN, THEN "ACCIDENTALLY" CRAZY GLUE MYSELF TO HER, THEN "SERENDIPITOUSLY" PRODUCE TWO TICKETS TO "BRIDGES OF MADISON COUNTY"...
OK, I CAN TELL WHAT YOU'RE THINKING: BACK TO THE DRAWING BOARD.
NO. ACTUALLY I'M THINKING: TIME TO CONTACT A MENTAL HEALTH PROFESSIONAL.

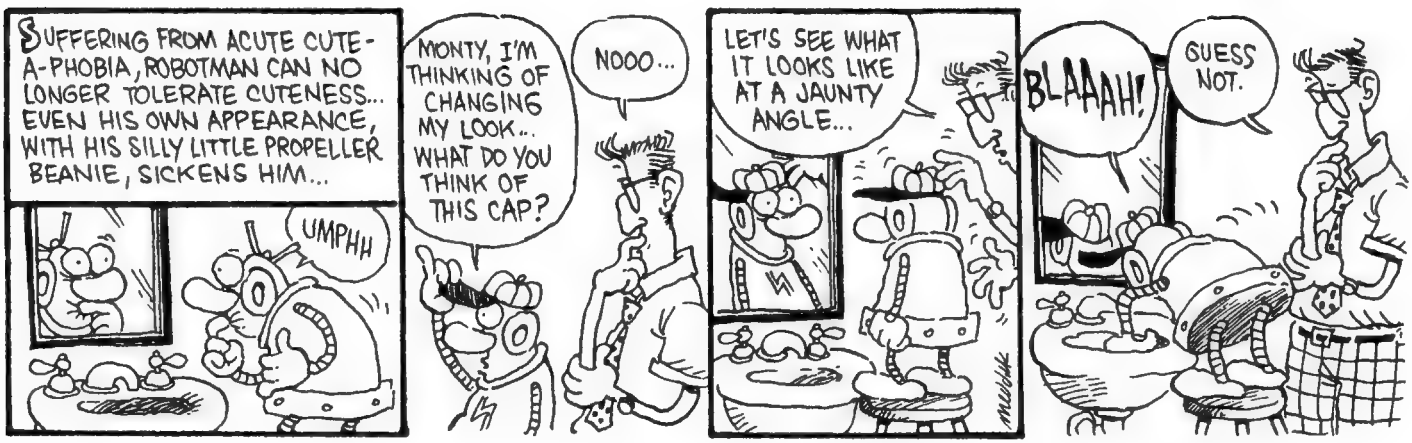
I THOUGHT YOU HATED WEIGHT-LIFTING.
I DO, BUT BY HANGING OUT IN SPORTING GOODS, ALL THE WOMEN I MEET ARE GUARANTEED TO BE IN GOOD SHAPE...
HEY, PRETTY BOY, ARE YOU LOOKIN' FOR A PERSONAL TRAINER?
WINK WINK
WELL, UM... ACTUALLY NO... I JUST... UM...
WELL, YOU SURE LOOK LIKE YOU COULD USE ONE... HERE, LET ME SHOW YOU SOME MOVES...
HEH, HEH... NO LISTEN, I... UM...
DINNER AND MOVIES?
OK. OK. OK. DINNER AND MOVIES...
mudbink

I'VE NEVER DATED A FEMALE BODYBUILDER BEFORE. I MUST ADMIT IT'S A LITTLE INTIMIDATING.
DING DONG
HI, OLGA. THIS IS FOR YOU.
CHOCOLATES? DO YOU THINK I'D POLLUTE MY BODY WITH THAT FATTY, SUGARY *G%*?!
NEXT TIME CHECK WITH ME AND FIND OUT WHAT I WANT, YOU STUPID, NO-GOOD, DUMB *G*!!!
HEY. WOW. SORRY. SOMETIMES ALL THE STEROIDS MAKE ME A TAD MOODY... LET'S KISS AND MAKE UP...
TONGUE OR NO TONGUE?
mudbink

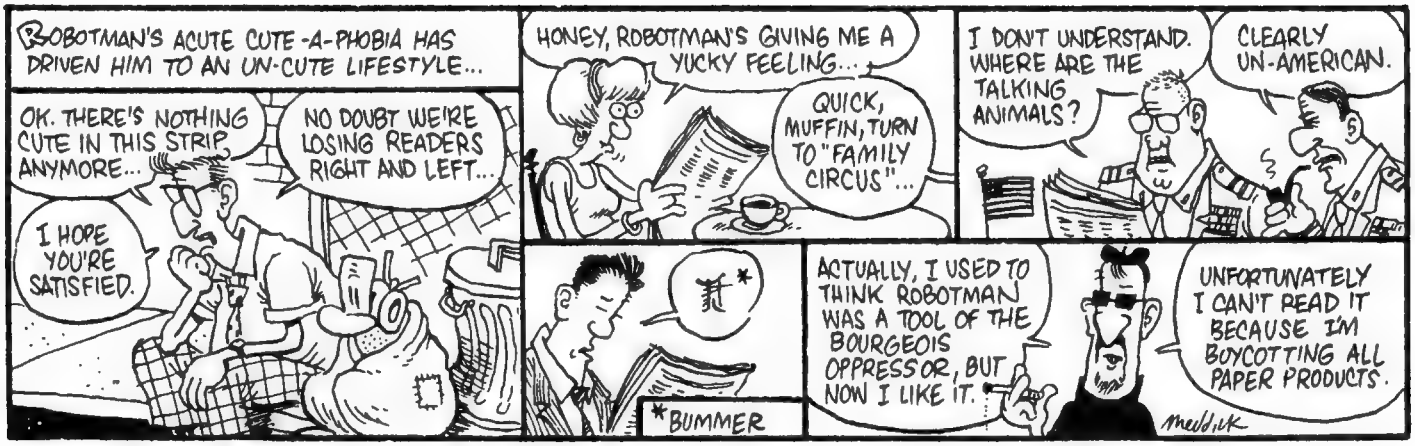

WITH MOST GUYS, I FEEL I HAVE TO KEEP UP A TOUGH, NO B.S., FEMALE BODY-BUILDER IMAGE...
BUT WITH YOU, IT'S DIFFERENT... I FEEL I CAN SHOW MY SOFT, CARING, SENSITIVE SIDE...
CRUMPLE CRUMPLE
SO... UM... WHEN DO YOU THINK YOU'LL SHOW THAT SIDE?
WELL, FOR INSTANCE, JUST THEN, I DECIDED TO CRUSH THIS BEER CAN ON MY FOREHEAD INSTEAD OF ON YOURS...
mudbink


WHAT IS IT, DOC? IS IT SOMETHING SERIOUS?
WELL THE TESTS ARE BACK AND I'M AFRAID YOU'VE DEVELOPED ACUTE CUTE-A-PHOBIA...
"ACUTE CUTE-A-PHOBIA"?
IT'S A RARE, INCURABLE ILLNESS, AN INTOLERANCE OF THINGS CUTE...TALKING ANIMALS, RAINBOWS, ELVES... EXPOSURE TO THINGS OF THIS NATURE TRIGGERS OVERWHELMING FEELINGS OF NAUSEA.
WELL, MR. ROBOTMAN, HOW'S OUR TUM-TUM FEELING NOW?
HMMPH!
NURSE, PLEASE! NO BABY-TALK NEAR THIS PATIENT!...
"ACUTE CUTE-A-PHOBIA"?
I'M NAUSEATED WHENEVER I'M EXPOSED TO CUTE THINGS... IT'S AN INCURABLE ILLNESS, BUT THE DOCTOR PRESCRIBED SOME ANTI-NAUSEA PILLS TO TREAT THE SYMPTOMS...
MY BIGGEST FEAR IS THAT I'LL HAVE TO QUIT MY JOB IN COMICS... I MEAN, LOOK AROUND...CARTOONS ARE FILLED WITH CUTENESS!
OHHH NOOOo! PLEASE DON'T GOOOOOO!
CHUG CHUG CHUG CHUG
THESE ANTI-NAUSEA PILLS REALLY HELP WITH MY ACUTE CUTE-A-PHOBIA. WITHOUT THEM, IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE FOR ME TO ENTER THIS GREETING CARD STORE...
SAY, COULD I HAVE ONE? I FEEL A BIT QUEASY MYSELF...
SURE, I... OOPS!..
MY PILLS! GASP! PLEASE, I... WHEEZ... I...
DON'T PANIC. I SEE WHERE THEY ROLLED.
THEY'RE IN A SPACE I CAN'T REACH, BUT YOU MIGHT BE SMALL ENOUGH...JUST SHOVE YOURSELF BETWEEN THE SATIN FLAMINGO AND THE OPUS WITH THE FRUIT HAT...
COUGH! HACK! IT'S A GOOD DAY TO DIE!.. HACK...

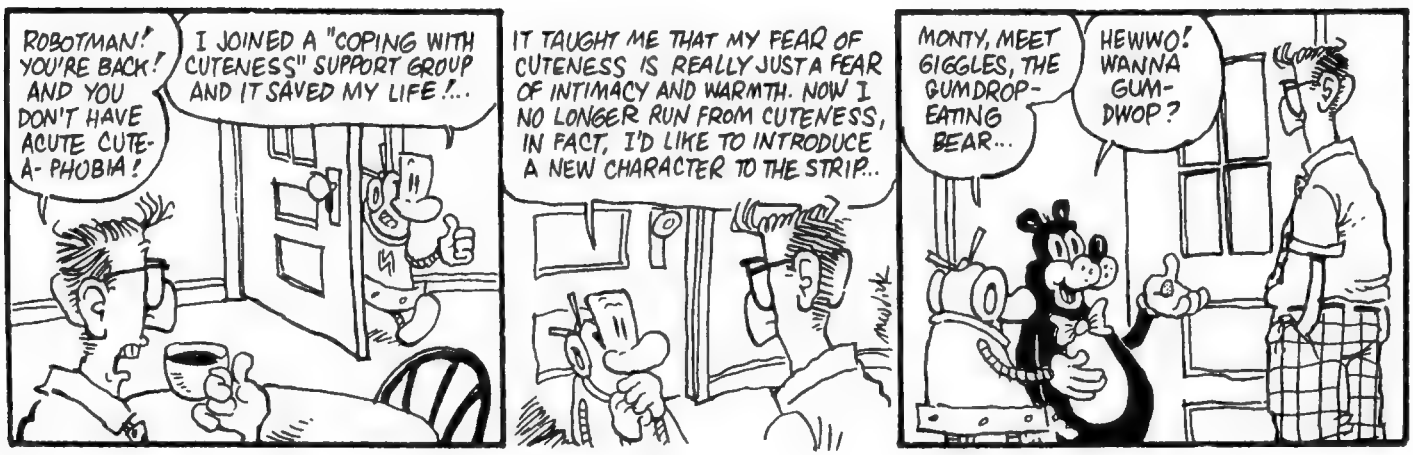
WANT ADS?
MY ACUTE CUTE-A-PHOBIA HAS FORCED ME TO LOOK FOR WORK IN A COMIC THAT HAS ABSOLUTELY NOTHING CUTE IN IT... NO TALKING ANIMALS, NO PRECOCIOUS KIDS, NO YUPPIE FAMILIES...
HMM... THAT REALLY NARROWS YOUR OPTIONS... UM, LET'S SEE... THERE'S... UMMM... NO... HMM... WELL, WHAT 'BOUT... UM... UH-UH...
WAIT... I KNOW... THERE IS ONE POSSIBILITY...
QUITE FRANKLY, MR. ROBOTMAN, OUR SCRIPTS VERY RARELY CALL FOR ROBOTS...
Prince Valiant inc.
OK, OK. TRY THIS: HOW 'BOUT I'M A DWARF KNIGHT WHO'S TOO INSECURE TO REMOVE MY ARMOR?
mewbige


SUFFERING FROM ACUTE CUTE-A-PHOBIA, ROBOTMAN CAN NO LONGER TOLERATE CUTENESS... EVEN HIS OWN APPEARANCE, WITH HIS SILLY LITTLE PROPELLER BEANIE, SICKENS HIM...
UMPHH
MONTY, I'M THINKING OF CHANGING MY LOOK... WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS CAP?
NOOO...
LET'S SEE WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE AT A JAUNTY ANGLE...
BLAAAH!
GUESS NOT.

ROBOTMAN'S ACUTE CUTE-A-PHOBIA HAS DRIVEN HIM AWAY FROM THE SUBURBS TO A DARK AND SEEDY PART OF TOWN...
THIS IS NO GOOD... CAN'T YOU SEE?... YOU GOTTA SNAP OUT OF IT...
THIS IS HARSH AND UGLY! PEOPLE WANT COMICS THAT ARE MINDLESS AND SWEET! THEY NEED FUNNY ANIMALS AND SMART ALECK KIDS! THEY NEED SOMETHING CUTE!
HI, I'M DANNY THE TALKING DUMPSTER...
THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEAN AND YOU KNOW IT!


ROBOTMAN'S ACUTE CUTE-A-PHOBIA HAS DRIVEN HIM TO AN UN-CUTE LIFESTYLE...
OK. THERE'S NOTHING CUTE IN THIS STRIP ANYMORE...
NO DOUBT WE'RE LOSING READERS RIGHT AND LEFT...
I HOPE YOU'RE SATISFIED.
HONEY, ROBOTMAN'S GIVING ME A YUCKY FEELING...
QUICK, MUFFIN, TURN TO "FAMILY CIRCUS"...
*BUMMER
I DON'T UNDERSTAND. WHERE ARE THE TALKING ANIMALS?
CLEARLY UN-AMERICAN.
ACTUALLY, I USED TO THINK ROBOTMAN WAS A TOOL OF THE BOURGEOIS OPPRESSOR, BUT NOW I LIKE IT.
UNFORTUNATELY I CAN'T READ IT BECAUSE I'M BOYCOTTING ALL PAPER PRODUCTS.

JUST WHEN ROBOTMAN'S ACUTE CUTE-A-PHOBIA HAS COMPLETELY DESTROYED HIS CAREER, FATE INTERVENES...
RUSTLE RUSTLE RUSTLE
COPING WITH CUTENESS SUPPORT GROUP
Face cuteness and face yourself!
DIAL 555-C-U-T-E
NEED A BIGGER
FOR SALE
HELLO, MY NAME IS TODD M. AND 48 DAYS AGO I WOULD HAVE BEEN UNABLE TO WEAR THIS T-SHIRT...
CLAP CLAP CLAP


ROBOTMAN! YOU'RE BACK! AND YOU DON'T HAVE ACUTE CUTE-A-PHOBIA!
I JOINED A "COPING WITH CUTENESS" SUPPORT GROUP AND IT SAVED MY LIFE!...
IT TAUGHT ME THAT MY FEAR OF CUTENESS IS REALLY JUST A FEAR OF INTIMACY AND WARMTH. NOW I NO LONGER RUN FROM CUTENESS, IN FACT, I'D LIKE TO INTRODUCE A NEW CHARACTER TO THE STRIP...
MONTY, MEET GIGGLES, THE GUMDROP-EATING BEAR...
HEWWO! WANNA GUM-DWOP?

WITH THE INTRODUCTION OF *GIGGLES THE BEAR*, ROBOTMAN'S LIFE TURNS AROUND AND READERSHIP REACHES AN ALL-TIME HIGH!

Dear Robotman,

I love Giggles! He's totally cute and mentally unchallenging! His jokes are so simple and banal, I always understand them. Thanx, Debbie

Dear Robotman,

After reading today's "Giggles" strip, I cut it out of the paper and cuddled it.

Love,
My inner child

Dear Robotman,

Just one look at "Giggles" and I feel compelled to buy t-shirts, plush toys and thermoses featuring his likeness.

Sincerely,
Ralph Nader

Robotman,

When I saw your new character/product line "Giggles," I felt a peculiar stirring in my loins.

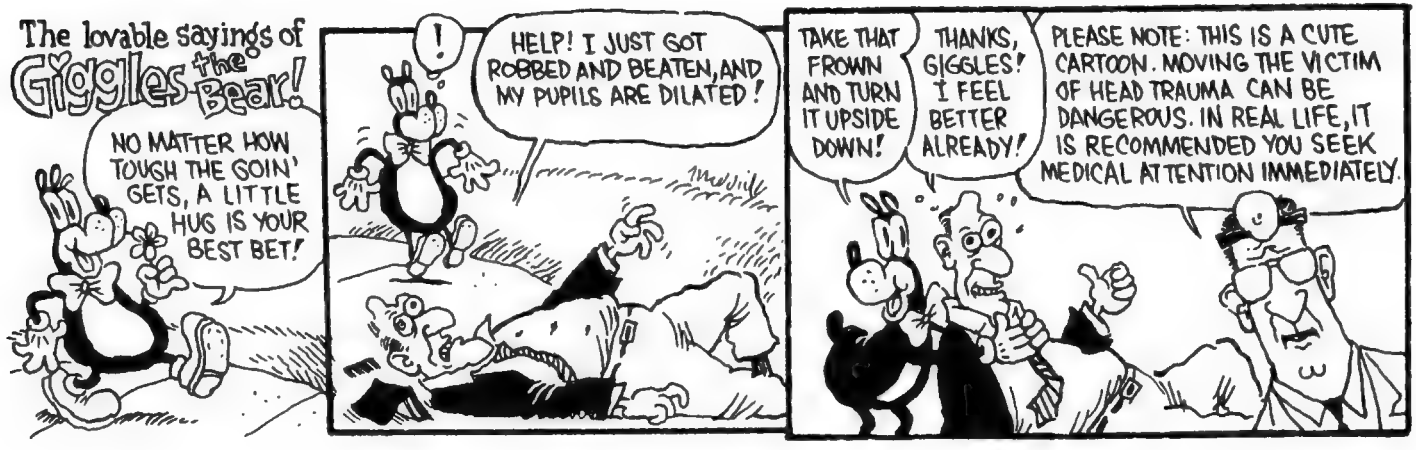
Comic Syndicate Executive

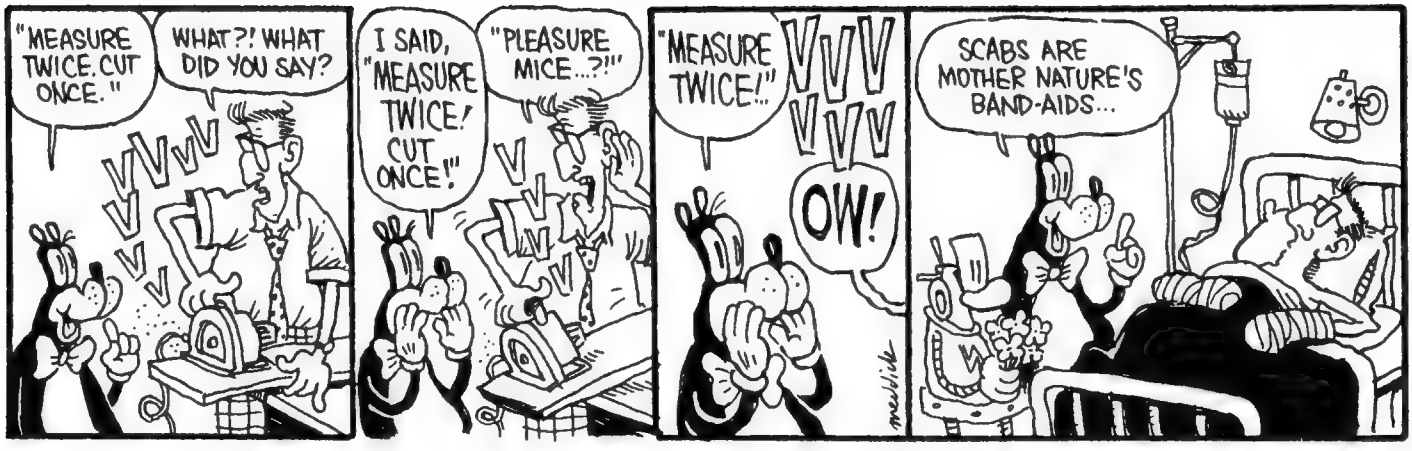
GUESS WHAT?! I'M COOKIN' YOU BWEAKFAST!
NO... NO... YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO THAT...
I KNOW YOU'RE KINDA A GRUMPY GUSS AND YOU'RE NOT USED TO HAVING A CUTE CHARACTER AROUND, SO I THOUGHT I'D DO SUMTHIN' NICE TO WIN YOU OVER...
WHAT'S WONG? LOST YOUR APPETITE?
I'M JUST SORT OF GRAPPLING WITH THE FACT THAT YOU SERVED THE EGGS AND BACON IN THE FORM OF A SMILEY FACE...

NOW WHAT ARE YOU DOING, GIGGLES?
I'M COOKIN' UP SOME OATMEAL FOR SWAMPS...
MY! MY! SUMTHIN'S SMELLIN' MIGHTY SWELL 'ROUND HERE...
KEEP SOAKIN' YOUR FEET, GRAMPS... I'LL BRING YOUR OATS OUT TO THE TUB...
THE PROBLEM WITH CUTE CHARACTERS IS, YOU GIVE 'EM AN INCH AND THEY TAKE A MILE...
WHAT'S REALLY SCARY IS, I DON'T KNOW WHO THE *@#% THAT OLD MAN IS OR HOW HE GOT IN HERE...

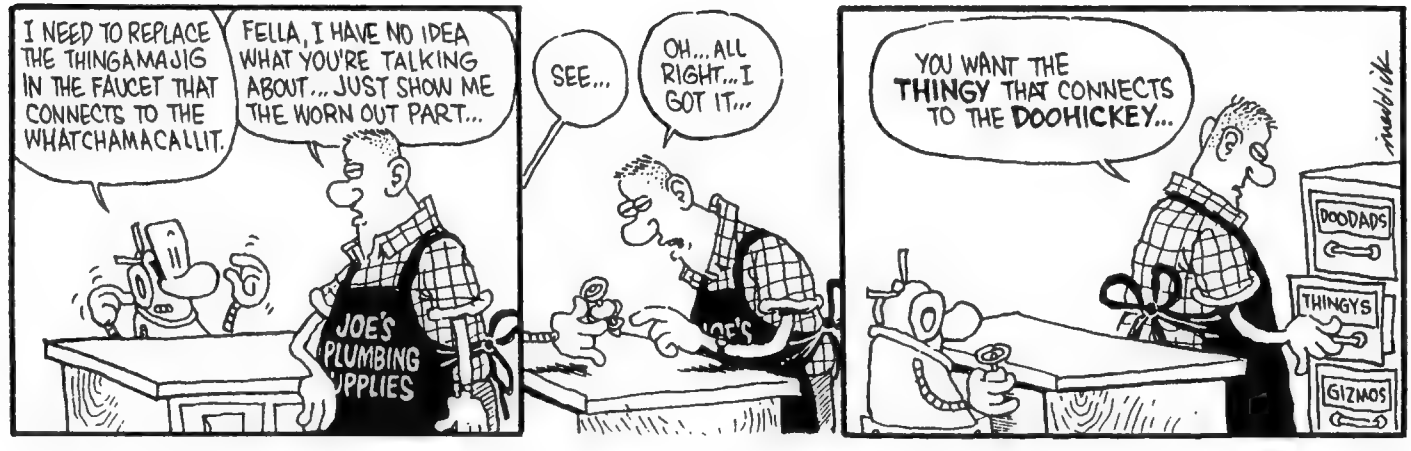
COME! COME! LET ME SHOW YOU MY WITTLE HOUSE!...
UM...OK.
HERE'S MY WITTLE TABLE AND MY WITTLE CHAIR...
OH, AND THERE'S MY FRIEND POOH POOH WHO ATE TOO MUCH HÄAGEN-DAZS AND GOT STUCK LEAVING THROUGH THE BACK DOOR...
HONEY
OH MY... WELL... THAT'S ...UM... "CUTE," I GUESS
JUST BETWEEN YOU AND ME, IT WOULD BE A LOT CUTER IF POOH POOH WASN'T BATTLING CELLULITE...
I HEARD THAT.
HONEY

I HAVE A PICTURE I WAS HOPING YOU COULD HELP ME FIND A PLACE FOR... IT'S A DUCKLING WEARING A HAT, KISSING A PUPPY WEARING SUNGLASSES, KISSING KATHY LEE GIFFORD...
HMMM...
HOW 'BOUT DOWN IN THE BASEMENT BEHIND A SHEET OF PLYWOOD?
OR POSSIBLY A LEAD-LINED NUCLEAR WASTE STORAGE FACILITY IN NEVADA?...


The lovable sayings of Giggles the Bear!
NO MATTER HOW TOUGH THE GOIN' GETS, A LITTLE HUG IS YOUR BEST BET!
!
HELP! I JUST GOT ROBBED AND BEATEN, AND MY PUPILS ARE DILATED!
TAKE THAT FROWN AND TURN IT UPSIDE DOWN!
THANKS, GIGGLES! I FEEL BETTER ALREADY!
PLEASE NOTE: THIS IS A CUTE CARTOON. MOVING THE VICTIM OF HEAD TRAUMA CAN BE DANGEROUS. IN REAL LIFE, IT IS RECOMMENDED YOU SEEK MEDICAL ATTENTION IMMEDIATELY.


"MEASURE TWICE. CUT ONCE."
WHAT?! WHAT DID YOU SAY?
I SAID, "MEASURE TWICE! CUT ONCE!"
"PLEASURE MICE...?!"
"MEASURE TWICE!.."
VVV VVV
OW!
SCABS ARE MOTHER NATURE'S BAND-AIDS...

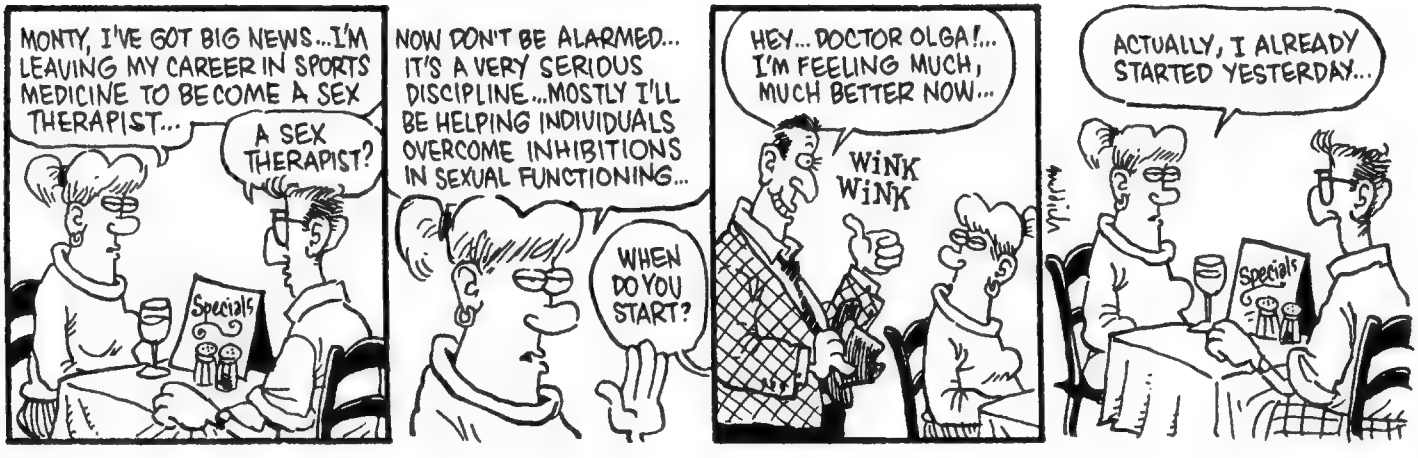
DID MY LIP TWITCH ?... I THINK MY LIP TWITCHED. OH, GREAT... I THINK I'M HAVING A MINI-MUSCLE SPASM...
YOU KNOW... LIKE WHEN A MUSCLE STARTS TWITCHING AND YOU CAN RUB IT AND IT STILL WON'T STOP... AND IT GOES ON INTERMITTENTLY FOR SEVERAL MINUTES AND YOU'RE NOT SURE IF OTHER PEOPLE NOTICE AND...
...IT'S ESPECIALLY ANNOYING ON JOB INTERVIEWS...
TIME TO CALL SECURITY...


I NEED TO REPLACE THE THINGAMAJIG IN THE FAUCET THAT CONNECTS TO THE WHATCHAMACALLIT.
FELLA, I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT... JUST SHOW ME THE WORN OUT PART...
JOE'S PLUMBING SUPPLIES
SEE...
OH... ALL RIGHT... I GOT IT...
YOU WANT THE THINGY THAT CONNECTS TO THE DOOHICKEY...
DOODADS
THINGYS
GIZMOS

ROBOT MAN
♪FIGARO FIGARO FIGARO♫
HEY, ROBOTMAN... YOU OUT THERE?
YBLPHH UPMPHTL MPPLL...
HEY, GUESS WHAT... I'M DOING ONE OF THOSE SIDE-BY-SIDE COMPARISON TESTS LIKE IN COMMERCIALS...
ON THIS SIDE I SHAMPOOED WITH REGULAR DANDRUFF SHAMPOO...
...AND ON THIS SIDE I SHAMPOOED WITH A NEW AND IMPROVED DANDRUFF SHAMPOO...
WOW...Y'KNOW SOMETHING?... I ALREADY NOTICE A DIFFERENCE. IT'S REALLY AMAZING!
YEP... THIS ONE SIDE'S DEFINITELY ITCHIER.
WELL, I'M SOLD... I'M SWITCHING TO THE NEW AND IMPROVED FORMULA!
SAY... WANT SOME MORE CHOCOLATE BUNDT CAKE?
NO, THAT'S OK... I'M STILL WORKING ON MY FIRST PIECE...

HEY, HELP YOURSELF TO A HOTDOG!
I WENT TO THE WHOLESALE CLUB AND GOT AN INCREDIBLE DEAL ON FRANKFURTERS!
BOB'S DISCOUNT "ALL-MEAT" FRANKS PLUS SPECIAL GIFT OFFER... SEE INSIDE FOR DETAILS...
WHAT THE...?
I'M A LITTLE CONCERNED. WHY IS "ALL-MEAT" IN QUOTATIONS?
I DON'T KNOW. DO YOU THINK THIS NAIL CLIPPER I FOUND HAS ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE SPECIAL GIFT OFFER?...

I DON'T FEEL TOO GOOD AFTER EATING THESE DISCOUNT FRANKS... I'M GOING TO GIVE THE REST TO GÜNTER AND GERTA...
GOOD THINKING.
BOB'S DISCOUNT "ALL-MEAT" FRANKS
GÜNTER! GERTA! LOOK WHAT DA DA BROUGHT YOU!
WEIRD. I'VE NEVER SEEN DOBERMANS COWER LIKE THAT...
BOB'S DISCOUNT "ALL-MEAT" FRANKS
COME ON YA, WUSSIES! LOOK - IF I CAN EAT 'EM, SO CAN YOU, YA LITTLE PANSIES!...
YOU'D BE MORE CONVINCING IF YOU COULD SUPPRESS THE CONVULSIONS.
BOB'S


MONTY, I'VE GOT BIG NEWS... I'M LEAVING MY CAREER IN SPORTS MEDICINE TO BECOME A SEX THERAPIST...
A SEX THERAPIST?
Specials
NOW DON'T BE ALARMED... IT'S A VERY SERIOUS DISCIPLINE... MOSTLY I'LL BE HELPING INDIVIDUALS OVERCOME INHIBITIONS IN SEXUAL FUNCTIONING...
WHEN DO YOU START?
HEY... DOCTOR OLGA!... I'M FEELING MUCH, MUCH BETTER NOW...
WINK WINK
ACTUALLY, I ALREADY STARTED YESTERDAY...
Specials

I MUST ADMIT I'M A LITTLE CONCERNED...I'VE NEVER DATED ANYONE WHO WANTED TO BE A SEX THERAPIST...
YOU HAVE NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT... IT'S ALL VERY CLINICAL AND BUSINESS-LIKE...
SEE... HERE'S MY CARD...
Specials
"Dr. Olga Yoloff... State-Licensed Sex Therapist... All treatment private and confidential."
... AND THE TASSLES AND GARTER BELT?...
THAT'S THE CLINIC'S LOGO.
Specials
IT WAS A ROUGH DAY AT THE SEX THERAPY CLINIC... I ENDED UP HAVING TO BRING A LOT OF WORK HOME...
INSURANCE FORMS AND MORE INSURANCE FORMS...HOW BORING...
AH HA! NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE! WHAT THE HECK IS THIS THING?!...
"COMPUTER KEYBOARD MINI-VAC"...
CHECK THIS OUT...OLGA LEFT ONE OF THE INSTRUCTION VIDEOS HERE FROM THE SEX THERAPY CLINIC...
IT'S TITLED: "BUILDING INTIMACY."
"BUILDING INTIMACY"?
YEAH... "INTIMACY"... HEH-HEH...
WANT TO WATCH IT?...
HOURS LATER...
HEY, MONTY... I'M BEGINNING TO THINK THIS REALLY IS ABOUT BUILDING INTIMACY...
MONTY?..
I WOULD LIKE TO HOLD HANDS NOW IF THAT'S ALL RIGHT WITH YOU.
I WOULD PREFER TO HOLD HANDS LATER, BUT THANK YOU FOR OFFERING.
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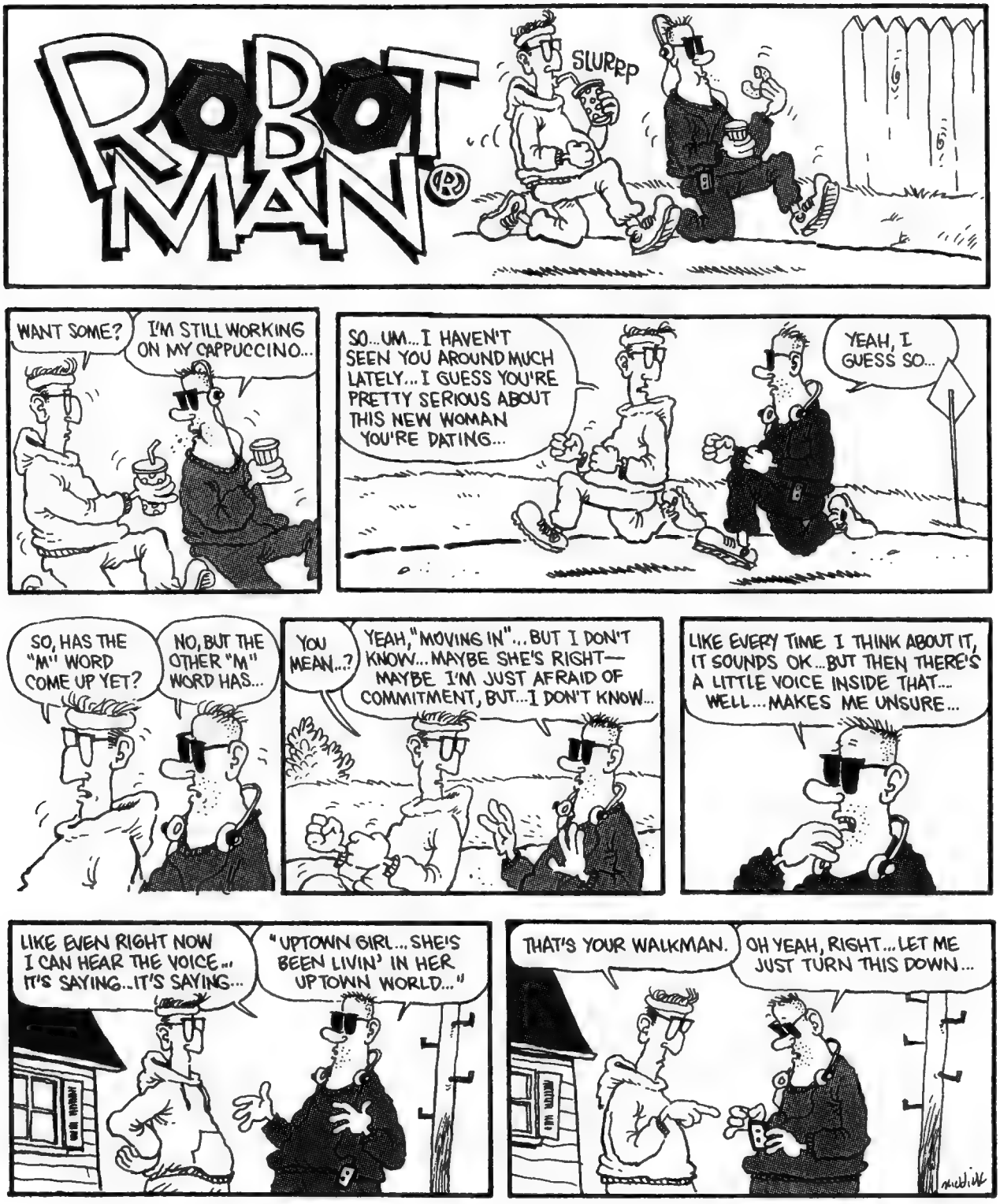

ROBOT MAN®
SLURRP
WANT SOME?
I'M STILL WORKING ON MY CAPPUCCINO...
SO...UM...I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU AROUND MUCH LATELY...I GUESS YOU'RE PRETTY SERIOUS ABOUT THIS NEW WOMAN YOU'RE DATING...
YEAH, I GUESS SO...
SO, HAS THE "M" WORD COME UP YET?
NO, BUT THE OTHER "M" WORD HAS...
YOU MEAN...?
YEAH, "MOVING IN"...BUT I DON'T KNOW...MAYBE SHE'S RIGHT— MAYBE I'M JUST AFRAID OF COMMITMENT, BUT...I DON'T KNOW...
LIKE EVERY TIME I THINK ABOUT IT, IT SOUNDS OK...BUT THEN THERE'S A LITTLE VOICE INSIDE THAT... WELL...MAKES ME UNSURE...
LIKE EVEN RIGHT NOW I CAN HEAR THE VOICE... IT'S SAYING...IT'S SAYING...
"UPTOWN GIRL...SHE'S BEEN LIVIN' IN HER UPTOWN WORLD..."
THAT'S YOUR WALKMAN.
OH YEAH, RIGHT...LET ME JUST TURN THIS DOWN...

OFFICER, WHAT'S GOING ON?
GIGGLES IS MISSING AND WE'RE PIECING TOGETHER THE CRIME SCENE...
• POLICE • DO NOT CROS
EXHIBIT "A"... A HALF FINISHED MUG OF CHAMOMILE TEA... THEN OF COURSE THERE'RE THE SIGNS OF STRUGGLE.
STRUGGLE? I DON'T SEE ANY SIGNS OF...
OVER HERE.
GOOSE DOWN FEATHERS?
COMBINED WITH THE EMPTY PILLOWCASE IN THE RUMPUS ROOM AND WE'VE GOT SOLID EVIDENCE OF A PILLOW FIGHT...
DEAR LORD... WHAT'S HAPPENED TO GIGGLES?!

WE RUSHED DOWN HERE AS SOON AS WE GOT YOUR MESSAGE...
I NEED YOU TO TAKE A LOOK AT A LETTER WE GOT TODAY...
"I AM BEING HELD AGAINST MY WILL. PLEASE MEET ALL MY KIDNAPPER'S DEMANDS OR ELSE... XOXO, GIGGLES"
WELL, IT'S DEFINITELY GIGGLES' HANDWRITING ALTHOUGH IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S BEEN WRITTEN UNDER DURESS...
DURESS?
SEE, NORMALLY HE DOESN'T DOT HIS "I's" WITH LOLLIPOPS. NORMALLY HE USES LITTLE HEARTS...
GOOD LORD, YOU DON'T THINK HE'S BEING TORTURED, DO YOU?!

BIG NEWS: WE'VE LINKED THE DISAPPEARANCE OF GIGGLES WITH NONE OTHER THAN YOUR EVIL TWIN BRUCE...
WE NOW NEED YOU TO DESCRIBE YOUR BROTHER TO OUR POLICE SKETCH ARTIST...
HMM... NOW LET'S SEE...
HE'S SORT OF RUGGED LOOKING... UM... YEAH... MAKE HIS JAW SQUARER... YEAH... AND DIMPLES... UMMM...
THERE. THAT'S HIM.
YOUR IDENTICAL TWIN LOOKS LIKE DAVID HASSELHOFF?
PUT OUT AN APB ON A DAVID HASSELHOFF LOOK-ALIKE!

♫ THE SUN'LL COME OUT... TO-MOR-ROW... BET YER BOTTOM DOLLAR THAT ♪ TO-MOR-ROW... THERE'LL BE...
RRRR
STOP THAT SINGING OR I'LL CUT YOUR SALTINE AND WATER RATIONS IN HALF!
MY, MY. SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE WOKE UP ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE FUTON... COME ON IN AND LET'S TALK ABOUT IT...
I'M BRUCE, ROBOTMAN'S EVIL TWIN!...
I'M NOT HERE TO SOCIALIZE!... I'M HERE TO MAKE YOUR LIFE A LIVING HELL!
COCKROACH PÂTÉ?
I'VE DEVISED A FITTING END FOR YOU... A GIANT LOLLIPOP ON ONE SCALE, YOU ON THE OTHER AND BELOW... A VAT OF BOILING HOT FUDGE!...
GIVE IN TO YOUR APPETITE... LICK THE LOLLIPOP... AND THE BALANCE SHIFTS... THUS CAUSING YOUR OWN DEMISE!
OH, PL-EASE! I'M NOT THAT SILLY...
ALTHOUGH I SUPPOSE ONE LITTLE LICK COULDN'T HURT...
WHY, OH WHY DID IT HAVE TO BE PIÑA COLADA FLAVORED?!!!
"DEAR BRUCE, THANKS FOR ELIMINATING GIGGLES. HIS CLOYING CUTENESS MADE ME PUKE. YOU RULE..."
"DEAR BRUCE, YOU'RE MY HERO. THANKS FOR..."
MAIL
WHAT THE?... SOMETHING'S WRONG HERE... THESE ARE ALL FAN LETTERS! PEOPLE AREN'T SUPPOSED TO LIKE ME... I'M EVIL... I'M...
CRUMPLE CRUMPLE
THANKS TO A LETTER-WRITING CAMPAIGN FROM FANS, I'M GRANTING YOU A STAY OF EXECUTION...
REALLY?
OOOO! I JUS' WANNA GIVE YOU ALL A BIG YUMMY HUG!
AH HA HA HA HA!

NORMALLY, I CAN'T STAND GIGGLES AND HIS WHOLE "CUTENESS" THING, BUT SINCE IT'S CHRISTMAS...WELL...I THOUGHT MAYBE I SHOULD BE MORE TOLERANT AND LESS SCROOGE-LIKE...
REALLY? Y'REALLY MEAN IT?!
mesdick
ALL I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS IS MY TWO FRONT TEETH... MY TWO FRONT TEETH... MY...
OK.OK.OK. THAT'S ENOUGH.
AND WE, THE GHOSTS OF CHRISTMAS PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE, HAVE TO AGREE WITH THE GROUCHY GUY ON THIS ONE...
WHEN I WAS A KID, I DEVELOPED THE POWER TO GUESS PRESENTS JUST BY SHAKING THE BOXES, LISTENING, THEN VISUALIZING THE CONTENTS...
CLUNKA CLUNKA TING
mesdick
WELL?
WELL, EITHER MY POWER'S DIMINISHED OR I HOPE WHOEVER BOUGHT ME THIS THING KEPT THE RECEIPT.
"TO MONTY, FROM ROBOTMAN... MERRY CHRISTMAS!"
HMMM... I WONDER WHAT IT COULD BE...
OHHH...WOW! JUST WHAT I WANTED! A SPORTS BRA! OHH...THANK YOU, THANK YOU! TEAL IS MY FAVORITE COLOR!
mesdick
MONTY, THAT GIFT WAS MISLABELED. IT WAS INTENDED FOR OLGA.
THANK GOODNESS. I DIDN'T KNOW HOW FAR I HAD TO GO WITH THIS WHOLE POLITENESS THING...

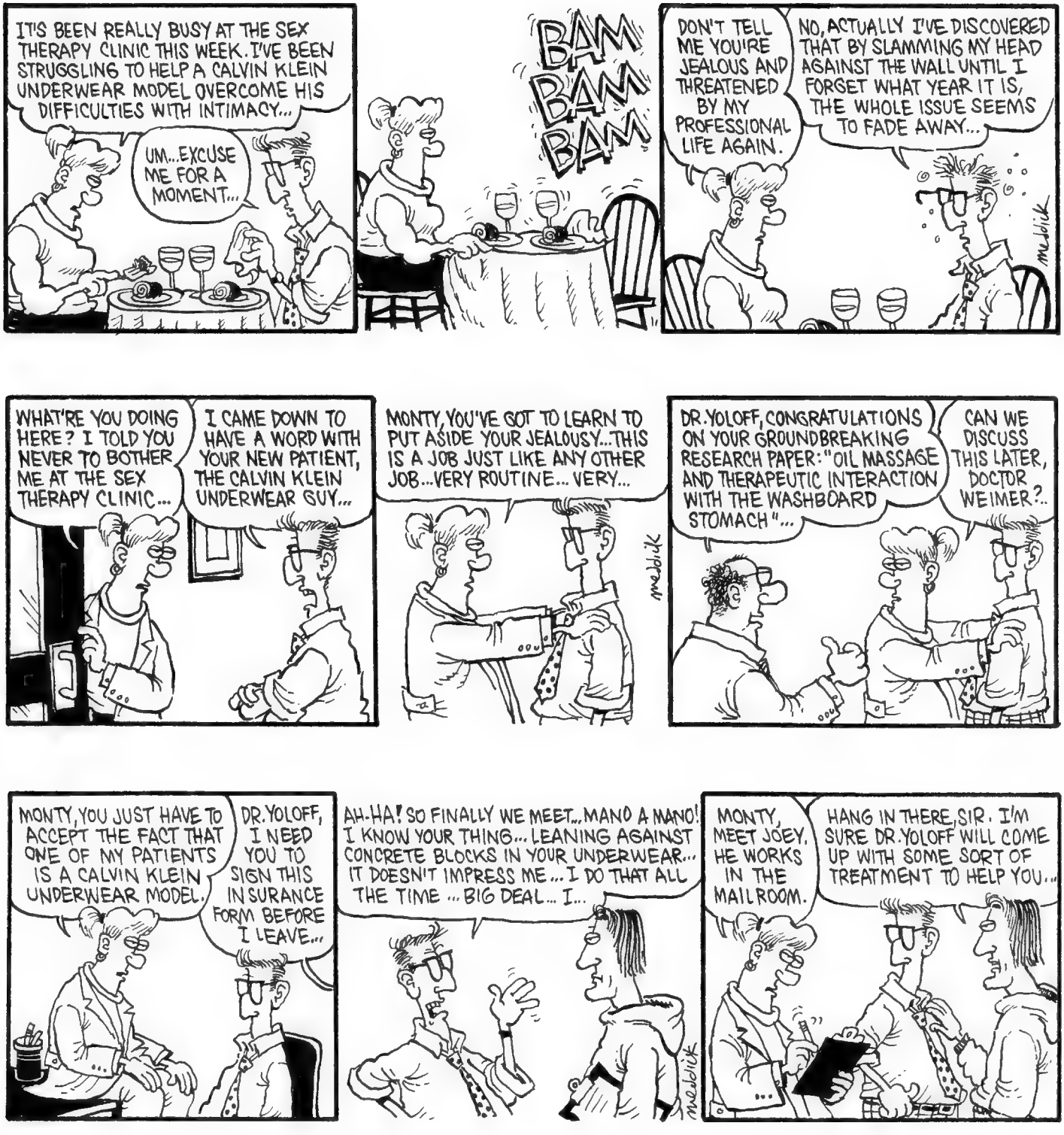
OUR TANG SUPPLY IS DISTURBINGLY LOW...I'M GOING TO THE MINI-MART TO GET MORE...
I DON'T KNOW, MONTY... THE WEATHER CHANNEL'S PREDICTING DANGEROUSLY COLD TEMPERATURES TODAY.
THIS LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR...
YES!...THE NERDY, HOODED, MULTI-POCKETED PUFFY COAT!
NO...NOT THE..!
OK...LET'S RUN DOWN THE CHECKLIST.
TRAIL MIX?
CHECK.
SWISS ARMY KNIFE W/ MAGNIFYING GLASS FEATURE?
CHECK.
MINI-MAG LITE?:
ROGER..

DESPITE THE WEATHER CHANNEL'S RECOMMENDATIONS TO STAY INSIDE, MONTY HAS DONNED HIS NERDY, HOODED, MULTI-POCKETED PUFFY COAT AND BRAVED THE ELEMENTS!
BUS STOP
SAY, FELLA, YOU'RE LOOKIN' MIGHTY HIP IN THAT FLANNEL GRUNGE-STYLE VEST.
YEAH, DUDE, BUT I'M BEGINNING TO FORM "GOATEE-SICLES"...
THAT'S NOT SURPRISING CONSIDERING MY HANDY WIND-CHILL CONVERTER WHEEL SAYS WE'RE EXPERIENCING...HMM... 30° BELOW...
WHOA! LATER, DUDE.
THAT'S IT!...RUN HOME T' MOMMA, PRETTY-BOY! MAYBE SHE'LL MAKE YOU SOME HOT COCOA!...

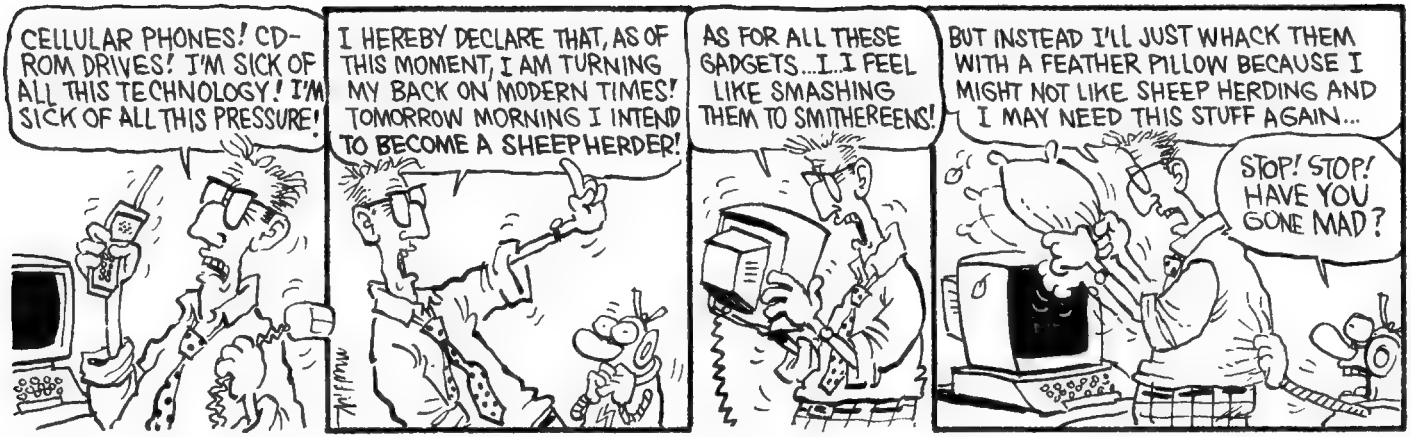
IN SPITE OF THE WEATHER CHANNEL'S WINTER STORM ALERT, MONTY HAS DONNED HIS NERDY, HOODED, MULTI-POCKETED PUFFY COAT TO GO TO THE STORE...
I'M NOW WITHIN VISUAL RANGE OF THE MINI-MART...
SALE
ROGER.
AS AN ADDED PRECAUTION, HE AND ROBOTMAN HAVE MAINTAINED CONSTANT AUDIO CONTACT VIA WALKIE-TALKIES...
I AM ENTERING THE MINI-MART. I REPEAT: I AM ENTERING THE MINI-MART.
YES WE'RE OPEN
WE COPY. OVER.
WAIT...SOMETHING'S WRONG!...I CAN'T SEE...I CAN'T...
YOUR GLASSES, MONTY...THEY'RE FOGGING UP... REMOVE YOUR GLASSES!

I GOT A BOOTH AT THE MALL TO SELL PASTEL PORTRAITS.
I'VE BEEN WORKING ALL DAY PRACTICING CELEBRITY LIKENESSES...
WHAT D' YOU THINK?
"CHER"
UM... I DON'T THINK THIS LOOKS VERY MUCH LIKE CHER.
YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK MY PROBLEM IS... I THINK I'VE GOT "ED ASNER" DOWN SO WELL, IT'S STARTING TO INFLUENCE ALL MY OTHER WORK...
HOW'S THE PASTEL PORTRAITURE BUSINESS GOING?
NOT SO GOOD. ALL MY CELEBRITY PORTRAITS LOOK VAGUELY LIKE ED ASNER. PEOPLE GET REALLY DISTURBED WHEN THEY SEE MY "SHARON STONE" PORTRAIT.
WELL, PICASSO HAD HIS "BLUE PERIOD"... YOU'RE GOING THROUGH YOUR "ED ASNER" PERIOD.
I KNOW. I KNOW. BUT HOW MANY PEOPLE CAN TRULY APPRECIATE THE VISION OF A GENIUS?
SAY, HOW MUCH ARE YOU ASKING FOR THIS SHARON STONE PORTRAIT?
OK, SIR, WHAT'RE YOUR HOBBIES? I ALWAYS DRAW CARICATURES OF PEOPLE ENGAGED IN FAVORITE PASTIMES.
OH, I DON'T REALLY HAVE ANY HOBBIES. MAYBE JUST DRAW ME WITH MY HANDS IN MY POCKETS...
COME, COME. THAT SOUNDS A BIT DEPRESSING. THERE MUST BE SOMETHING YOU LIKE TO DO...
WELL... UM... NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT, I DO QUITE ENJOY TINKERING WITH H-O MODEL-TRAIN TRANSFORMERS.
OK. ONE PICTURE WITH HANDS IN POCKETS COMING UP.

LOOK!...DOWN IN THE FOOD COURT... A BUNCH OF MALL COPS ARE ARRESTING SOMEONE!...
WOW. IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE COMING DOWN A LITTLE HARD ON THAT GUY...
IT'S TOO BAD NO ONE HAS A VIDEO CAMERA... THIS SHOULD BE DOCUMENTED!
YOU KNOW SOMETHING... YOU'RE RIGHT...YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY...
TODAY AT THE TRI-COUNTY MALL, THIS DISTURBING SCENE WAS CAPTURED BY A VIGILANT MALL ARTIST.
HEY! SOMEONE LEFT THIS COOL WOODEN HORSE ON OUR DOORSTEP... FOR FREE!
MONTY, DON'T YOU KNOW YOUR ANCIENT HISTORY?
THE GREEKS LEFT A BIG WOODEN HORSE OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF TROY. WHEN THE TROJANS BROUGHT IT INSIDE, THEY DISCOVERED IT WAS FILLED WITH THE ENEMY!
IN THE WORDS OF HOMER, "IT IS TEDIOUS TO TELL AGAIN TALES ALREADY PLAINLY TOLD."
GREAT. JUST OUR LUCK... A BURGLAR WHO'S FAMILIAR WITH EPIC POETRY...
"BY THEIR OWN FOLLIES THEY PERISHED, THE FOOLS"...
I DON'T GET IT... YOU QUOTE HOMER... YOU SEEM HIGHLY EDUCATED... WHY HAVE YOU TURNED TO A LIFE OF CRIME?...
YOU WANT TO KNOW WHY I'M A CROOK? HMMM? HERE... I'LL SHOW YOU WHY...
THE WANT ADS?...
HOW MANY JOB OFFERS DO YOU SEE FOR EPIC POETRY SCHOLARS?...
HMM... LET'S SEE... WAIT A MINUTE... UM... OK... NONE...
"THE MOST PREFERABLE OF EVILS."


IT'S BEEN REALLY BUSY AT THE SEX THERAPY CLINIC THIS WEEK. I'VE BEEN STRUGGLING TO HELP A CALVIN KLEIN UNDERWEAR MODEL OVERCOME HIS DIFFICULTIES WITH INTIMACY...
UM...EXCUSE ME FOR A MOMENT...
BAM BAM BAM
DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE JEALOUS AND THREATENED BY MY PROFESSIONAL LIFE AGAIN.
NO, ACTUALLY I'VE DISCOVERED THAT BY SLAMMING MY HEAD AGAINST THE WALL UNTIL I FORGET WHAT YEAR IT IS, THE WHOLE ISSUE SEEMS TO FADE AWAY...
mrdolick
WHAT'RE YOU DOING HERE? I TOLD YOU NEVER TO BOTHER ME AT THE SEX THERAPY CLINIC...
I CAME DOWN TO HAVE A WORD WITH YOUR NEW PATIENT, THE CALVIN KLEIN UNDERWEAR GUY...
MONTY, YOU'VE GOT TO LEARN TO PUT ASIDE YOUR JEALOUSY...THIS IS A JOB JUST LIKE ANY OTHER JOB...VERY ROUTINE... VERY...
mrdolick
DR. YOLOFF, CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR GROUNDBREAKING RESEARCH PAPER: "OIL MASSAGE AND THERAPEUTIC INTERACTION WITH THE WASHBOARD STOMACH"...
CAN WE DISCUSS THIS LATER, DOCTOR WEIMER?..
MONTY, YOU JUST HAVE TO ACCEPT THE FACT THAT ONE OF MY PATIENTS IS A CALVIN KLEIN UNDERWEAR MODEL.
DR. YOLOFF, I NEED YOU TO SIGN THIS INSURANCE FORM BEFORE I LEAVE...
AH-HA! SO FINALLY WE MEET...MANO A MANO! I KNOW YOUR THING... LEANING AGAINST CONCRETE BLOCKS IN YOUR UNDERWEAR... IT DOESN'T IMPRESS ME... I DO THAT ALL THE TIME ... BIG DEAL... I...
mrdolick
MONTY, MEET JOEY. HE WORKS IN THE MAILROOM.
HANG IN THERE, SIR. I'M SURE DR. YOLOFF WILL COME UP WITH SOME SORT OF TREATMENT TO HELP YOU...

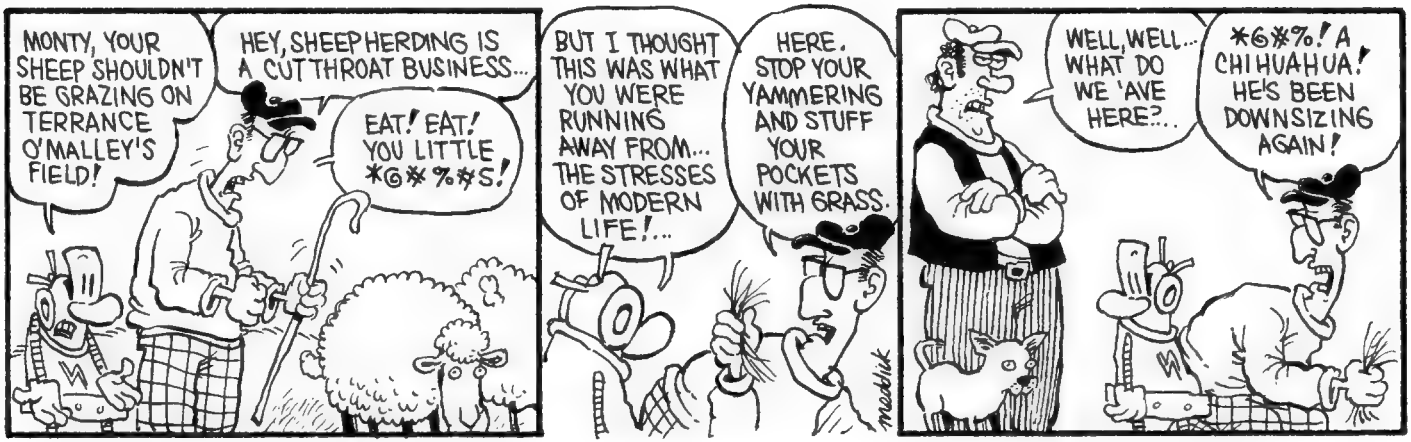
WELL, I FINALLY GOT OVER MY INSECURITIES ABOUT YOU HAVING A CALVIN KLEIN UNDERWEAR MODEL AS A PATIENT...
GOOD. GOOD. I'M GLAD TO HEAR IT.
I FINALLY REALIZED THAT I HAVE NOTHING TO BE JEALOUS ABOUT... TO BE AN UNDERWEAR MODEL, YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE TALENTED... OR CLEVER... OR WITTY...
WELL, NO... BUT...
I MEAN, HOW MUCH SKILL DOES IT TAKE TO STAND AROUND IN YOUR UNDERWEAR HOLDING MODERN ART OBJECTS?...
OK, LISTEN... IF I CONCEDE YOUR POINT WILL YOU PROMISE TO STOP DOING THAT?!
YOU KNOW, I REALLY ENJOY MY BIRD FEEDER, BUT AFTER A WHILE, I GET TIRED OF SEEING THE SAME TYPES OF BIRDS OVER AND OVER AGAIN...
A LOT HAS TO DO WITH THE TYPE OF FEED YOU USE. DIFFERENT FEED WILL ATTRACT DIFFERENT SPECIES.
OH, I SEE... WELL I GUESS I'LL MAKE A LITTLE CHANGE IN MY SHOPPING LIST...
sunflower seeds
~~decaying carcass~~
♫ THERE'S A TOWN I KNOW WHERE THE HIPSTERS GO CALLED BED-ROCK... ♫
♫ DA NA NA TWITCH, TWITCH! ♫
♫ IF YOU GET THE ITCH, YOU CAN DO THE TWITCH IN... ♫
...SO YOU SEE, THIS ROCK STAR NAMED "ROCK QUARRY" CAME TO BEDROCK, BUT HE WAS ALLERGIC TO PICKLED DODO BIRD EGGS, SEE, AND...
ACTUALLY, I FELT MARGINALLY BETTER BEFORE YOU STARTED THE EXPLANATION.

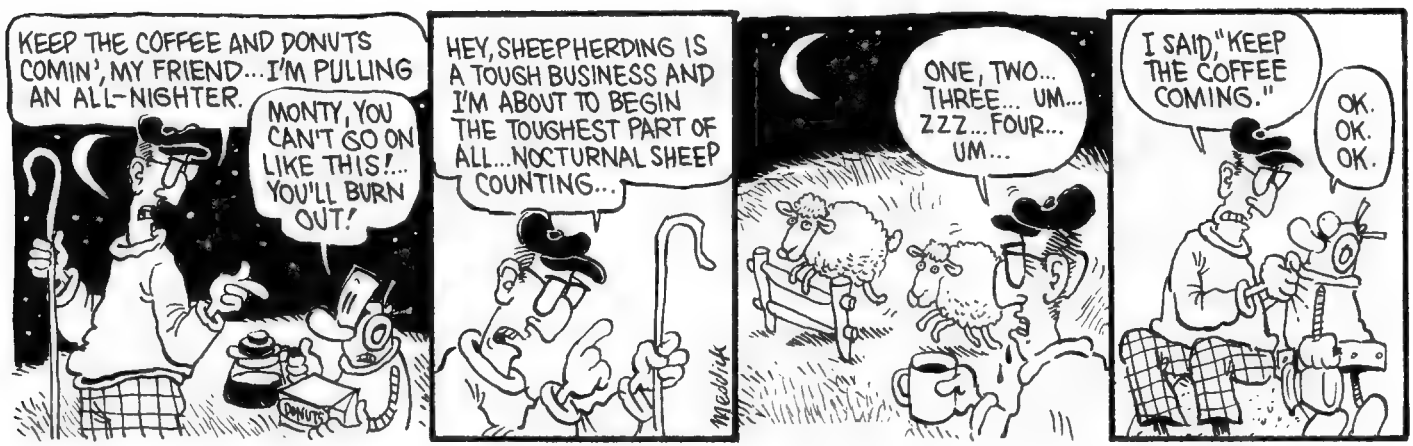

CELLULAR PHONES! CD-ROM DRIVES! I'M SICK OF ALL THIS TECHNOLOGY! I'M SICK OF ALL THIS PRESSURE!
I HEREBY DECLARE THAT, AS OF THIS MOMENT, I AM TURNING MY BACK ON MODERN TIMES! TOMORROW MORNING I INTEND TO BECOME A SHEEPHERDER!
AS FOR ALL THESE GADGETS...I...I FEEL LIKE SMASHING THEM TO SMITHEREENS!
BUT INSTEAD I'LL JUST WHACK THEM WITH A FEATHER PILLOW BECAUSE I MIGHT NOT LIKE SHEEP HERDING AND I MAY NEED THIS STUFF AGAIN...
STOP! STOP! HAVE YOU GONE MAD?

AH, YES...SHEEP HERDING'S THE LIFE FOR ME...YESSIR...BACK TO BASICS!
WELL, WELL, ACCORDING TO THE SHADOW ON THE ROCK, IT'S TIME TO PLAY THE TIN FLUTE...
HEY, THAT WAS FUN. NOW, LET'S SEE...UM... I KNOW! TIME TO PLAY THE SPOONS!
WANT ME TO RUN HOME AND GET YOUR WALKMAN?
NO. NO. I THINK I CAN GO ON LIKE THIS ANOTHER FIVE, MAYBE SIX MINUTES...
CLAPPA CLAPPA CLAPPA

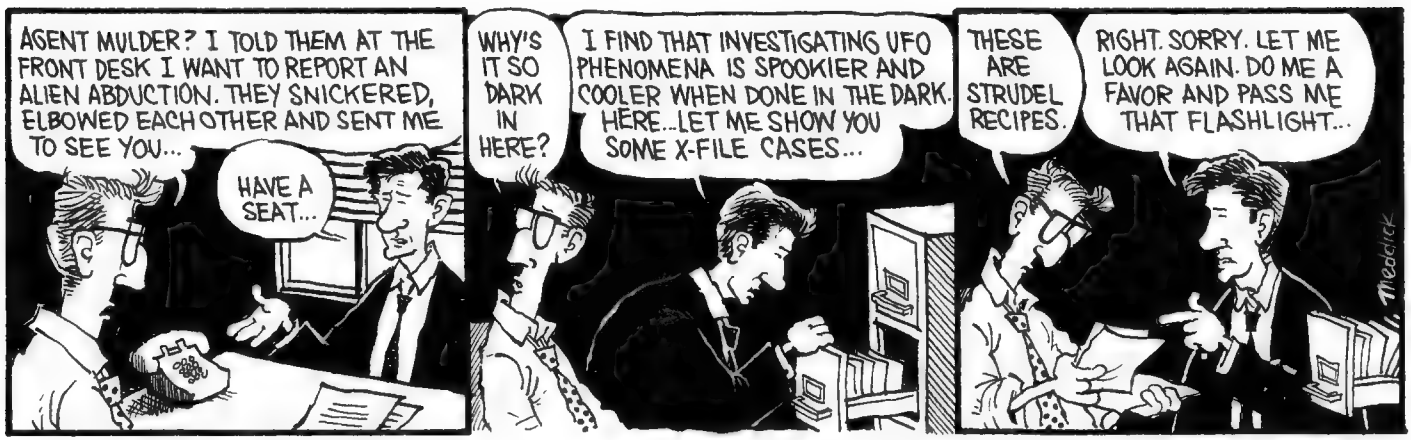
ONE OF THE HEARTWARMING PLEASURES OF SHEEP HERDING IS WATCHING THE SHEEP DOG PROTECTING AND TENDING TO HIS LESS INTELLIGENT AND DOCILE FLOCK...
WOOF WOOF WOOF WOOF
YEAH, BOY...WHAT IS IT, BOY?
YOUR FLY IS OPEN.
AH, YES. SO IT IS.

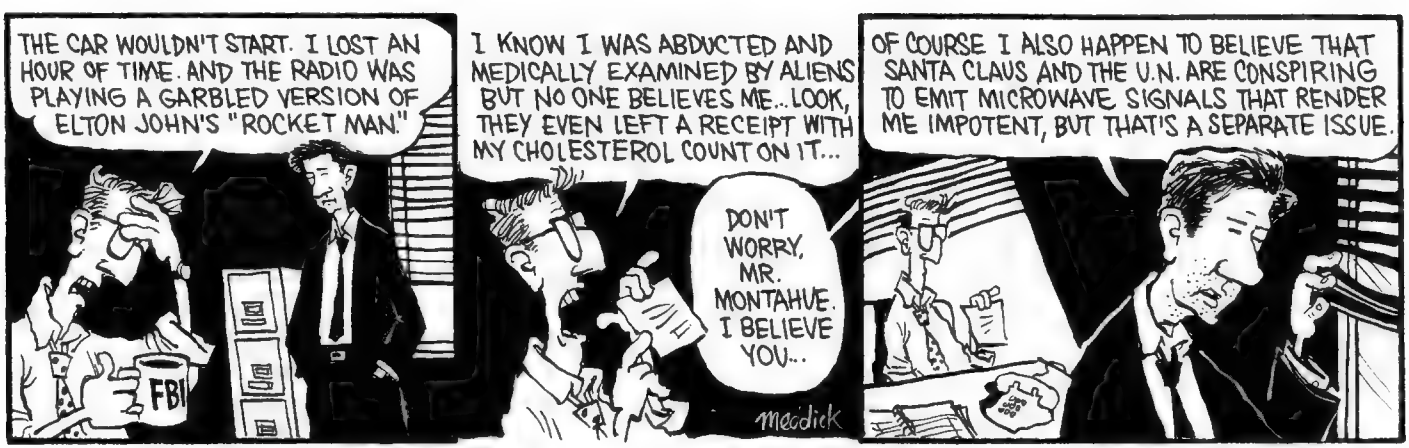
WELL, WHAT DO YA KNOW?... HERE COMES OL' THOMAS DORTON!...
HEY, THOMAS, HOW BE YOU TODAY?
JUS' KEEPIN' TWO STRANDS O' YARN AN' A WAX PENNY BETWIXT ME AN' THE DEVIL'S WHEEL-BARROW...
ISN'T IT FUNNY HOW OFTEN IT'S THE COMMON MAN, THE SALT O' THE EARTH, WHO ULTIMATELY SPEAKS TRUE WISDOM?
OR, AS IS THE CASE WITH THOMAS, JUST BLABBERS ON ABOUT APPARENT NONSENSE.
THOMAS HASN'T BEEN THE SAME SINCE THAT MILLSTONE FELL ON HIS HEAD...
meadrick


MONTY, YOUR SHEEP SHOULDN'T BE GRAZING ON TERRANCE O'MALLEY'S FIELD!
HEY, SHEEPHERDING IS A CUTTHROAT BUSINESS...
EAT! EAT! YOU LITTLE *@*%*S!
BUT I THOUGHT THIS WAS WHAT YOU WERE RUNNING AWAY FROM... THE STRESSES OF MODERN LIFE!...
HERE. STOP YOUR YAMMERING AND STUFF YOUR POCKETS WITH GRASS.
meadrick
WELL, WELL... WHAT DO WE 'AVE HERE?...
6%! A CHIHUAHUA! HE'S BEEN DOWNSIZING AGAIN!

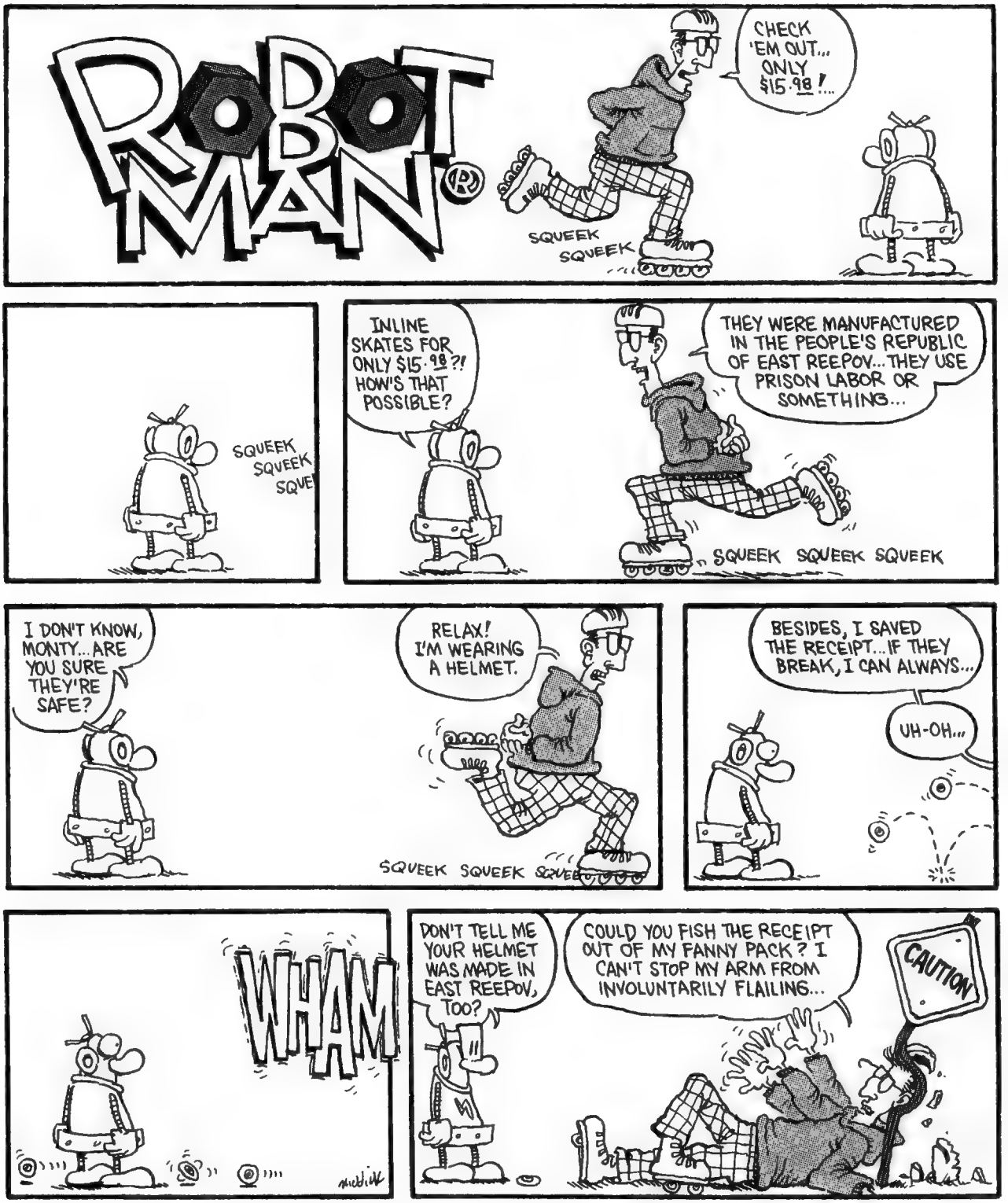

KEEP THE COFFEE AND DONUTS COMIN', MY FRIEND... I'M PULLING AN ALL-NIGHTER.
MONTY, YOU CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS!... YOU'LL BURN OUT!
DONUTS
HEY, SHEEPHERDING IS A TOUGH BUSINESS AND I'M ABOUT TO BEGIN THE TOUGHEST PART OF ALL... NOCTURNAL SHEEP COUNTING...
meadrick
ONE, TWO... THREE... UM... ZZZ... FOUR... UM...
I SAID, "KEEP THE COFFEE COMING."
OK. OK. OK.

SOMETHING WEIRD IS GOING ON HERE...THE CAR WON'T START.
YOU LEFT THE LIGHTS ON WHEN WE WENT IN TO WAL-MART...
AND THE CLOCK ON THE DASH IS AN HOUR AHEAD! WE'VE LOST AN HOUR OF TIME!
MONTY, YOU NEVER ADJUSTED IT FROM DAYLIGHT SAVING!...
YOU DON'T GET IT, DO YOU?! WE'VE BEEN ABDUCTED BY ALIENS!
ARE YOU NUTS?!
OK. OK. THEN HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THE FACT THAT A GARBLED VERSION OF "ROCKET MAN" IS PLAYING ON THE RADIO?....
THE CASSETTE PLAYER IS EATING YOUR "BEST OF ELTON JOHN" TAPE.
Meodick

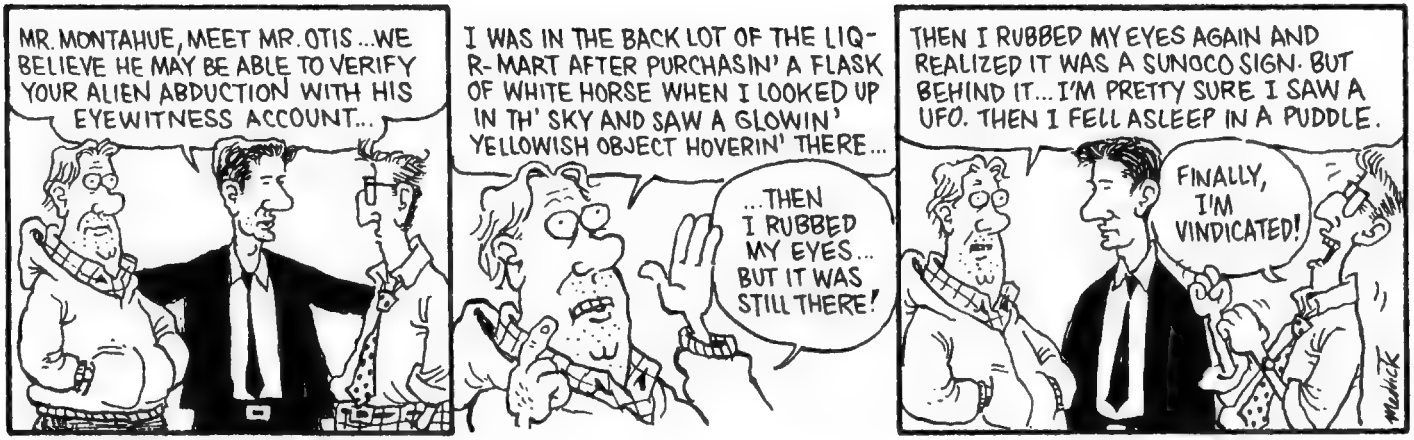

AGENT MULDER? I TOLD THEM AT THE FRONT DESK I WANT TO REPORT AN ALIEN ABDUCTION. THEY SNICKERED, ELBOWED EACH OTHER AND SENT ME TO SEE YOU...
HAVE A SEAT...
WHY'S IT SO DARK IN HERE?
I FIND THAT INVESTIGATING UFO PHENOMENA IS SPOOKIER AND COOLER WHEN DONE IN THE DARK. HERE...LET ME SHOW YOU SOME X-FILE CASES...
THESE ARE STRUDEL RECIPES.
RIGHT. SORRY. LET ME LOOK AGAIN. DO ME A FAVOR AND PASS ME THAT FLASHLIGHT...
Meodick

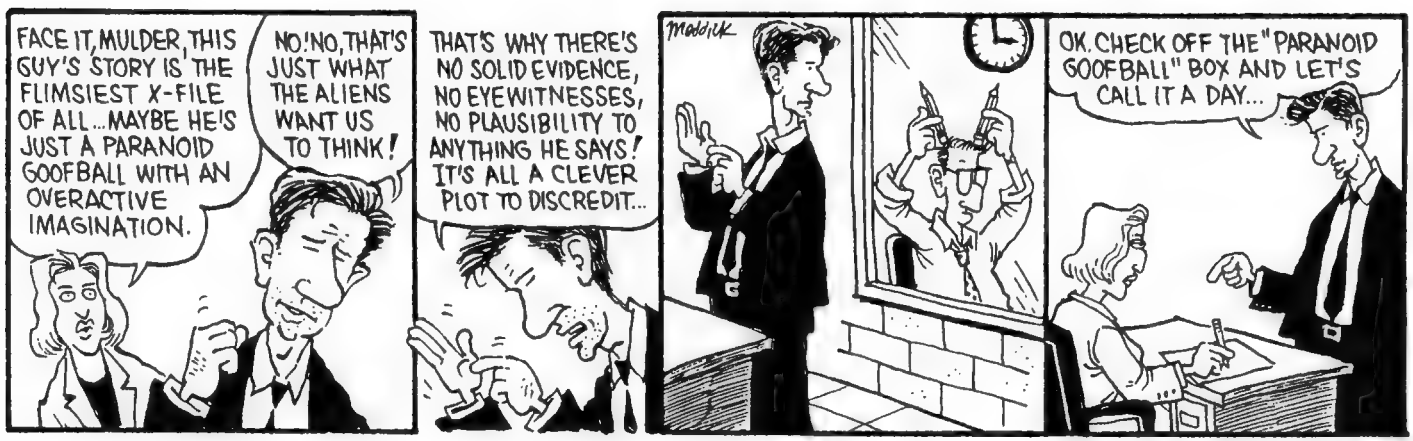

THE CAR WOULDN'T START. I LOST AN HOUR OF TIME. AND THE RADIO WAS PLAYING A GARBLED VERSION OF ELTON JOHN'S "ROCKET MAN."
FBI
I KNOW I WAS ABDUCTED AND MEDICALLY EXAMINED BY ALIENS BUT NO ONE BELIEVES ME...LOOK, THEY EVEN LEFT A RECEIPT WITH MY CHOLESTEROL COUNT ON IT...
DON'T WORRY, MR. MONTAHUE. I BELIEVE YOU...
meodick
OF COURSE I ALSO HAPPEN TO BELIEVE THAT SANTA CLAUS AND THE U.N. ARE CONSPIRING TO EMIT MICROWAVE SIGNALS THAT RENDER ME IMPOTENT, BUT THAT'S A SEPARATE ISSUE.

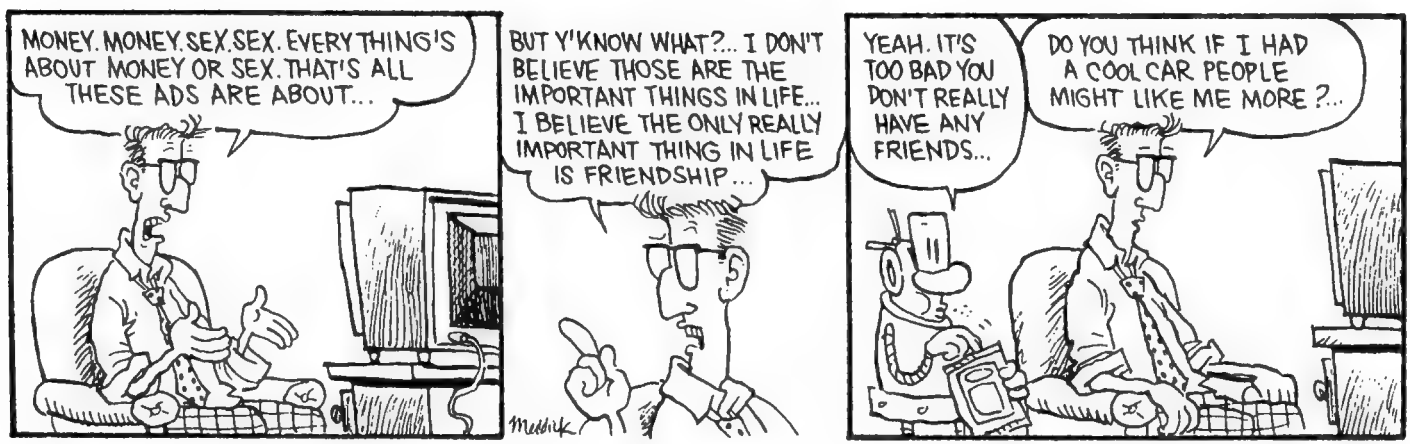
WITH YOUR CONSENT, AGENT SCULLY WILL TRY TO ACCESS YOUR SUPPRESSED MEMORY OF ALIEN ABDUCTION...
SURE. LET'S GO FOR IT.
Meddick
LOOK BACK... LOOK BACK... TELL US WHAT HAPPENED...
I... I AM LUMTHOR... ANCIENT SANDAL MAKER IN THE PALACE OF RAMSES EXTRA LARGE...
NO, NO, MR. MONTAHUE. NOT YOUR PAST LIVES. TELL US ABOUT YOUR ABDUCTION...
OH. OK. RIGHT. SORRY.
THEY'VE TAKEN ME ABOARD THEIR MOTHERSHIP... AND... AND THEY'RE EXAMINING ME...
AHHH... A MEDICAL EXAM.
NO... NO... IT'S A DENTAL EXAM... AND A FULL CLEANING... AND... NO... NOOO! OWW!... THEY FOUND A CAVITY... OWWWW!... THEY'RE DRILLING!
MR. MONTAHUE, TRY TO REMAIN CALM...
NOW THEY'RE TELLING ME TO RINSE AND SPIT... RINSE AND...
MR. MONTAHUE, YOU CAN WAKE UP NOW... MR. MONTAHUE... PLEASE WAKE UP NOW...
MR. MONTAHUE, I WANT YOU TO DRAW A PICTURE OF THE ALIENS. WE'VE FOUND THAT ALIEN ABDUCTEES DRAW UNCANNILY SIMILIAR IMAGES OF THEIR ABDUCTORS...
OK... LET'S SEE... UM...
THEY WERE SKINNY... AND LIKE... UM... OK...
DONE.
RAY GUN
AMAZING. THIS IS ALMOST IDENTICAL TO A PICTURE DRAW BY ABDUCTEE TODD TRAVERS, AGE 5...
HERE. HAND IT BACK. I'M NOT QUITE SURE I CAPTURED THE ALIEN'S ELUSIVE GRIN...


ROBOT MAN®
CHECK 'EM OUT... ONLY $15.98!...
SQUEEK SQUEEK
SQUEEK SQUEEK SQUE
INLINE SKATES FOR ONLY $15.98?! HOW'S THAT POSSIBLE?
THEY WERE MANUFACTURED IN THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF EAST REEPOV... THEY USE PRISON LABOR OR SOMETHING...
SQUEEK SQUEEK SQUEEK
I DON'T KNOW, MONTY... ARE YOU SURE THEY'RE SAFE?
RELAX! I'M WEARING A HELMET.
SQUEEK SQUEEK SQUEE
BESIDES, I SAVED THE RECEIPT... IF THEY BREAK, I CAN ALWAYS...
UH-OH...
WHAM
DON'T TELL ME YOUR HELMET WAS MADE IN EAST REEPOV, TOO?
COULD YOU FISH THE RECEIPT OUT OF MY FANNY PACK? I CAN'T STOP MY ARM FROM INVOLUNTARILY FLAILING...
CAUTION

MR. MONTAHUE... ARE YOU OK?...
YEAH, I JUST FEEL LIKE THERE'S... ...UM...MY NOSE IS BLEEDING.
COME LIE DOWN.
IT'S NOT UNCOMMON IN CASES OF ALIEN ABDUCTION TO DISCOVER SMALL ALIEN DEVICES IMPLANTED IN...
HMMM... WHAT'S THIS?
A MINIATURE PINECONE?
SORRY. FALSE ALARM.
I GUESS AT THIS POINT I SHOULD CONFESS THAT I'M REALLY INTO SNORTING POTPOURRI
WWWAAOOW!
WMMMOAMM!
PFFFT
HEY, I'M HOME! SORRY I'M LATE... I WAS OUT BUYING A HIGH-INTENSITY, HAND-HELD HALOGEN SPOTLIGHT AND A SYNTHESIZER...
SO, HOW'S YOUR INVESTIGATION GOING WITH THE WHOLE ALIEN ABDUCTION THING?...
EVER SINCE YOU WERE ABDUCTED BY ALIENS YOU HAVEN'T BEEN QUITE THE SAME...
OH, NO!...
CLATTER CLATTER CLATTER
WHAT? WHAT IS IT, MONTY?!
THE SOUP... THE ALIENS... THEY SENT ME A TELEKINETIC MESSAGE VIA MY ALPHABET SOUP!...
"YORFUL BLEE VRXYPL."
"YORFUL BLEE VRXYPL"?
THEY'RE MOCKING US! THOSE ALIEN DEVILS KNOW *@%? WELL WE CAN'T UNDERSTAND THEIR TERMINOLOGY!


MR. MONTAHUE, MEET MR. OTIS ...WE BELIEVE HE MAY BE ABLE TO VERIFY YOUR ALIEN ABDUCTION WITH HIS EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT...
I WAS IN THE BACK LOT OF THE LIQ-R-MART AFTER PURCHASIN' A FLASK OF WHITE HORSE WHEN I LOOKED UP IN TH' SKY AND SAW A GLOWIN' YELLOWISH OBJECT HOVERIN' THERE...
...THEN I RUBBED MY EYES... BUT IT WAS STILL THERE!
THEN I RUBBED MY EYES AGAIN AND REALIZED IT WAS A SUNOCO SIGN. BUT BEHIND IT... I'M PRETTY SURE I SAW A UFO. THEN I FELL ASLEEP IN A PUDDLE.
FINALLY, I'M VINDICATED!
Maddick


FACE IT, MULDER, THIS GUY'S STORY IS THE FLIMSIEST X-FILE OF ALL... MAYBE HE'S JUST A PARANOID GOOFBALL WITH AN OVERACTIVE IMAGINATION.
NO! NO, THAT'S JUST WHAT THE ALIENS WANT US TO THINK!
THAT'S WHY THERE'S NO SOLID EVIDENCE, NO EYEWITNESSES, NO PLAUSIBILITY TO ANYTHING HE SAYS! IT'S ALL A CLEVER PLOT TO DISCREDIT...
Maddick
OK. CHECK OFF THE "PARANOID GOOFBALL" BOX AND LET'S CALL IT A DAY...


MONEY. MONEY. SEX. SEX. EVERY THING'S ABOUT MONEY OR SEX. THAT'S ALL THESE ADS ARE ABOUT...
BUT Y'KNOW WHAT?... I DON'T BELIEVE THOSE ARE THE IMPORTANT THINGS IN LIFE... I BELIEVE THE ONLY REALLY IMPORTANT THING IN LIFE IS FRIENDSHIP...
Maddick
YEAH. IT'S TOO BAD YOU DON'T REALLY HAVE ANY FRIENDS...
DO YOU THINK IF I HAD A COOL CAR PEOPLE MIGHT LIKE ME MORE?...

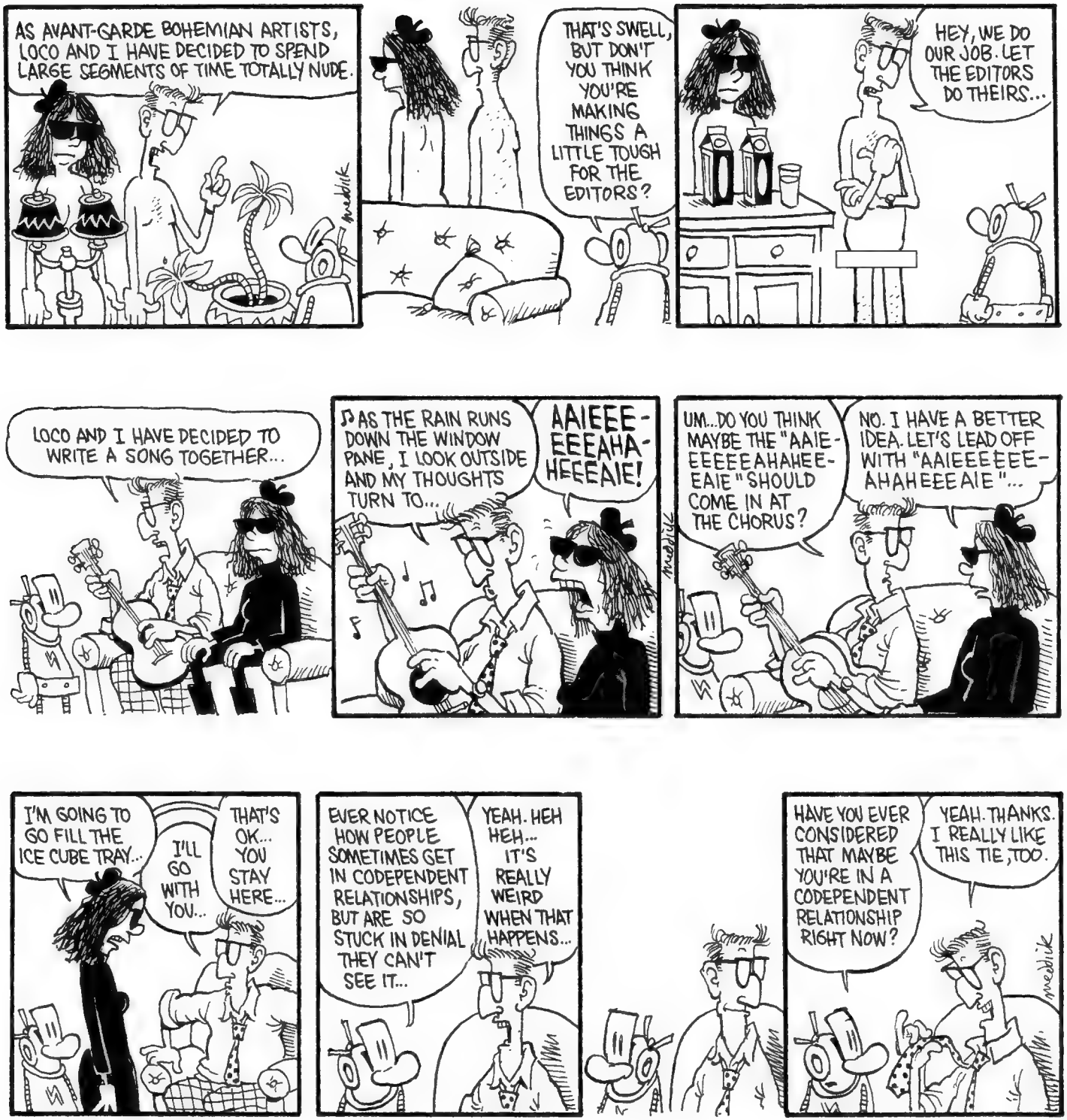
ROBOT MAN®
ZZZZ ZZGGG ZZZZ
SCRIBBLE SCRIBBLE SCRIBBLE
ZZZ ZZGG ZGGG...
SNORT HUH? ZZZGG WHAT THE...?
DON'T MIND ME. I'M JUST DOING RESEARCH FOR A CHILDREN'S BOOK I'M WRITING... IT'S SORT OF A FAIRY TALE...
A FAIRY TALE?! WHAT THE *@#% ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?!
REMEMBER THE STORY OF THE PRINCESS AND THE PEA?... WHERE THE SENSITIVITY OF THE PRINCESS IS TESTED BY A PEA BENEATH HER MATTRESS?...
YEAH. YEAH. YEAH. SO?!
WELL, I'M DOING SORT OF A REVISED VERSION...
GREAT. THAT SOUNDS PERFECTLY IDIOTIC. NOW GET OUT!...
DON'T YOU EVEN WANT TO KNOW THE TITLE?
I COULD CARE LESS. NOW SCRAM.
ZZZZ ZZZZ GGG...
IT'S CALLED "THE SLOB AND THE BOWLING BALL"...
ZZZGG *SNORT* WHAT? HUH? OK... LOVELY... ZzZZ

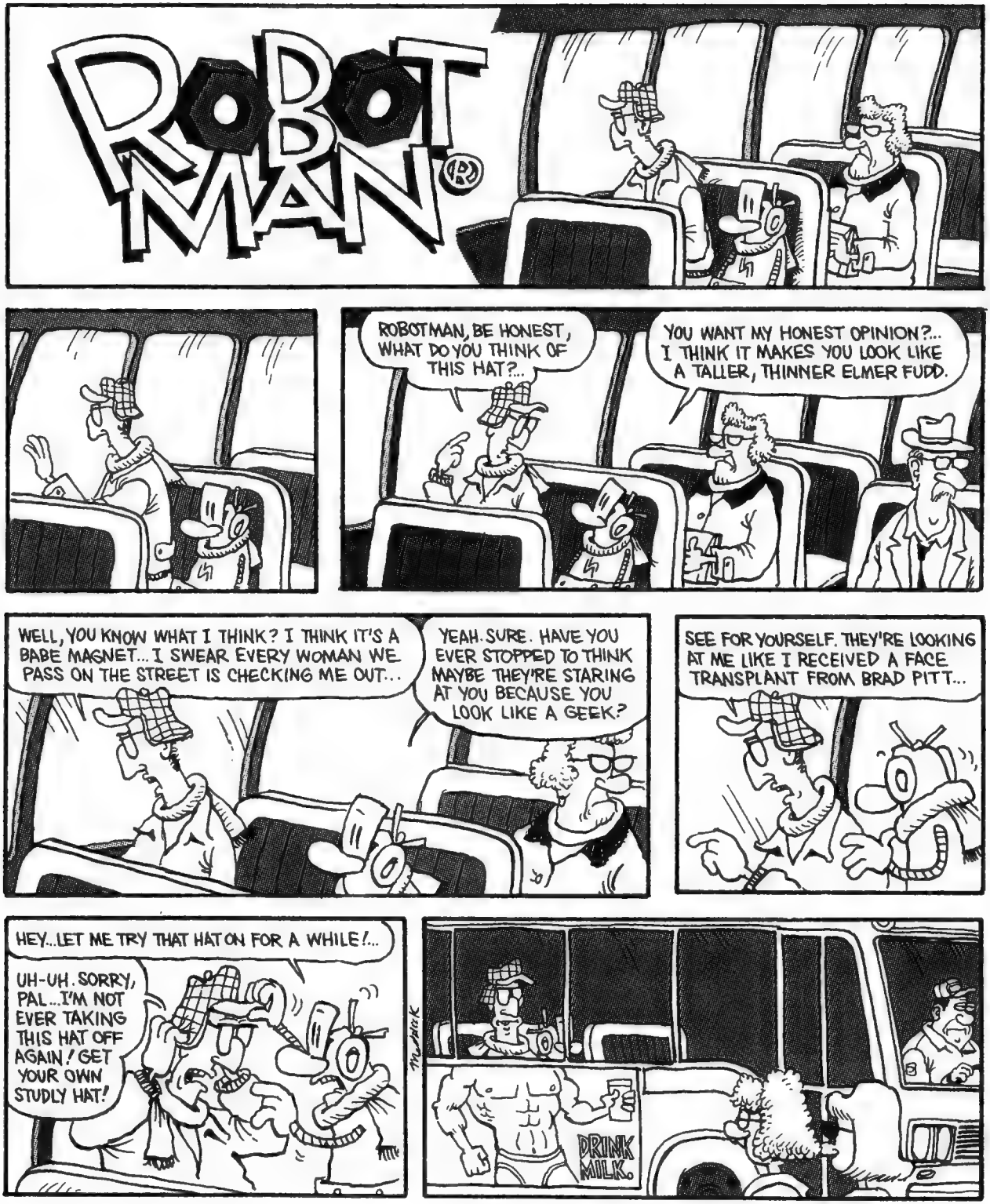
ROBOT MAN®
SNIFF SNIFF
OH, NO. DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE ONE OF THOSE PEOPLE WHO LIKES TO EAT WHILE SHOPPING.
YEAH, YEAH. SO WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL?
I JUST THINK THERE SHOULD BE A CLEAR LINE BETWEEN BUYING FOOD AND EATING FOOD.
WELL, LET ME ASK YOU THIS: WHEN YOU GO TO A CLOTHES STORE, DON'T YOU TRY ON CLOTHES?
YEAH, BUT...
AND WHEN YOU GO TO A CAR DEALER, DON'T YOU TEST DRIVE CARS?
COULD YOU PASS ME THAT DENTAL FLOSS?
...BUT... BUT THOSE THINGS ARE DIFFERENT!
UH-UHGH... SORRY, PAL... YOU LOST THIS ONE...
IF YOU'VE GOTTA PROBLEM WITH ME EXERCISING MY CONSUMER RIGHTS, I SUGGEST YOU MOVE TO SOME SORTA COMMIE COUNTRY...
EXIT
RRRR666...
OK... LET'S SEE... NEXT ON MY LIST... UM... GOTTA SWING BY THE DRUGSTORE AND SHOP OUT HEMMORRHOID OINTMENTS.

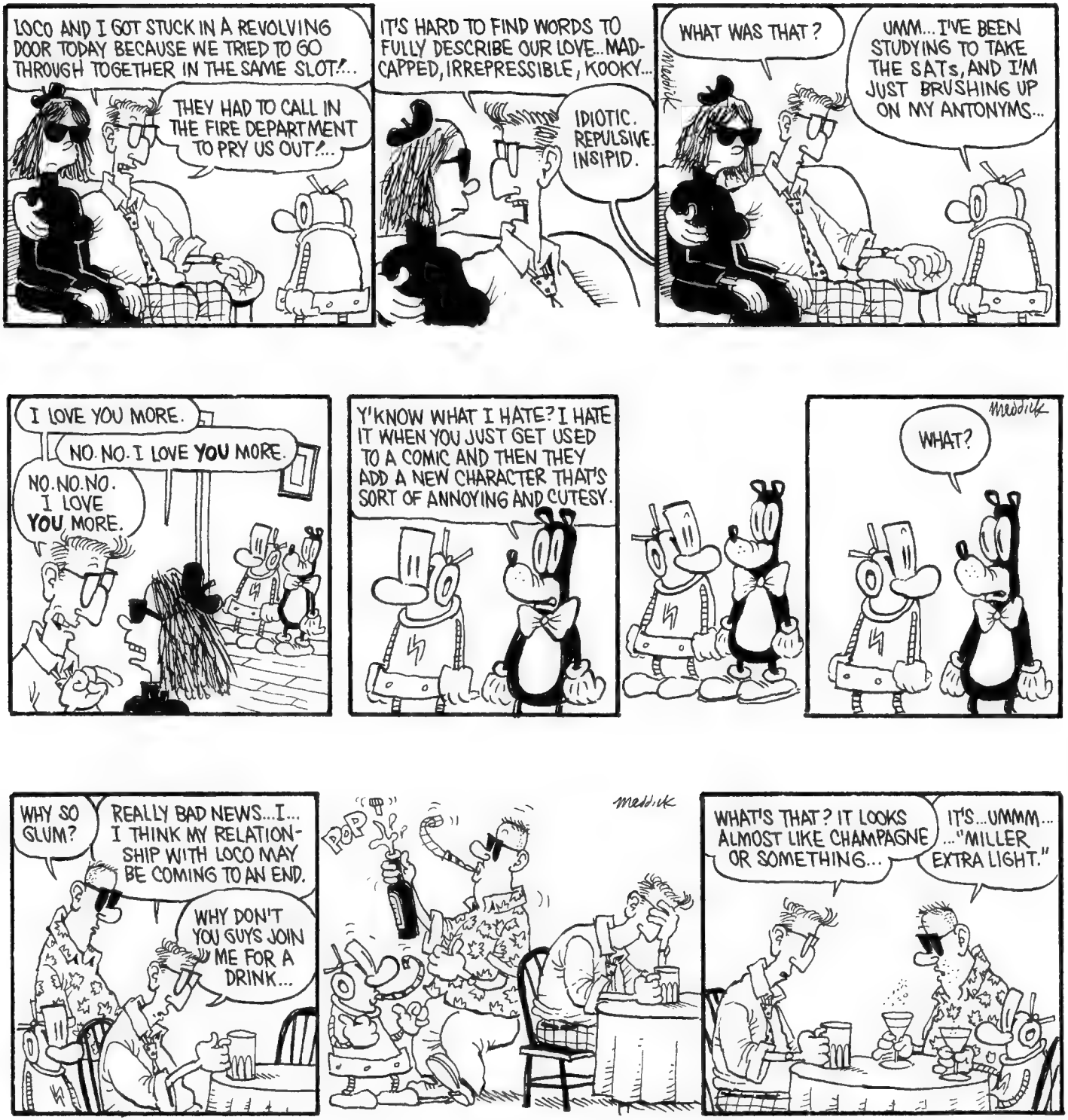
MONTY, ARE YOU OK?!
YEAH, I'LL SURVIVE... OLGA JUST KNOCKED ME AROUND A BIT AFTER SHE DISCOVERED MY AFFAIR.
YOUR AFFAIR? WHAT AFFAIR?
I MET SOMEONE NEW.., SHE'S AN AVANT-GARDE ARTIST FROM NEW YORK AND I THINK, WELL, THIS TIME IT'S THE REAL THING.
maddick
ROBOTMAN MEET MY NEW GIRLFRIEND, LOCO OHNO...
OH, NO.
THE WOUND ABOVE YOUR EYE HAS INSPIRED ME TO WRITE A POEM ABOUT A DECAYING SPIDER EXOSKELETON.

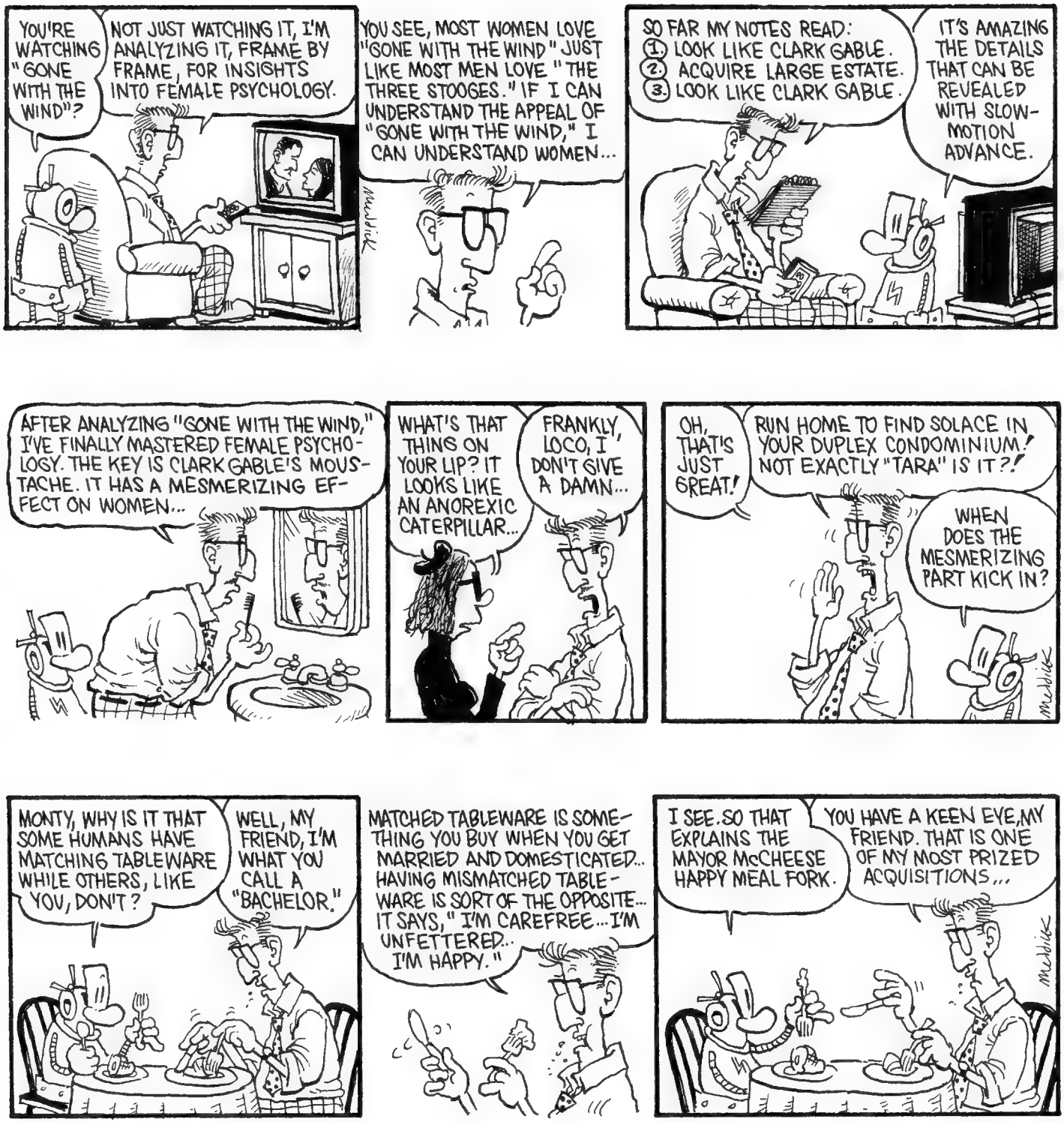
MOONDOG, WE'VE GOT TO HELP MONTY...
HE'S MET A WOMAN WHO'S TAKEN OVER HIS LIFE... IT'S KIND OF LIKE WHEN JOHN LENNON MET YOKO ONO. HE'S NOT THE SAME MONTY ANYMORE...
maddick
HEY, GUYS, GREAT NEWS! LOCO HAS AGREED TO HELP WRITE AND DRAW MY COMIC STRIPS!...
HERE... CHECK IT OUT...
#5
#Five.
NUMBER 5.
Number five.

ONE OF US HAS TO TELL MONTY THAT HE'S IN A DYSFUNCTIONAL RELATIONSHIP.
I SAY WE DRAW STRAWS.
maddick
UH-OH.
DON'T PANIC... MAYBE HE CAN HANDLE IT IF YOU JUST EASE INTO IT...
HI, MONTY. I LOVE THE NEW WALLPAPER IN HERE.
YEAH. IT'S REALLY NICE.
SAY, UM... I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT YOUR NEW RELATIONSHIP AND...
WHAT THE *@#% DO YOU KNOW ABOUT LOVE, YOU SOULLESS, GODLESS, UNFEELING MACHINE!?!

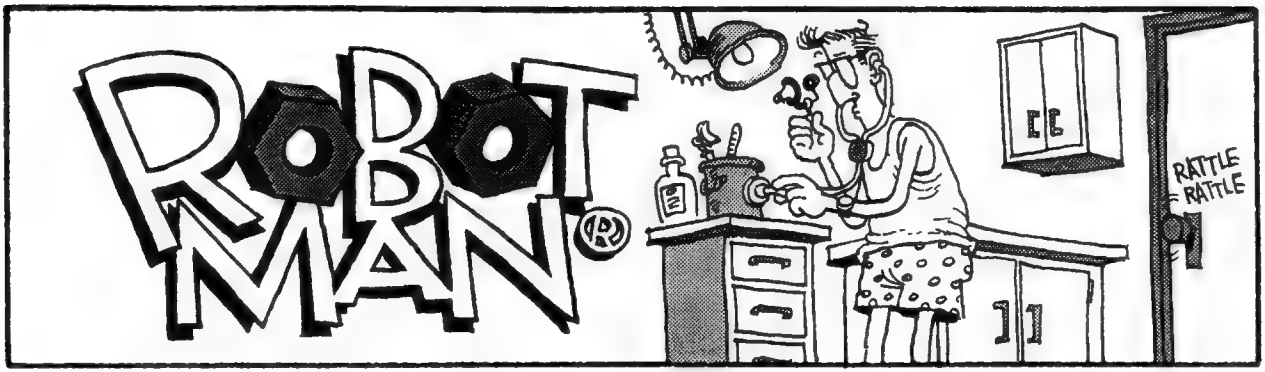

AS AVANT-GARDE BOHEMIAN ARTISTS, LOCO AND I HAVE DECIDED TO SPEND LARGE SEGMENTS OF TIME TOTALLY NUDE.
THAT'S SWELL, BUT DON'T YOU THINK YOU'RE MAKING THINGS A LITTLE TOUGH FOR THE EDITORS?
HEY, WE DO OUR JOB. LET THE EDITORS DO THEIRS...
LOCO AND I HAVE DECIDED TO WRITE A SONG TOGETHER...
♫AS THE RAIN RUNS DOWN THE WINDOW PANE, I LOOK OUTSIDE AND MY THOUGHTS TURN TO...
AAIEEE-EEEAHA-HEEEAIE!
UM...DO YOU THINK MAYBE THE "AAIE-EEEEEAHAHEE-EAIE" SHOULD COME IN AT THE CHORUS?
NO. I HAVE A BETTER IDEA. LET'S LEAD OFF WITH "AAIEEEEEE-AHAHEEEAIE"...
I'M GOING TO GO FILL THE ICE CUBE TRAY...
I'LL GO WITH YOU...
THAT'S OK... YOU STAY HERE...
EVER NOTICE HOW PEOPLE SOMETIMES GET IN CODEPENDENT RELATIONSHIPS, BUT ARE SO STUCK IN DENIAL THEY CAN'T SEE IT...
YEAH. HEH HEH... IT'S REALLY WEIRD WHEN THAT HAPPENS...
HAVE YOU EVER CONSIDERED THAT MAYBE YOU'RE IN A CODEPENDENT RELATIONSHIP RIGHT NOW?
YEAH. THANKS. I REALLY LIKE THIS TIE, TOO.

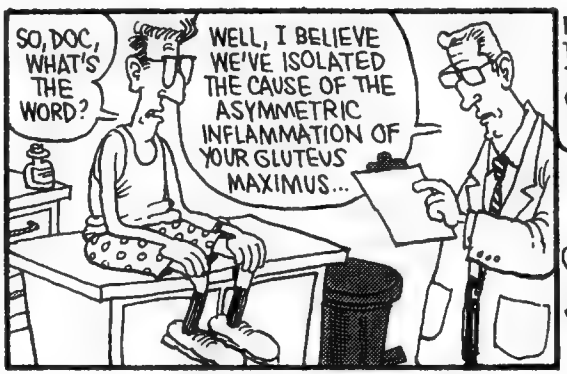

ROBOT MAN®
ROBOTMAN, BE HONEST, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS HAT?...
YOU WANT MY HONEST OPINION?... I THINK IT MAKES YOU LOOK LIKE A TALLER, THINNER ELMER FUDD.
WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK? I THINK IT'S A BABE MAGNET... I SWEAR EVERY WOMAN WE PASS ON THE STREET IS CHECKING ME OUT...
YEAH. SURE. HAVE YOU EVER STOPPED TO THINK MAYBE THEY'RE STARING AT YOU BECAUSE YOU LOOK LIKE A GEEK?
SEE FOR YOURSELF. THEY'RE LOOKING AT ME LIKE I RECEIVED A FACE TRANSPLANT FROM BRAD PITT...
HEY...LET ME TRY THAT HAT ON FOR A WHILE!...
UH-UH. SORRY, PAL...I'M NOT EVER TAKING THIS HAT OFF AGAIN! GET YOUR OWN STUDLY HAT!
DRINK MILK.

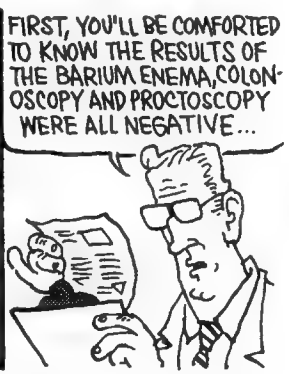

LOCO AND I GOT STUCK IN A REVOLVING DOOR TODAY BECAUSE WE TRIED TO GO THROUGH TOGETHER IN THE SAME SLOT!...
THEY HAD TO CALL IN THE FIRE DEPARTMENT TO PRY US OUT!...
IT'S HARD TO FIND WORDS TO FULLY DESCRIBE OUR LOVE... MAD-CAPPED, IRREPRESSIBLE, KOOKY...
IDIOTIC. REPULSIVE. INSIPID.
WHAT WAS THAT?
UMM... I'VE BEEN STUDYING TO TAKE THE SATs, AND I'M JUST BRUSHING UP ON MY ANTONYMS...
I LOVE YOU MORE.
NO. NO. I LOVE YOU MORE.
NO. NO. NO. I LOVE YOU MORE.
Y'KNOW WHAT I HATE? I HATE IT WHEN YOU JUST GET USED TO A COMIC AND THEN THEY ADD A NEW CHARACTER THAT'S SORT OF ANNOYING AND CUTESY.
WHAT?
WHY SO GLUM?
REALLY BAD NEWS... I... I THINK MY RELATION-SHIP WITH LOCO MAY BE COMING TO AN END.
WHY DON'T YOU GUYS JOIN ME FOR A DRINK...
POP
WHAT'S THAT? IT LOOKS ALMOST LIKE CHAMPAGNE OR SOMETHING...
IT'S... UMMM... ..."MILLER, EXTRA LIGHT."

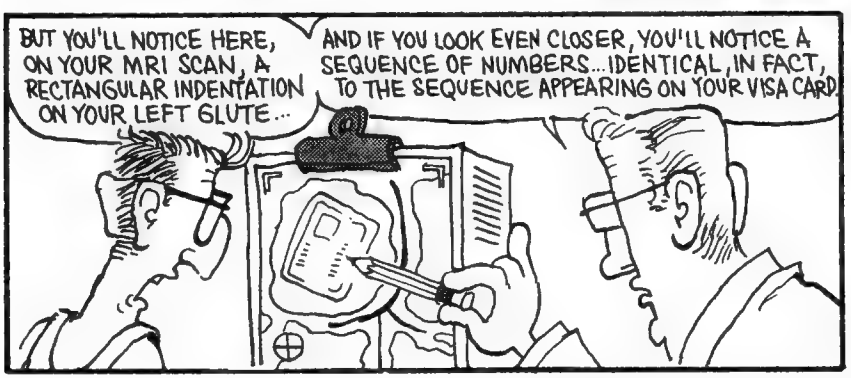

YOU'RE WATCHING "GONE WITH THE WIND"?
NOT JUST WATCHING IT, I'M ANALYZING IT, FRAME BY FRAME, FOR INSIGHTS INTO FEMALE PSYCHOLOGY.
YOU SEE, MOST WOMEN LOVE "GONE WITH THE WIND" JUST LIKE MOST MEN LOVE "THE THREE STOOGES." IF I CAN UNDERSTAND THE APPEAL OF "GONE WITH THE WIND," I CAN UNDERSTAND WOMEN...
SO FAR MY NOTES READ:
1. LOOK LIKE CLARK GABLE.
2. ACQUIRE LARGE ESTATE.
3. LOOK LIKE CLARK GABLE.
IT'S AMAZING THE DETAILS THAT CAN BE REVEALED WITH SLOW-MOTION ADVANCE.
AFTER ANALYZING "GONE WITH THE WIND," I'VE FINALLY MASTERED FEMALE PSYCHOLOGY. THE KEY IS CLARK GABLE'S MOUSTACHE. IT HAS A MESMERIZING EFFECT ON WOMEN...
WHAT'S THAT THING ON YOUR LIP? IT LOOKS LIKE AN ANOREXIC CATERPILLAR...
FRANKLY, LOCO, I DON'T GIVE A DAMN...
OH, THAT'S JUST GREAT!
RUN HOME TO FIND SOLACE IN YOUR DUPLEX CONDOMINIUM! NOT EXACTLY "TARA" IS IT?!
WHEN DOES THE MESMERIZING PART KICK IN?
MONTY, WHY IS IT THAT SOME HUMANS HAVE MATCHING TABLEWARE WHILE OTHERS, LIKE YOU, DON'T?
WELL, MY FRIEND, I'M WHAT YOU CALL A "BACHELOR."
MATCHED TABLEWARE IS SOMETHING YOU BUY WHEN YOU GET MARRIED AND DOMESTICATED... HAVING MISMATCHED TABLEWARE IS SORT OF THE OPPOSITE... IT SAYS, "I'M CAREFREE... I'M UNFETTERED... I'M HAPPY."
I SEE. SO THAT EXPLAINS THE MAYOR McCHEESE HAPPY MEAL FORK.
YOU HAVE A KEEN EYE, MY FRIEND. THAT IS ONE OF MY MOST PRIZED ACQUISITIONS...

ROBOT MAN®
TICK TOCK TICK TOCK
HMMM...
HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED HOW ALL THE REALLY SUCCESSFUL CARTOON CHARACTERS HAVE FOOD ASSOCIATED WITH THEM?...
DAGWOOD HAS SANDWICHES...POPEYE, SPINACH...GARFIELD, LASAGNA...
I NEED TO FIXATE ON A FOODSTUFF IF I'M GONNA MAKE IT IN THIS BUSINESS. LET'S SEE...TUNA?... NOT FUNNY ENOUGH. MACARONI AND CHEESE?...TOO FATTENING.
...I KNOW!... PORK CHOPS! THAT'S IT! PORK CHOPS!
BUS STOP
MMM... PORK CHOPS!
31 Flavors
PORK CHOPS?
TWO SCOOPS.
PARDON ME, SIR, COULD YOU REPEAT THAT ORDER?
PORK CHOPS!
YOU KNOW SOMETHING, ROBOTMAN? I MAY'VE UNCOVERED ONE MINOR FLAW IN MY FOOD FIXATION PLAN...
OH, YEAH? WHAT'S THAT?
I DON'T PARTICULARLY LIKE PORK CHOPS.
UMMPHHH!... BLAAAAHH BLAAAHH!...
AND YOU WERE THIS CLOSE TO ENDEARING YOURSELF TO MILLIONS OF READERS...

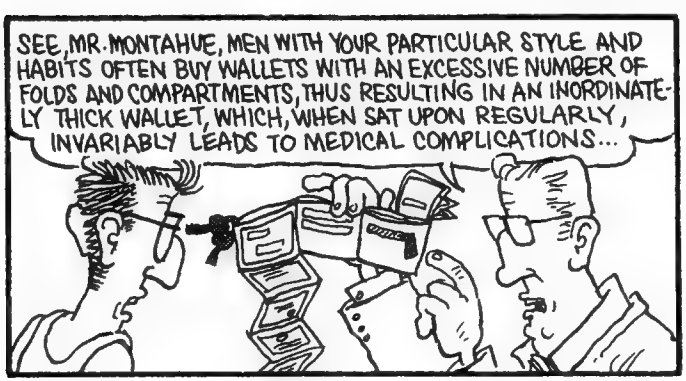

ROBOT MAN®
RATTLE RATTLE


SO, DOC, WHAT'S THE WORD?
WELL, I BELIEVE WE'VE ISOLATED THE CAUSE OF THE ASYMMETRIC INFLAMMATION OF YOUR GLUTEUS MAXIMUS...


FIRST, YOU'LL BE COMFORTED TO KNOW THE RESULTS OF THE BARIUM ENEMA, COLONOSCOPY AND PROCTOSCOPY WERE ALL NEGATIVE...

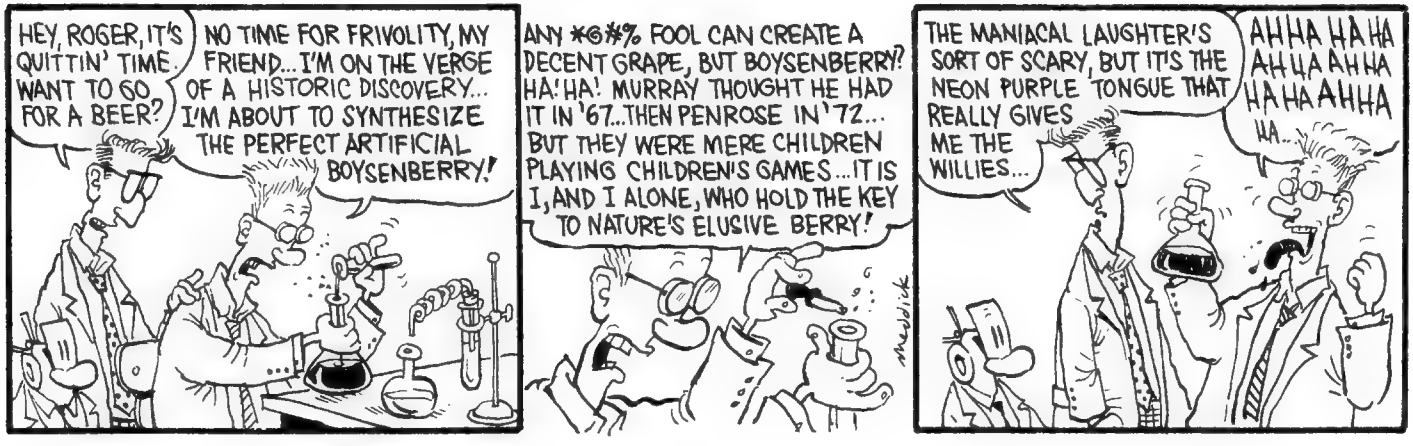

BUT YOU'LL NOTICE HERE, ON YOUR MRI SCAN, A RECTANGULAR INDENTATION ON YOUR LEFT GLUTE...
AND IF YOU LOOK EVEN CLOSER, YOU'LL NOTICE A SEQUENCE OF NUMBERS... IDENTICAL, IN FACT, TO THE SEQUENCE APPEARING ON YOUR VISA CARD

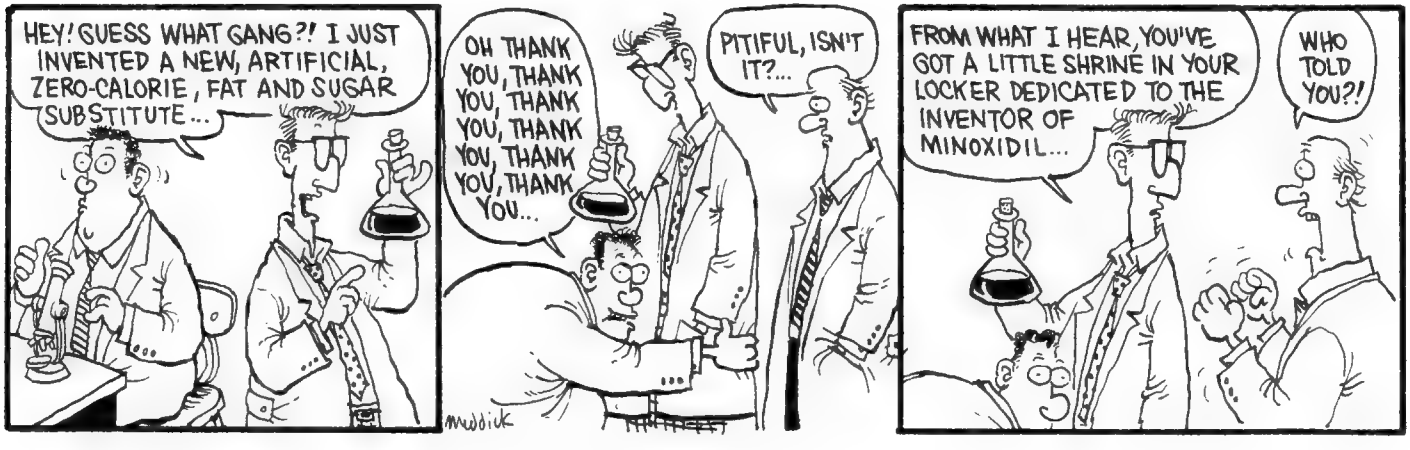
BUT WHAT DOES IT MEAN, DOC?
IT MEANS YOU'RE SUFFERING FROM "SILLY WALLET SYNDROME."
"SILLY WALLET SYNDROME"?

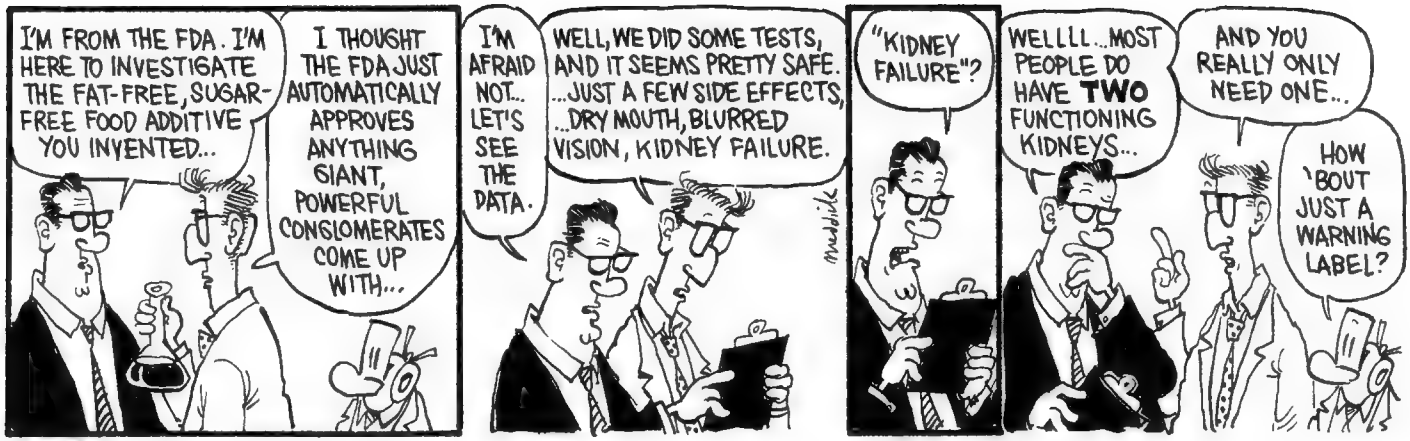

SEE, MR. MONTAHUE, MEN WITH YOUR PARTICULAR STYLE AND HABITS OFTEN BUY WALLETS WITH AN EXCESSIVE NUMBER OF FOLDS AND COMPARTMENTS, THUS RESULTING IN AN INORDINATELY THICK WALLET, WHICH, WHEN SAT UPON REGULARLY, INVARIABLY LEADS TO MEDICAL COMPLICATIONS...

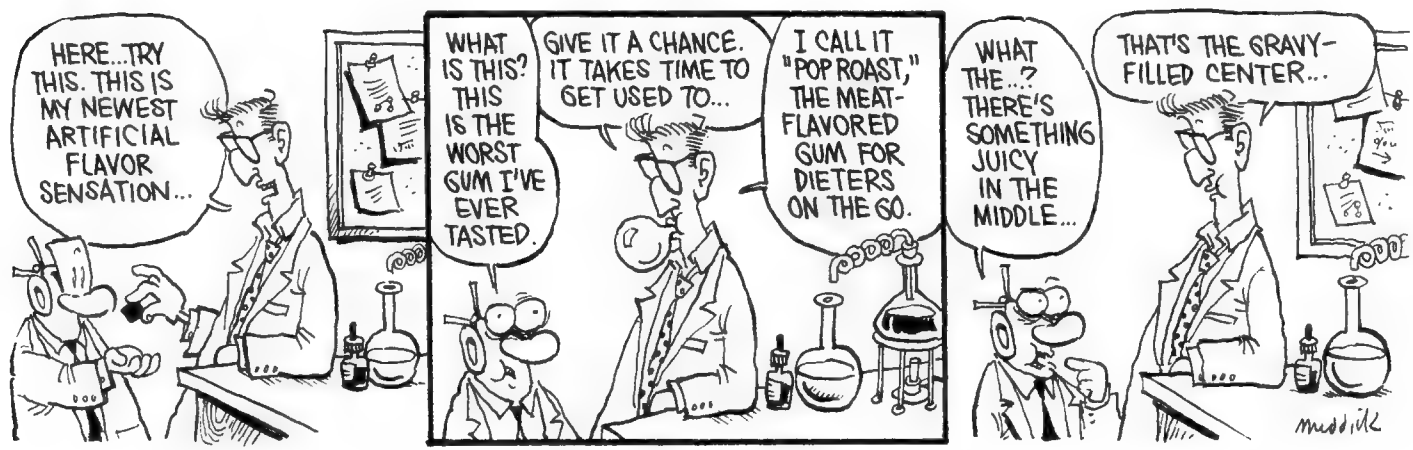
LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT... YOU GOT AN MRI SCAN, A BARIUM ENEMA, A COLONOSCOPY AND PROCTOSCOPY, ALL JUST TO TELL YOU THAT YOU NEED A THINNER WALLET?
YEAH, BUT IN THE MEANTIME, PAYING THE BILL TOOK CARE OF MOST OF THE PROBLEM...
mullick

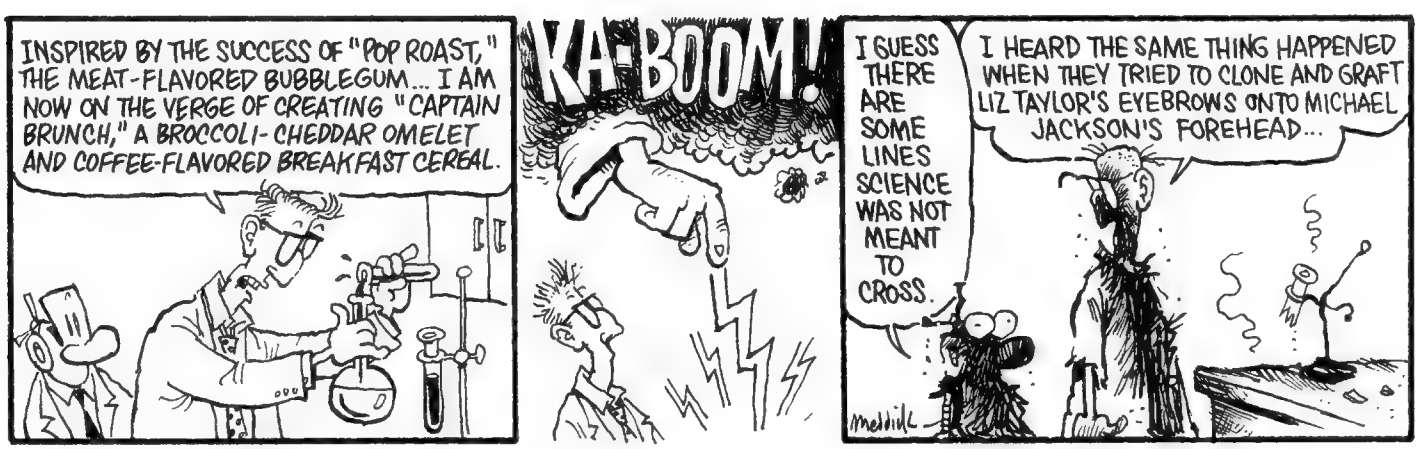
WE REALLY LUCKED OUT GETTING JOBS AT THIS ARTIFICIAL FLAVOR LAB!...
WELL, WHAT DO YA KNOW?... IT'S ALREADY LUNCH TIME.
LET'S SEE... I'M GONNA HAVE A HAM... AND SWISS ON... UM... RYE... WITH LETTUCE AND TOMATO...
GLUG GLUG GLUG
HOW 'BOUT YOU?...
I'M JUST GOING TO HAVE A SALAD...
maddick


HEY, ROGER, IT'S QUITTIN' TIME. WANT TO GO FOR A BEER?
NO TIME FOR FRIVOLITY, MY FRIEND... I'M ON THE VERGE OF A HISTORIC DISCOVERY... I'M ABOUT TO SYNTHESIZE THE PERFECT ARTIFICIAL BOYSENBERRY!
ANY *©#% FOOL CAN CREATE A DECENT GRAPE, BUT BOYSENBERRY? HA! HA! MURRAY THOUGHT HE HAD IT IN '67... THEN PENROSE IN '72... BUT THEY WERE MERE CHILDREN PLAYING CHILDREN'S GAMES... IT IS I, AND I ALONE, WHO HOLD THE KEY TO NATURE'S ELUSIVE BERRY!
THE MANIACAL LAUGHTER'S SORT OF SCARY, BUT IT'S THE NEON PURPLE TONGUE THAT REALLY GIVES ME THE WILLIES...
AHHA HAHA AHHAAHHA HAHAAHHA HA...
maddick

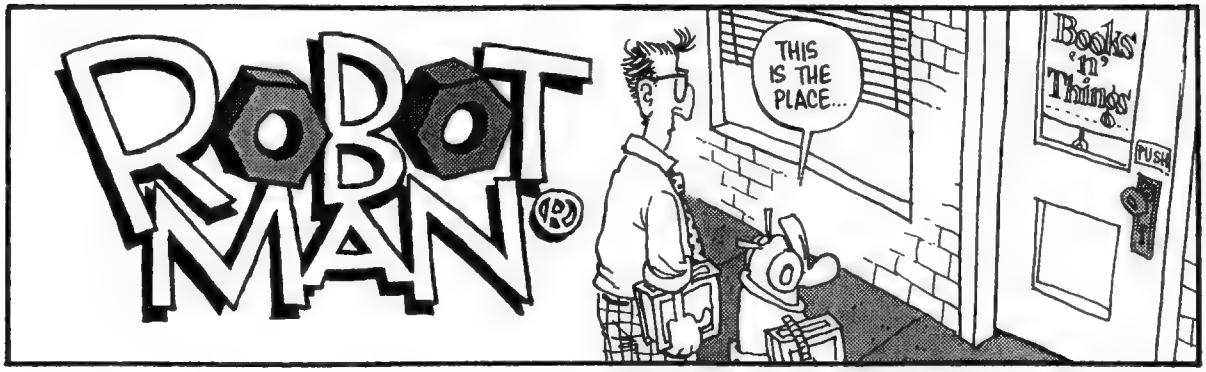

HEY! GUESS WHAT GANG?! I JUST INVENTED A NEW, ARTIFICIAL, ZERO-CALORIE, FAT AND SUGAR SUBSTITUTE...
OH THANK YOU, THANK YOU, THANK YOU, THANK YOU, THANK YOU, THANK YOU...
PITIFUL, ISN'T IT?...
FROM WHAT I HEAR, YOU'VE GOT A LITTLE SHRINE IN YOUR LOCKER DEDICATED TO THE INVENTOR OF MINOXIDIL...
WHO TOLD YOU?!
maddick


I'M FROM THE FDA. I'M HERE TO INVESTIGATE THE FAT-FREE, SUGAR-FREE FOOD ADDITIVE YOU INVENTED...
I THOUGHT THE FDA JUST AUTOMATICALLY APPROVES ANYTHING GIANT, POWERFUL CONGLOMERATES COME UP WITH...
I'M AFRAID NOT... LET'S SEE THE DATA.
WELL, WE DID SOME TESTS, AND IT SEEMS PRETTY SAFE. ...JUST A FEW SIDE EFFECTS, ...DRY MOUTH, BLURRED VISION, KIDNEY FAILURE.
"KIDNEY FAILURE"?
WELLLL...MOST PEOPLE DO HAVE TWO FUNCTIONING KIDNEYS...
AND YOU REALLY ONLY NEED ONE...
HOW 'BOUT JUST A WARNING LABEL?


HERE...TRY THIS. THIS IS MY NEWEST ARTIFICIAL FLAVOR SENSATION...
WHAT IS THIS? THIS IS THE WORST GUM I'VE EVER TASTED.
GIVE IT A CHANCE. IT TAKES TIME TO GET USED TO...
I CALL IT "POP ROAST," THE MEAT-FLAVORED GUM FOR DIETERS ON THE GO.
WHAT THE...? THERE'S SOMETHING JUICY IN THE MIDDLE...
THAT'S THE GRAVY-FILLED CENTER...

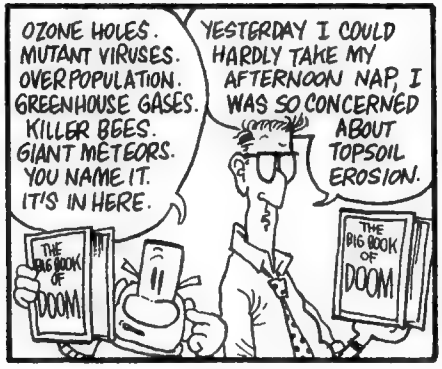

INSPIRED BY THE SUCCESS OF "POP ROAST," THE MEAT-FLAVORED BUBBLEGUM... I AM NOW ON THE VERGE OF CREATING "CAPTAIN BRUNCH," A BROCCOLI-CHEDDAR OMELET AND COFFEE-FLAVORED BREAKFAST CEREAL.
KA-BOOM!
I GUESS THERE ARE SOME LINES SCIENCE WAS NOT MEANT TO CROSS.
I HEARD THE SAME THING HAPPENED WHEN THEY TRIED TO CLONE AND GRAFT LIZ TAYLOR'S EYEBROWS ONTO MICHAEL JACKSON'S FOREHEAD...

ROBOT MAN
I DON'T WANT TO PLAY ANY BRAINY GAMES...
NO CHESS. NO SCRABBLE. NO STRATEGO.
HOW ABOUT MONOPOLY?
UMM... OK.
MONOPOLY IT IS...
OK...LET'S SEE...I'LL BE THE UMM... WHEEL-BARROW.
REALLY? THE WHEELBARROW? ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT TO BE THE WHEELBARROW?
WHY? WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE WHEELBARROW?
NOTHING. IT'S JUST A TAD UNUSUAL.
WHY?
WELL, IT'S JUST THAT MOST PEOPLE WANT TO BE THE RACING CAR OR THE TERRIER OR THE TOP HAT OR...
WELL, I LIKE THE WHEEL-BARROW.
I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT PEOPLE WHO CHOOSE THE WHEEL-BARROW HAVE LOW SELF-ESTEEM. WHO WOULD WANT TO IDENTIFY WITH A WHEELBARROW?
OK. OK. IF IT'LL MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER, I'LL BE THE SHOE.
FOOT FETTISH.
OK. THAT'S IT. I DON'T WANT TO PLAY ANYMORE...YOU TAKE ALL THE FUN OUT OF GAMES WITH YOUR STUPID ANALYSIS!
YOU'RE RIGHT... I'M SORRY... HERE, LET'S PLAY SOMETHING ELSE...UM... HOW ABOUT "CLUE"?
WELLL... OK.
"CLUE" IT IS THEN.
I'LL BE MISS SCARLET...


ROBOT MAN®
THIS IS THE PLACE...
Books 'n' Things
PUSH

YYESS!

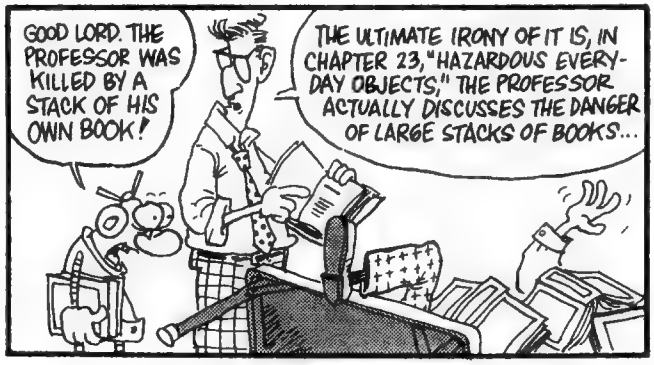
WE'RE GOING TO MEET PROFESSOR LEONARD ANGST, AUTHOR OF "THE BIG BOOK OF DOOM," IN WHICH HE CATALOGUES EVERY HAZARD KNOWN TO MAN...
Book Signing
I LOVE THIS BOOK SO MUCH I'D HUG IT IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE RISK OF DIOXINS IN THE PAPER GETTING ABSORBED INTO MY SKIN!


OZONE HOLES. MUTANT VIRUSES. OVERPOPULATION. GREENHOUSE GASES. KILLER BEES. GIANT METEORS. YOU NAME IT. IT'S IN HERE.
THE BIG BOOK OF DOOM
YESTERDAY I COULD HARDLY TAKE MY AFTERNOON NAP, I WAS SO CONCERNED ABOUT TOPSOIL EROSION.
THE BIG BOOK OF DOOM

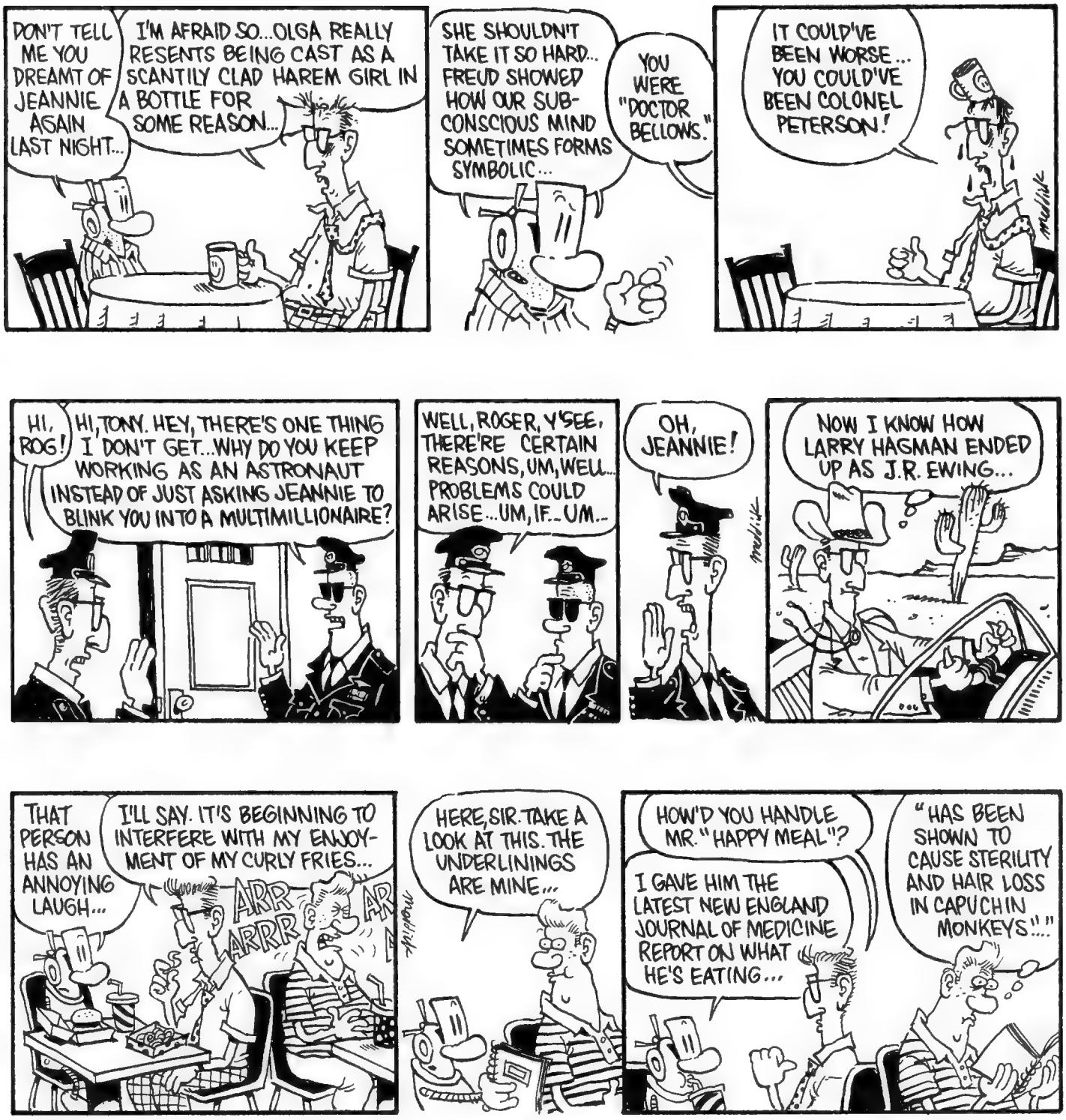
PROFESSOR ANGST, I HAVE TO ASK YOU, WITH ALL THE DANGERS LOOMING ON THE HORIZON, IS THERE ANYTHING WE CAN DO TO FORESTALL THE IMMINENT DESTRUCTION OF MANKIND?...

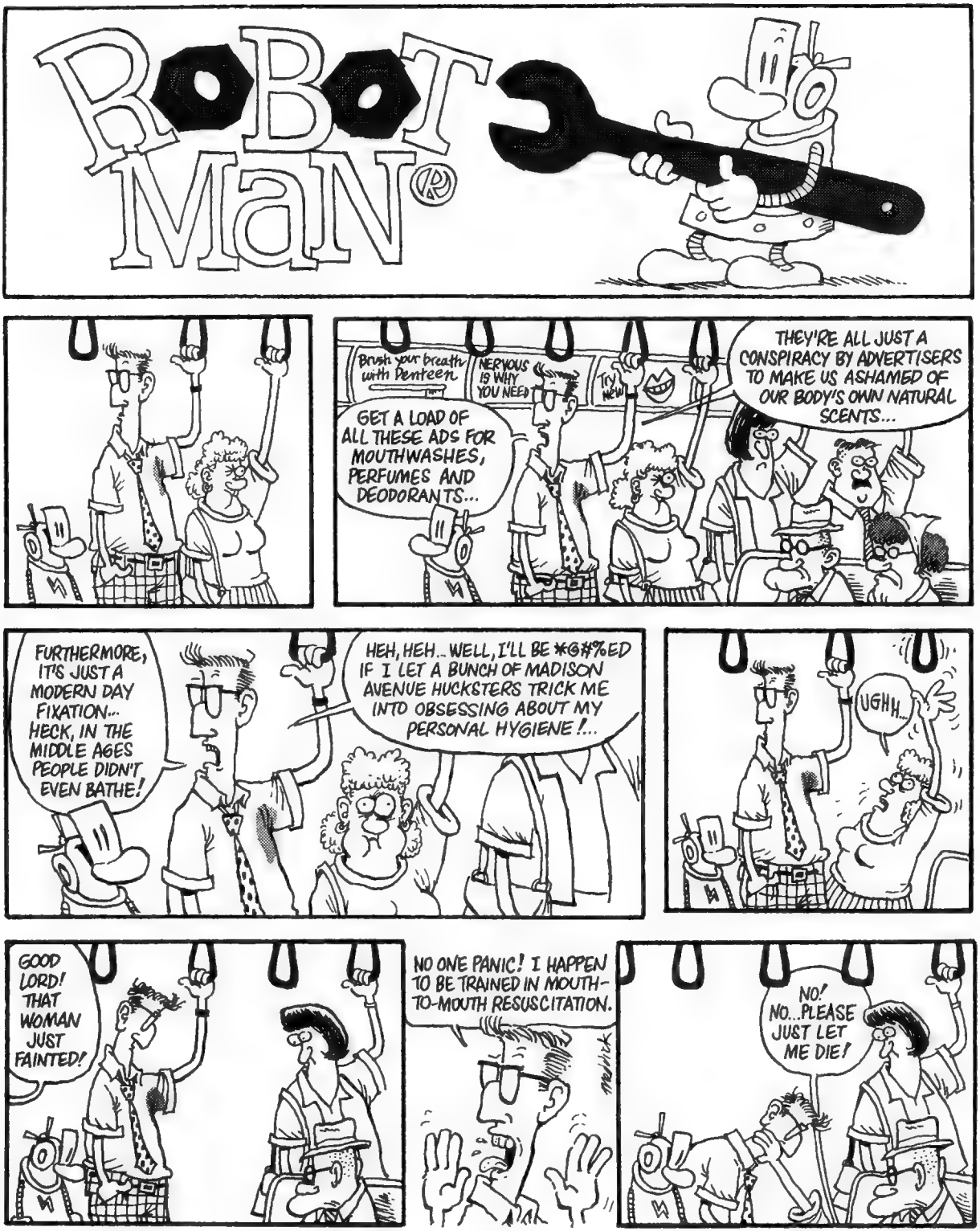
THERE IS ONE FAINT RAY OF HOPE, BUT WE MUST ACT NOW!... WE MUST REFORM THE CHEESE INDUSTRY IN SUCH A WAY AS TO...
BAM

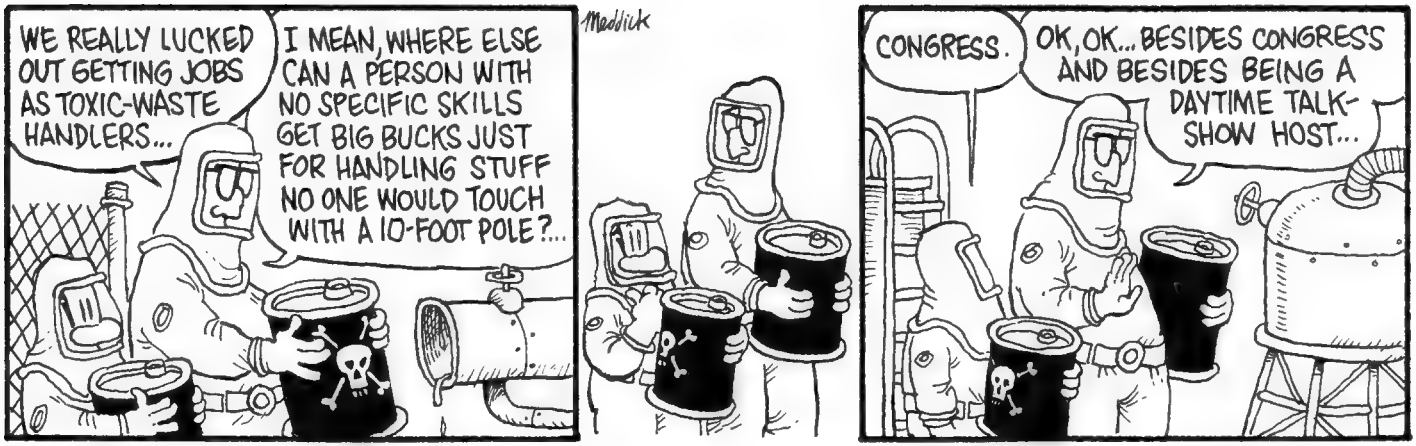
AAHH!
muddick

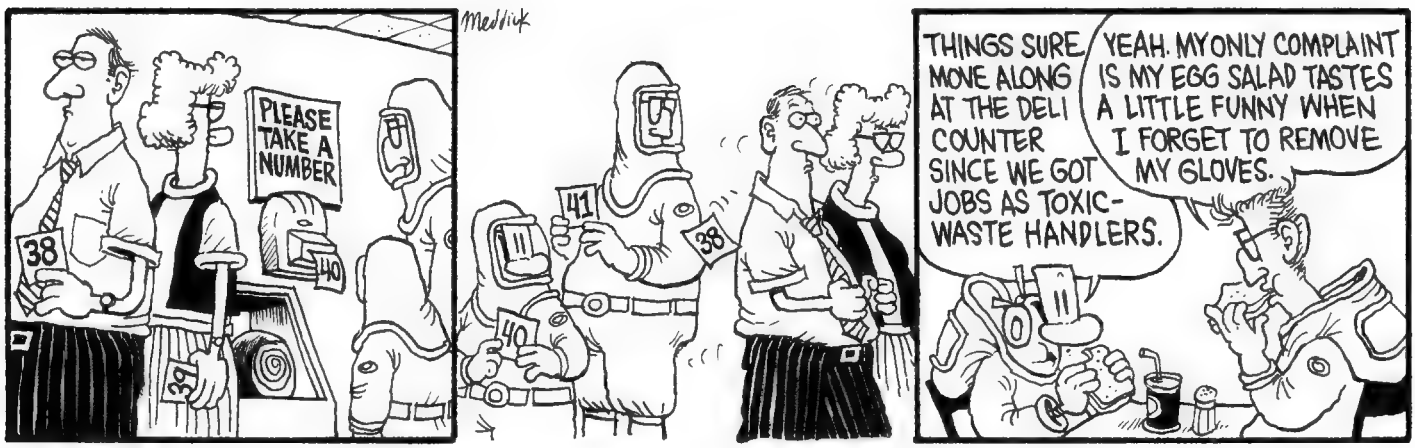

GOOD LORD. THE PROFESSOR WAS KILLED BY A STACK OF HIS OWN BOOK!
THE ULTIMATE IRONY OF IT IS, IN CHAPTER 23, "HAZARDOUS EVERY-DAY OBJECTS," THE PROFESSOR ACTUALLY DISCUSSES THE DANGER OF LARGE STACKS OF BOOKS...

OH, WOW... REMEMBER THAT OLD TV SHOW, "I DREAM OF JEANNIE" WHERE BARBARA EDEN RAN AROUND IN A SKIMPY HAREM OUTFIT?...
WELL, I HAD THIS FUNNY DREAM LAST NIGHT WHERE YOU WERE JEANNIE AND I WAS MAJOR NELSON AND YOU WERE CALLING ME "MASTER" AND...
HEY, WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?...
I DREAMT OF JEANNIE.
SORRY, JEANNIE, BUT I'M SCHEDULED TO GO ON A SHUTTLE MISSION WITH THE WOMEN OF "BAY WATCH"...
NOW GET IN YOUR BOTTLE.
...BUT, MASTER!
YOU HEARD ME... I SAID, GET IN YOUR BOTTLE! GET IN YOUR...
YOU'RE NOT DREAMING ABOUT "I DREAM OF JEANNIE" AGAIN, ARE YOU?...
CLICK
NO...NO...UMM... I DREAMT I WAS WORKING ON AN "ADVIL" ASSEMBLY LINE...
OH, NO! IT'S MY EVIL TWIN SISTER!
LET GO OF HIM! HE'S MINE!...
NOW, NOW... DON'T FIGHT...
WHY DON'T YOU TWO HOP IN YOUR BOTTLE? I'LL COME JOIN YOU AND MAYBE WE CAN WORK SOMETHING OUT...
WELL, WELL, MAJOR NELSON, IT LOOKS LIKE I'VE CAUGHT YOU IN THE ACT OF PLAYING OUT SOME TWISTED, ADOLESCENT MALE FANTASY.
BUMMER... IT'S DOCTOR BELLOWS.

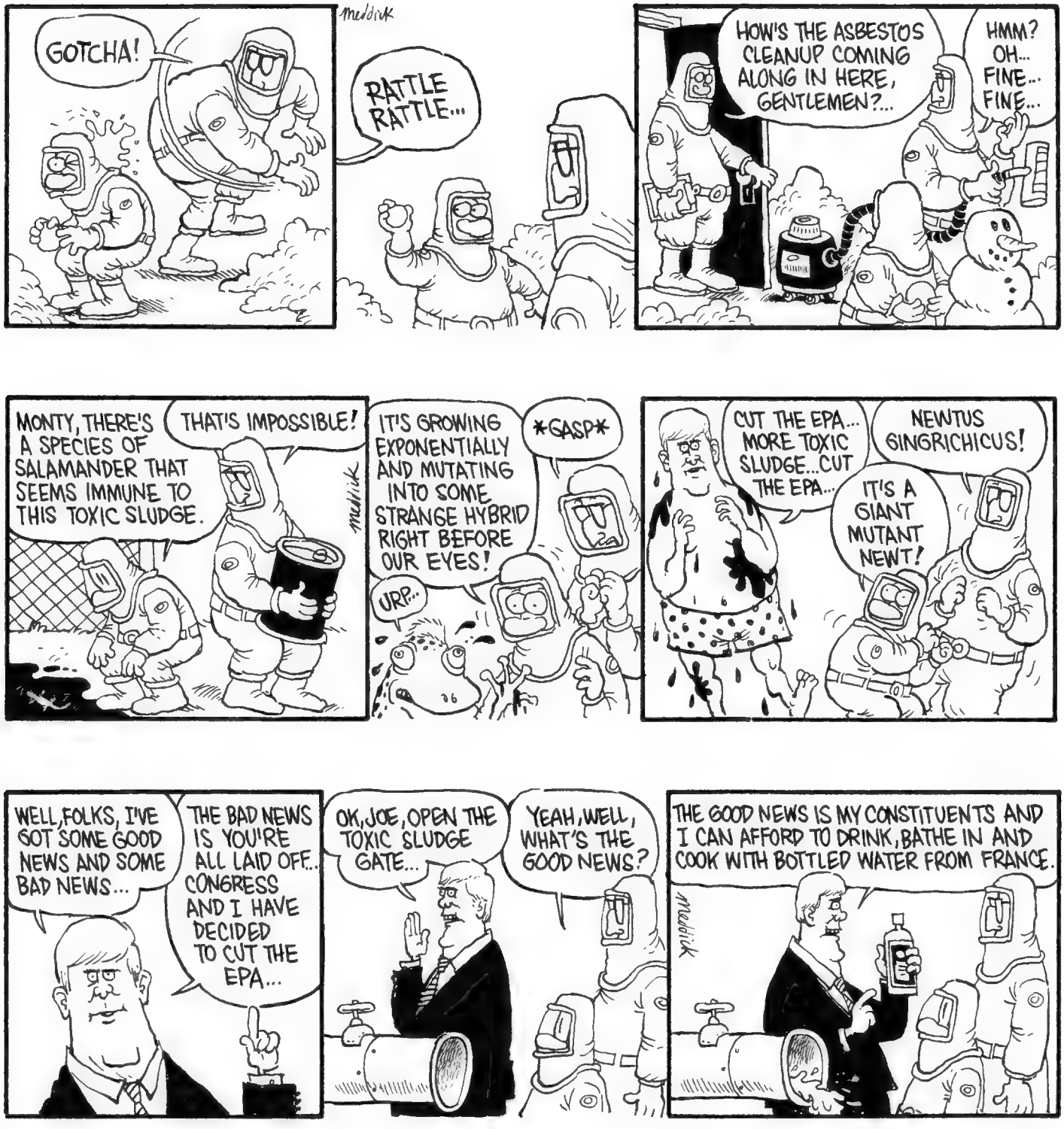

DON'T TELL ME YOU DREAMT OF JEANNIE AGAIN LAST NIGHT...
I'M AFRAID SO...OLGA REALLY RESENTS BEING CAST AS A SCANTILY CLAD HAREM GIRL IN A BOTTLE FOR SOME REASON...
SHE SHOULDN'T TAKE IT SO HARD... FREUD SHOWED HOW OUR SUB-CONSCIOUS MIND SOMETIMES FORMS SYMBOLIC...
YOU WERE "DOCTOR BELLOWS."
IT COULD'VE BEEN WORSE... YOU COULD'VE BEEN COLONEL PETERSON!
HI, ROG!
HI, TONY. HEY, THERE'S ONE THING I DON'T GET...WHY DO YOU KEEP WORKING AS AN ASTRONAUT INSTEAD OF JUST ASKING JEANNIE TO BLINK YOU INTO A MULTIMILLIONAIRE?
WELL, ROGER, Y'SEE, THERE'RE CERTAIN REASONS, UM, WELL... PROBLEMS COULD ARISE...UM, IF...UM...
OH, JEANNIE!
NOW I KNOW HOW LARRY HAGMAN ENDED UP AS J.R. EWING...
THAT PERSON HAS AN ANNOYING LAUGH...
I'LL SAY. IT'S BEGINNING TO INTERFERE WITH MY ENJOYMENT OF MY CURLY FRIES...
ARR
ARRR
HERE, SIR. TAKE A LOOK AT THIS. THE UNDERLININGS ARE MINE...
HOW'D YOU HANDLE MR. "HAPPY MEAL"?
I GAVE HIM THE LATEST NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF MEDICINE REPORT ON WHAT HE'S EATING...
"HAS BEEN SHOWN TO CAUSE STERILITY AND HAIR LOSS IN CAPUCHIN MONKEYS"!"

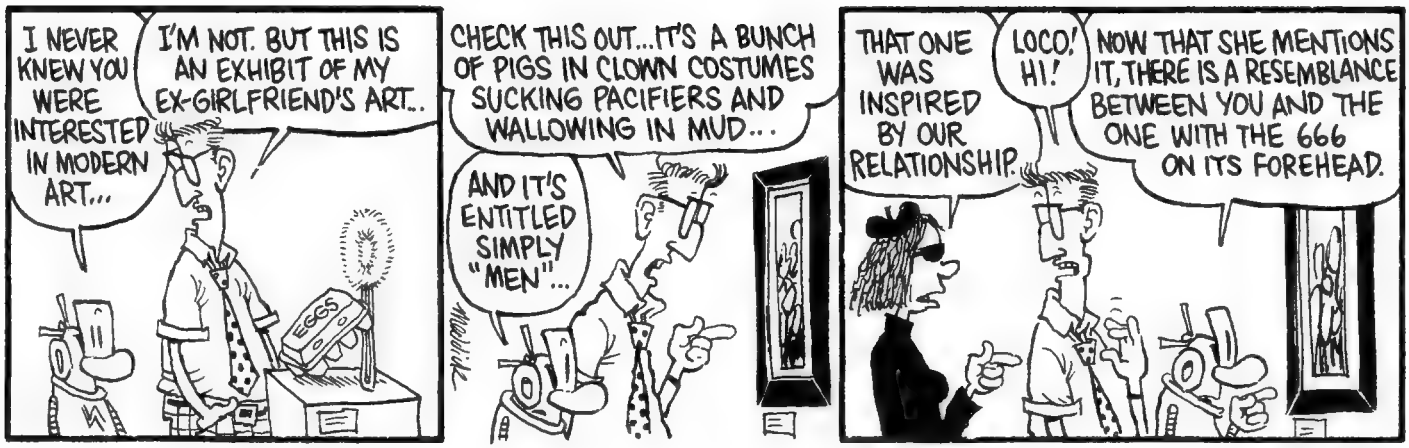

ROBOT Man®
GET A LOAD OF ALL THESE ADS FOR MOUTHWASHES, PERFUMES AND DEODORANTS...
Brush your breath with Pentreen
NERVOUS IS WHY YOU NEED
TRY NEW!
THEY'RE ALL JUST A CONSPIRACY BY ADVERTISERS TO MAKE US ASHAMED OF OUR BODY'S OWN NATURAL SCENTS...
FURTHERMORE, IT'S JUST A MODERN DAY FIXATION... HECK, IN THE MIDDLE AGES PEOPLE DIDN'T EVEN BATHE!
HEH, HEH... WELL, I'LL BE *G#%ED IF I LET A BUNCH OF MADISON AVENUE HUCKSTERS TRICK ME INTO OBSESSING ABOUT MY PERSONAL HYGIENE!...
UGHH...
GOOD LORD! THAT WOMAN JUST FAINTED!
NO ONE PANIC! I HAPPEN TO BE TRAINED IN MOUTH-TO-MOUTH RESUSCITATION.
NO! NO...PLEASE JUST LET ME DIE!


WE REALLY LUCKED OUT GETTING JOBS AS TOXIC-WASTE HANDLERS...
I MEAN, WHERE ELSE CAN A PERSON WITH NO SPECIFIC SKILLS GET BIG BUCKS JUST FOR HANDLING STUFF NO ONE WOULD TOUCH WITH A 10-FOOT POLE?...
Meddick
CONGRESS.
OK, OK... BESIDES CONGRESS AND BESIDES BEING A DAYTIME TALK-SHOW HOST...


PLEASE TAKE A NUMBER
38
40
39
Meddick
41
38
40
THINGS SURE MOVE ALONG AT THE DELI COUNTER SINCE WE GOT JOBS AS TOXIC-WASTE HANDLERS.
YEAH. MY ONLY COMPLAINT IS MY EGG SALAD TASTES A LITTLE FUNNY WHEN I FORGET TO REMOVE MY GLOVES.

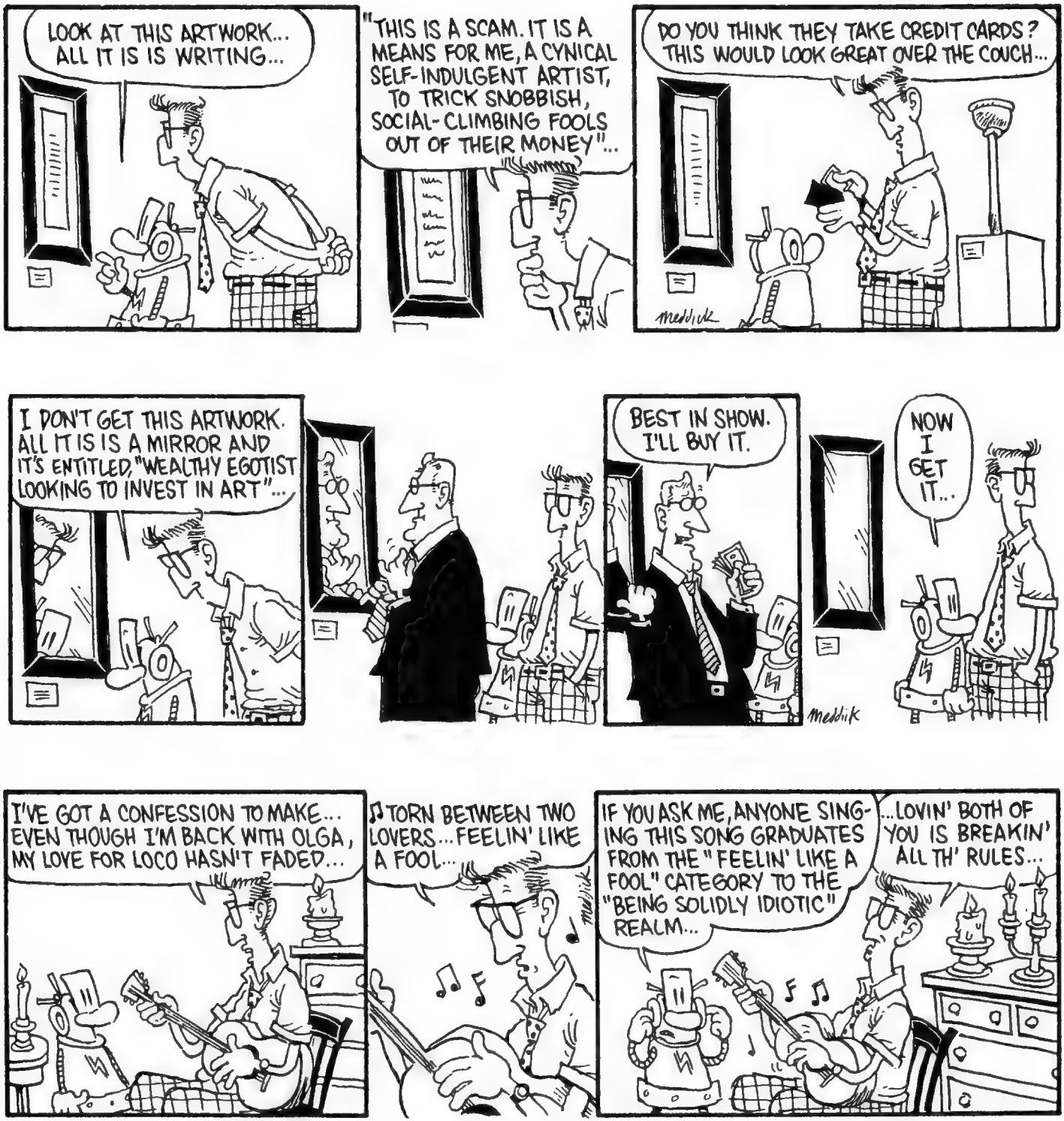
HEY, BOB, WHY AREN'T YOU WEARING YOUR PROTECTIVE HEADGEAR?
OH, THAT... IT'S GOOD IF YOU'RE A WORRYWART, BUT FOR ME, IT'S TOO HOT AND STUFFY...
NO... WHEN I'M OUT CLEANING UP A TOXIC WASTE SITE, I LIKE TO HEAR THE BIRDS SING.. FEEL THE SUN ON MY FACE...
...THE COOL BREEZE IN MY HAIR...
Meddick


GOTCHA!
meddrick
RATTLE RATTLE...
HOW'S THE ASBESTOS CLEANUP COMING ALONG IN HERE, GENTLEMEN?...
HMM? OH... FINE... FINE...
MONTY, THERE'S A SPECIES OF SALAMANDER THAT SEEMS IMMUNE TO THIS TOXIC SLUDGE.
THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
meddrick
IT'S GROWING EXPONENTIALLY AND MUTATING INTO SOME STRANGE HYBRID RIGHT BEFORE OUR EYES!
GASP
URP...
CUT THE EPA... MORE TOXIC SLUDGE...CUT THE EPA...
NEWTUS GINGRICHICUS!
IT'S A GIANT MUTANT NEWT!
WELL, FOLKS, I'VE GOT SOME GOOD NEWS AND SOME BAD NEWS...
THE BAD NEWS IS YOU'RE ALL LAID OFF.. CONGRESS AND I HAVE DECIDED TO CUT THE EPA...
OK, JOE, OPEN THE TOXIC SLUDGE GATE...
YEAH, WELL, WHAT'S THE GOOD NEWS?
THE GOOD NEWS IS MY CONSTITUENTS AND I CAN AFFORD TO DRINK, BATHE IN AND COOK WITH BOTTLED WATER FROM FRANCE.
meddrick


I NEVER KNEW YOU WERE INTERESTED IN MODERN ART...
I'M NOT. BUT THIS IS AN EXHIBIT OF MY EX-GIRLFRIEND'S ART..
CHECK THIS OUT...IT'S A BUNCH OF PIGS IN CLOWN COSTUMES SUCKING PACIFIERS AND WALLOWING IN MUD...
AND IT'S ENTITLED SIMPLY "MEN"...
THAT ONE WAS INSPIRED BY OUR RELATIONSHIP.
LOCO! HI!
NOW THAT SHE MENTIONS IT, THERE IS A RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN YOU AND THE ONE WITH THE 666 ON ITS FOREHEAD.

LOCO, I DON'T GET THIS. YOU GLUED STEEL WOOL ONTO A SALTINE BOX?
THAT'S NOT JUST STEEL WOOL ON A SALTINE BOX.
THAT IS A MONUMENT TO MY ANGUISHED SOUL, THE DEATH OF HOPE AND THE INEVITABLE MARCH TOWARD OBLIVION...
WOW. THAT BROUGHT TEARS TO MY EYES. EITHER THAT OR I GOT SOME STEEL WOOL IN MY EYE.
JUST THINKING ABOUT IT, I FIND IT DIFFICULT TO FINISH MY DOUBLE MOCHA CAPPUCCINO.

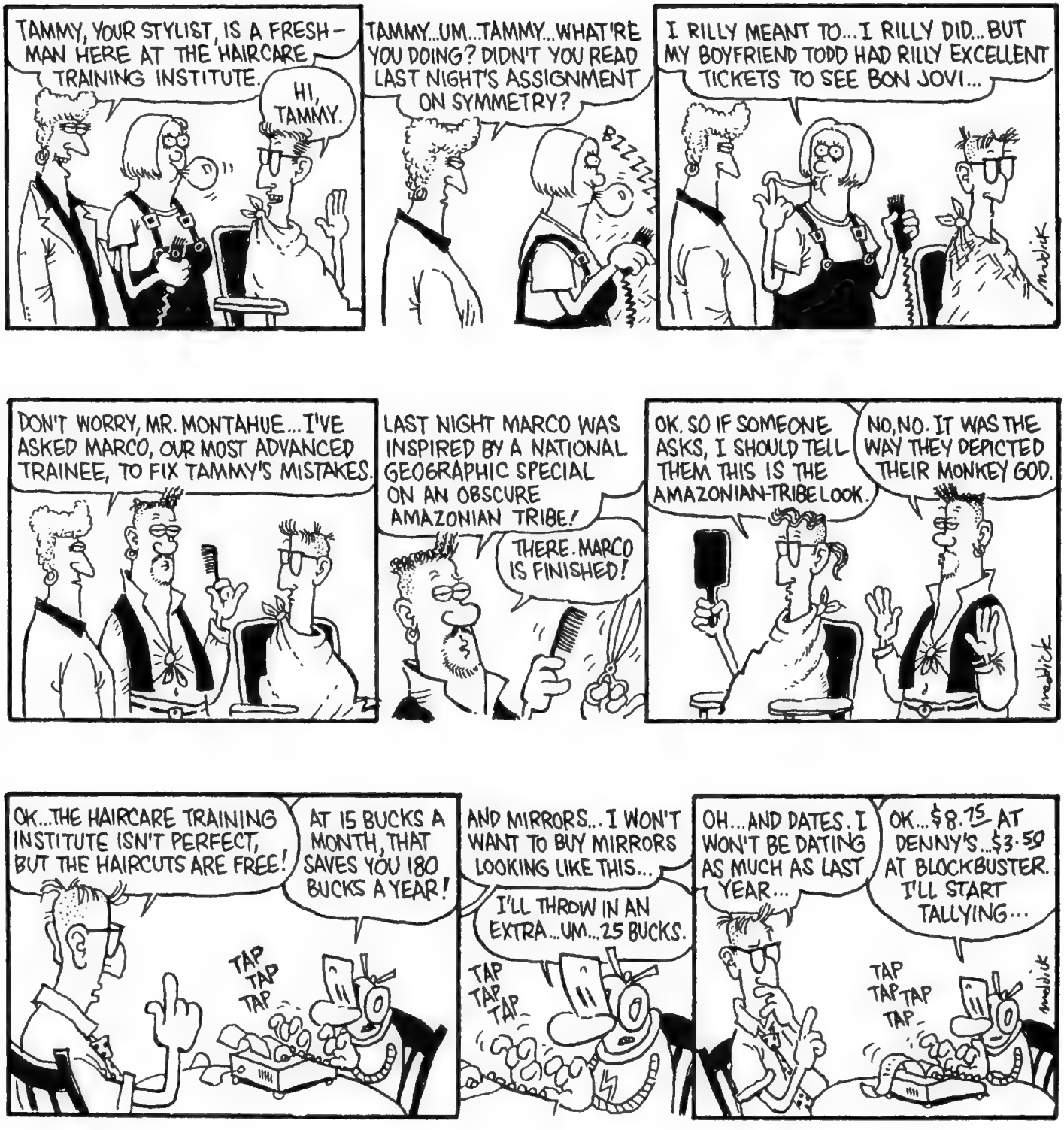
IT'S...LIKE...UM... NEO-RETRO...UM, MODERNISM... BUT NOT REALLY.
LOCO, YOU AND YOUR ARTIST FRIENDS TALK IN A VAGUE, SPACEY WAY...
IS THAT BECAUSE YOU'RE GENIUSES TALKING ABOUT THINGS TOO COMPLEX FOR WORDS?...OR BECAUSE YOU'RE MORONS?
OH, WOW... IT'S LIKE A MULTIPLE CHOICE TEST.
I TOOK A MULTIPLE CHOICE TEST ONCE. I CHECKED "ALL OF THE ABOVE"..."NONE OF THE ABOVE"... THEN I SET THE TEST ON FIRE...

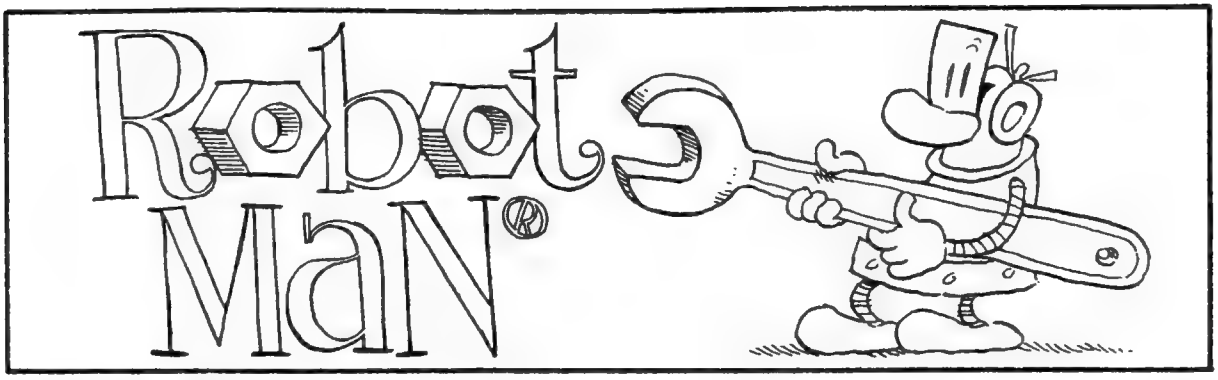

LOOK AT THIS ARTWORK... ALL IT IS IS WRITING...
"THIS IS A SCAM. IT IS A MEANS FOR ME, A CYNICAL SELF-INDULGENT ARTIST, TO TRICK SNOBBISH, SOCIAL-CLIMBING FOOLS OUT OF THEIR MONEY"...
DO YOU THINK THEY TAKE CREDIT CARDS? THIS WOULD LOOK GREAT OVER THE COUCH...
meddick
I DON'T GET THIS ARTWORK. ALL IT IS IS A MIRROR AND IT'S ENTITLED, "WEALTHY EGOTIST LOOKING TO INVEST IN ART"...
BEST IN SHOW. I'LL BUY IT.
NOW I GET IT...
meddick
I'VE GOT A CONFESSION TO MAKE... EVEN THOUGH I'M BACK WITH OLGA, MY LOVE FOR LOCO HASN'T FADED...
♫TORN BETWEEN TWO LOVERS... FEELIN' LIKE A FOOL...
meddick
IF YOU ASK ME, ANYONE SINGING THIS SONG GRADUATES FROM THE "FEELIN' LIKE A FOOL" CATEGORY TO THE "BEING SOLIDLY IDIOTIC" REALM...
...LOVIN' BOTH OF YOU IS BREAKIN' ALL TH' RULES...

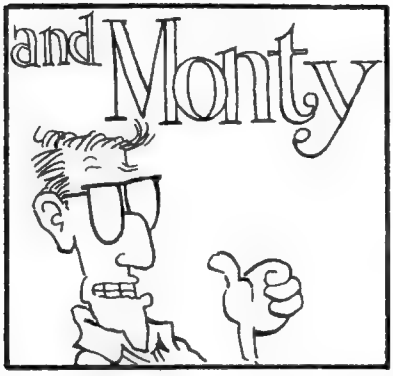
GEE, I REALLY NEED TO GET A HAIRCUT...
YOU SHOULD GO WHERE I GO.
HEH, HEH, NO OFFENSE BUT I...
I GO TO THE HAIRCARE TRAINING INSTITUTE. MY HAIRCUTS ARE FREE!
VANITY CHEAPNESS
I... I... I...
UH-OH. I THINK HE'S SEIZED UP ON US...

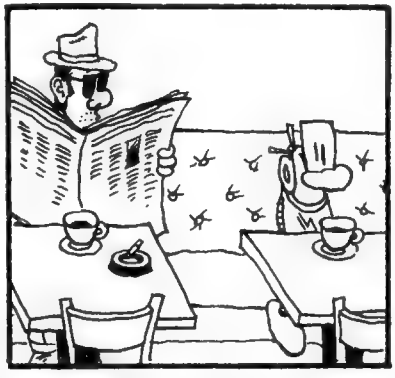
WELCOME TO THE HAIRCARE TRAINING INSTITUTE. KEEP IN MIND OUR PUPILS ARE STILL LEARNING BUT ARE NOT ENTIRELY INEXPERIENCED...
REALLY?
THAT'S RIGHT. WE START THEM OUT IN PET HAIR CARE, THEN WORK THEM UP TO HUMANS...
THAT'S REASSURING...
SO, WHAT'LL IT BE TODAY? SHAMPOO, CUT AND BLOW-DRY?
BZZZZ
GRRR

ALL NEWCOMERS TO THE HAIRCARE INSTITUTE START OUT IN SHAMPOO... THIS IS KEVIN'S FIRST WEEK HERE...
SHAMPOO. RINSE. REPEAT.
NOW, EASY ON THE SHAMPOO APPLICATION. YOU DON'T WANT THAT LATHER TO...
MY EYES! MY EYEEES!
EMERGENCY!... CUBICLE SIX...WE'VE GOT A SHAMPOOER BLINDED BY SUDS!
GOOD LORD! HE'S SHAMPOOING MY CHEST!
AIIEEEE!!

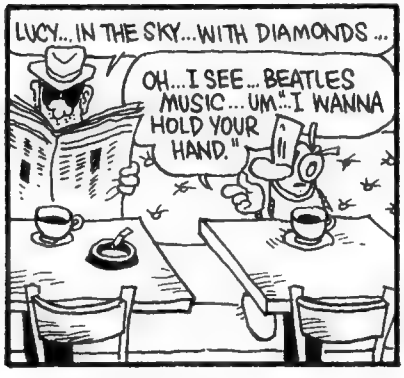

TAMMY, YOUR STYLIST, IS A FRESHMAN HERE AT THE HAIRCARE TRAINING INSTITUTE.
HI, TAMMY.
TAMMY...UM...TAMMY...WHAT'RE YOU DOING? DIDN'T YOU READ LAST NIGHT'S ASSIGNMENT ON SYMMETRY?
BZZZZZ
I RILLY MEANT TO...I RILLY DID...BUT MY BOYFRIEND TODD HAD RILLY EXCELLENT TICKETS TO SEE BON JOVI...
DON'T WORRY, MR. MONTAHUE...I'VE ASKED MARCO, OUR MOST ADVANCED TRAINEE, TO FIX TAMMY'S MISTAKES.
LAST NIGHT MARCO WAS INSPIRED BY A NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SPECIAL ON AN OBSCURE AMAZONIAN TRIBE!
THERE. MARCO IS FINISHED!
OK. SO IF SOMEONE ASKS, I SHOULD TELL THEM THIS IS THE AMAZONIAN-TRIBE LOOK.
NO, NO. IT WAS THE WAY THEY DEPICTED THEIR MONKEY GOD.
OK...THE HAIRCARE TRAINING INSTITUTE ISN'T PERFECT, BUT THE HAIRCUTS ARE FREE!
AT 15 BUCKS A MONTH, THAT SAVES YOU 180 BUCKS A YEAR!
TAP TAP TAP
AND MIRRORS... I WON'T WANT TO BUY MIRRORS LOOKING LIKE THIS...
I'LL THROW IN AN EXTRA...UM...25 BUCKS.
TAP TAP TAP
OH...AND DATES. I WON'T BE DATING AS MUCH AS LAST YEAR...
OK...$8.75 AT DENNY'S...$3.50 AT BLOCKBUSTER. I'LL START TALLYING...
TAP TAP TAP TAP


Robot Man®

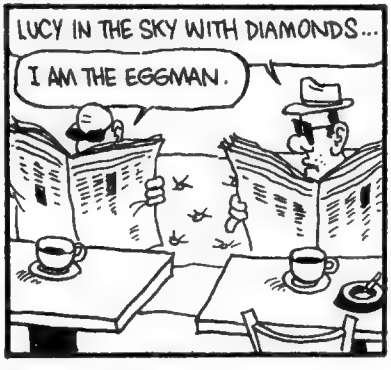

and Monty

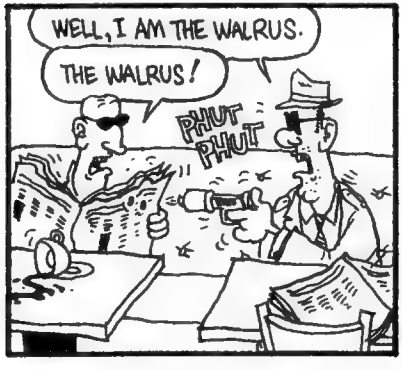


LUCY IN THE SKY WITH DIAMONDS...
PARDON?


LUCY... IN THE SKY... WITH DIAMONDS...
OH... I SEE... BEATLES MUSIC... UM... I WANNA HOLD YOUR HAND."

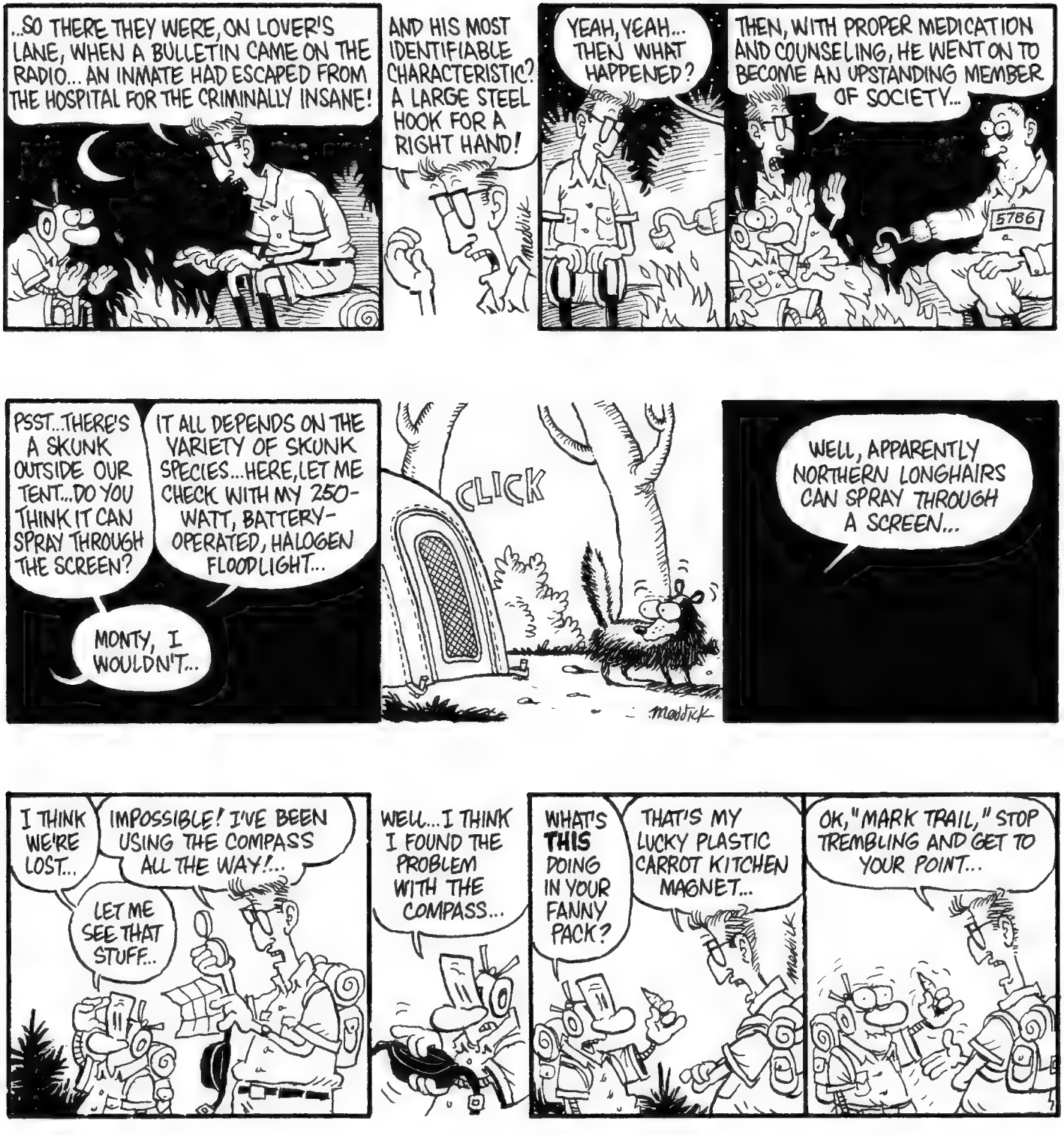
SORRY. I THINK I HAVE THE WRONG PERSON.


LUCY IN THE SKY WITH DIAMONDS...
I AM THE EGGMAN.


WELL, I AM THE WALRUS.
THE WALRUS!
PHUT PHUT

HELP...
GOOD ONE... UM... "OB-LA-DI OB-LA-DA."

ARE YOU SURE THIS IS (PUFF) A BEGINNER'S TRAIL?...
YEP...
MAYBE IT'S THE ALTITUDE... THEN... I CAN HARDLY BREATHE...
MONTY, THE MAP SAYS WE'RE 12 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL...
THE MAP MUST BE WRONG. I'M GETTING A NOSEBLEED...
MAYBE IT'S YOUR ALLERGY TO PUSSY WILLOWS FLARING UP AGAIN...
COULD YOU BOYS KEEP MOVIN'?! YOU'RE BLOCKIN' THE TRAIL!...
LET ME TEACH YOU SOME FOLK WISDOM...
IF YOU TOUCH A FUZZY CATERPILLAR AND IT CURLS INTO A BALL, IT'LL BE A COLD WINTER...
AND IF YOU WANT TO CHECK WIND DIRECTION, LICK YOUR FINGER THEN HOLD IT UP IN THE AIR...
WHY DO YOU HAVE TO LICK YOUR FINGER?
I'M NOT SURE WHY... AND IN HINDSIGHT, I WISH I HADN'T FIRST TOUCHED THE CATERPILLAR...
INCOMING FLY... TWELVE O'CLOCK HIGH!...
BZZZZ
QUICK! MAN THE BUG SPRAY!
BZZ
FFFT
FFFFT
BZZZZ
PLUNK
Grape GULP
OH, NO. WE'RE DEALING WITH KAMIKAZE FLIES.


...SO THERE THEY WERE, ON LOVER'S LANE, WHEN A BULLETIN CAME ON THE RADIO... AN INMATE HAD ESCAPED FROM THE HOSPITAL FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE!
AND HIS MOST IDENTIFIABLE CHARACTERISTIC? A LARGE STEEL HOOK FOR A RIGHT HAND!
YEAH, YEAH... THEN WHAT HAPPENED?
THEN, WITH PROPER MEDICATION AND COUNSELING, HE WENT ON TO BECOME AN UPSTANDING MEMBER OF SOCIETY...
5786
PSST...THERE'S A SKUNK OUTSIDE OUR TENT...DO YOU THINK IT CAN SPRAY THROUGH THE SCREEN?
IT ALL DEPENDS ON THE VARIETY OF SKUNK SPECIES...HERE, LET ME CHECK WITH MY 250-WATT, BATTERY-OPERATED, HALOGEN FLOODLIGHT...
MONTY, I WOULDN'T...
CLICK
WELL, APPARENTLY NORTHERN LONGHAIRS CAN SPRAY THROUGH A SCREEN...
I THINK WE'RE LOST...
IMPOSSIBLE! I'VE BEEN USING THE COMPASS ALL THE WAY!...
LET ME SEE THAT STUFF...
WELL... I THINK I FOUND THE PROBLEM WITH THE COMPASS...
WHAT'S **THIS** DOING IN YOUR FANNY PACK?
THAT'S MY LUCKY PLASTIC CARROT KITCHEN MAGNET...
OK, "MARK TRAIL," STOP TREMBLING AND GET TO YOUR POINT...

WASN'T THAT ECOLOGY RALLY INSPIRING?...
IT SURE WAS! I... HEY... WHERE'S OUR CAR?
PARKING
HUG A TREE
THINK GREEN
UH-OH. LOOK... AND THE FINE PRINT SAYS, "VEHICLES TOWED AT OWNER'S EXPENSE."
NO PARKING
YOU *G#%-*G#%ED, DIRTY, #G*%ING LITTLE SAPLING!
ALERT THE OTHERS! IT'S THE EXPLOITER-DEVIL INCARNATE!
TREE
INKY FEEN
GIVE A DAM IT PLUVE
meddick

I'M HERE TO PICK UP MY CAR...IT WAS TOWED OUT OF A "NO PARKING" AREA.
I BET YOU THINK I ENJOY THIS...
HERE I AM, A BLUE-COLLAR GUY, WORKIN' IN A SWEATY GARAGE... AND HERE YOU ARE, A WHITE-COLLAR GUY, TOTALLY AT MY MERCY...
WELL, YOU'RE RIGHT.
HEY, JOEY, GET TH' OTHER GREASE GUN AND HELP ME LUBRICATE THIS GENTLEMAN'S TIE...
meddick

UM...WHAT SHOULD I DO? YOUR HAND TOWEL ROLL'S ALL USED UP...
THE HAND TOWEL ROLL'S ALL USED UP?!
JOEY, WHAT SHOULD HE DO? THE HAND TOWEL ROLL'S ALL USED UP!
AAHH!
YOU MIGHT TRY WIPIN' YOUR HANDS ON YOUR PANTS LIKE JOEY AND I'VE BEEN DOING SINCE THAT THING RAN OUT IN '78...
meddick

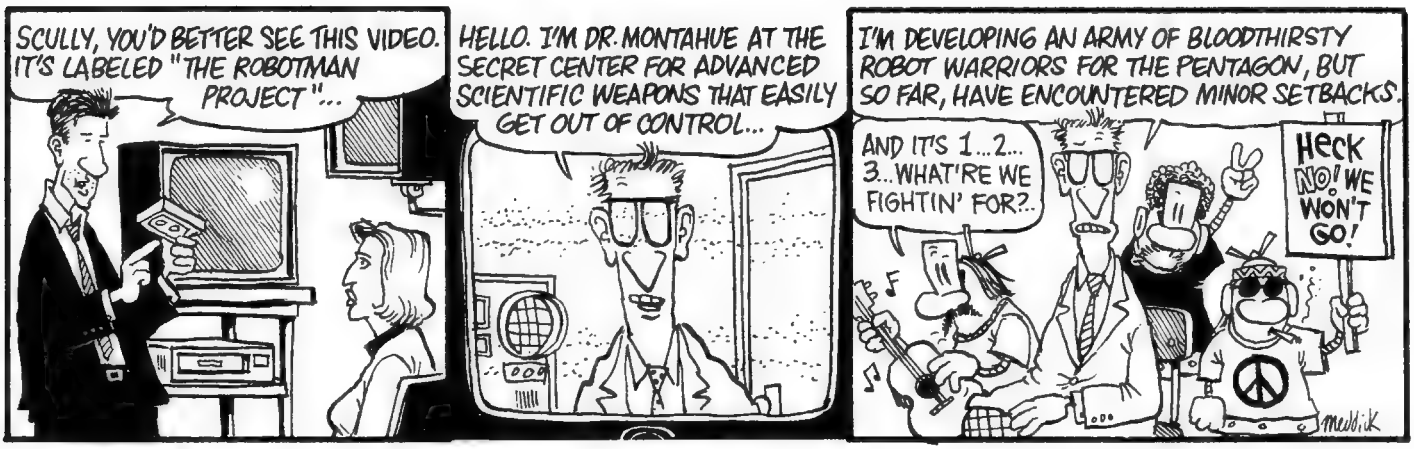
UM...IS THIS MACHINE WORKING? I TRIED TO BUY A COMB, BUT NOTHING...
IT'S JUST AS WELL, MISTER.
Traveler's Choice
SEE RIGHT THERE. SEE HOW IT SAYS, "UNBREAKABLE"?
UM, YEAH.
WELL, HERE'S ONE OF 'EM AFTER I PUT IT UNDER 700 PSI IN A SHEET METAL PRESS...
WOW YOU'RE SORTA LIKE THE RALPH NADER OF GAS STATION ATTENDANTS...

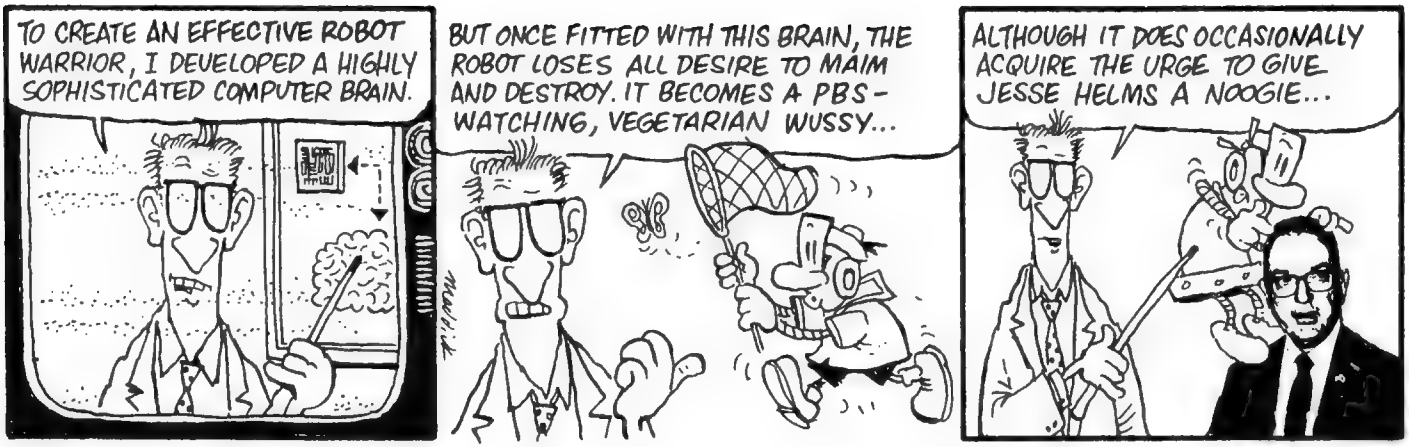
IT MUST BE HARD KEEPING UP WITH ALL THE COMPUTER TECHNOLOGY THEY PUT IN THESE NEW MODELS...
"COMPUTER TECHNOLOGY"?
YEAH, THOSE MEMORY CHIPS AND CIRCUIT BOARDS AND STUFF...
G% IT, JOEY. I TOLD YOU WE SHOULDN'T HAVE OILED THAT...

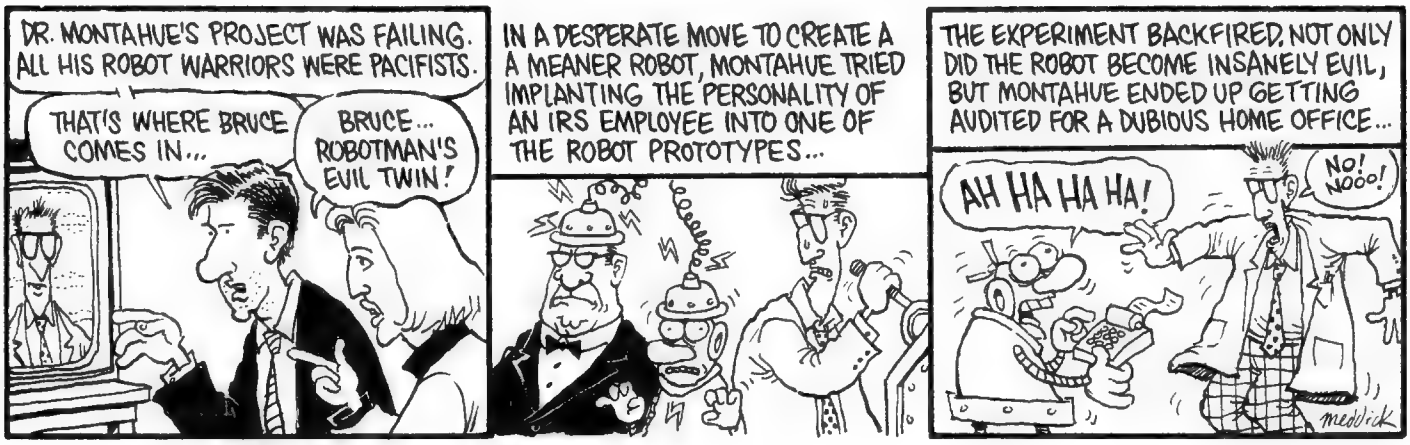
OK. YOU IMPOUNDED MY CAR. FINE...BUT WHAT'S WITH ALL THE JUNK INSIDE? IT'S LIKE YOU THREW A PARTY IN THERE.
WHAT JUNK?
CIGARETTE BUTTS, EMPTY SCHLITZ CANS, "GUNS AND AMMO" MAGAZINES, SERIAL MURDERER TRADING CARDS, SATANIC PENTAGRAM DECALS, ETC., ETC...
OK, SO NOW WHAT'RE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT THIS MESS?
WELL, I GUARANTEE WE'LL MENTION YOUR COMPLAINT THE NEXT TIME THE BROTHERHOOD ASSEMBLES.

PHILADELPHIA EXPERIMENT
THE WARREN COMMISSION UNPUBLISHED FINDINGS
THE "LOST" ARK
SCULLY, THIS IS MULDER...
DO YOU REMEMBER OUR "ROBOTMAN" INVESTIGATION?
VAGUELY. A LITTLE COMPLAINING ANDROID... A JERKY ROOMMATE AND TOO MANY LOOSE ENDS--WE HAD TO CLOSE THE FILE...
WELL, I THINK IT'S TIME WE REOPENED IT...
THE ALAN PARSONS PROJECT
THE ROBOTMAN PROJECT
TONY ORLANDO AND DAWN

SCULLY, I'VE UNCOVERED A CRATE IN A GOVERNMENT WAREHOUSE LABELED "THE ROBOTMAN PROJECT"...
THE ROBOTM PROJEC
THIS CONTAINS EVERYTHING WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR... NOTEBOOKS, FLOPPY DISKS, VIDEOCASSETTES AND...
OH, MY @#%! IT CAN'T BE!...
MY GREY AND BLACK ARGYLE SOCK THAT DISAPPEARED AT THE LAUNDROMAT...
MULDER, SEE IF THERE'S A LADIES' BROWN, LEFT-HAND ISOTONER GLOVE IN THERE...


SCULLY, YOU'D BETTER SEE THIS VIDEO. IT'S LABELED "THE ROBOTMAN PROJECT"...
HELLO. I'M DR. MONTAHUE AT THE SECRET CENTER FOR ADVANCED SCIENTIFIC WEAPONS THAT EASILY GET OUT OF CONTROL...
I'M DEVELOPING AN ARMY OF BLOODTHIRSTY ROBOT WARRIORS FOR THE PENTAGON, BUT SO FAR, HAVE ENCOUNTERED MINOR SETBACKS.
AND IT'S 1...2... 3...WHAT'RE WE FIGHTIN' FOR?..
HECK NO! WE WON'T GO!

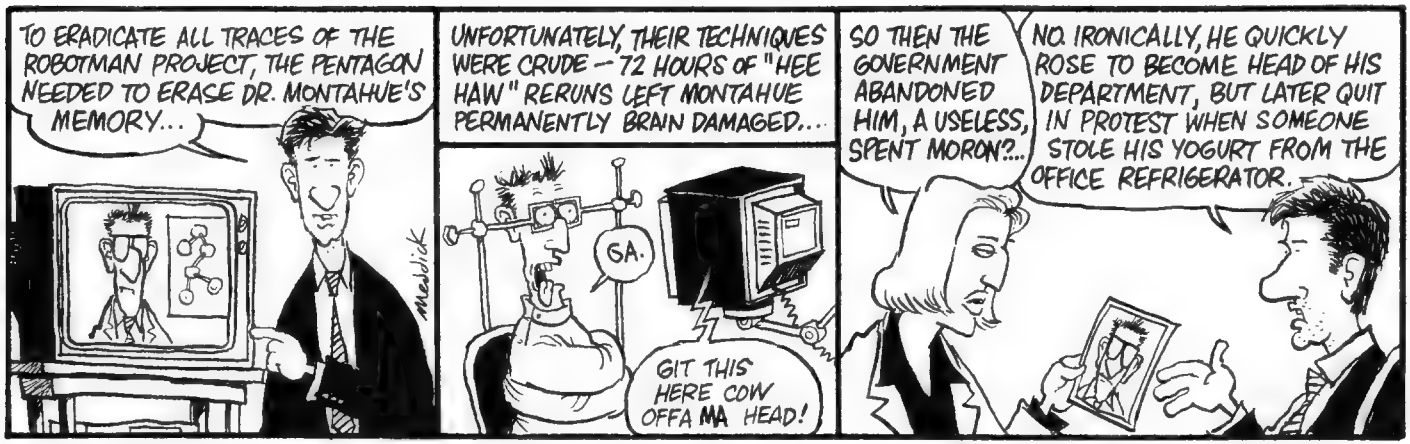

TO CREATE AN EFFECTIVE ROBOT WARRIOR, I DEVELOPED A HIGHLY SOPHISTICATED COMPUTER BRAIN.
BUT ONCE FITTED WITH THIS BRAIN, THE ROBOT LOSES ALL DESIRE TO MAIM AND DESTROY. IT BECOMES A PBS-WATCHING, VEGETARIAN WUSSY...
ALTHOUGH IT DOES OCCASIONALLY ACQUIRE THE URGE TO GIVE JESSE HELMS A NOOGIE...


DR. MONTAHUE'S PROJECT WAS FAILING. ALL HIS ROBOT WARRIORS WERE PACIFISTS.
THAT'S WHERE BRUCE COMES IN...
BRUCE... ROBOTMAN'S EVIL TWIN!
IN A DESPERATE MOVE TO CREATE A A MEANER ROBOT, MONTAHUE TRIED IMPLANTING THE PERSONALITY OF AN IRS EMPLOYEE INTO ONE OF THE ROBOT PROTOTYPES...
THE EXPERIMENT BACKFIRED. NOT ONLY DID THE ROBOT BECOME INSANELY EVIL, BUT MONTAHUE ENDED UP GETTING AUDITED FOR A DUBIOUS HOME OFFICE...
AH HA HA HA!
NO! NOOO!
meddick

MULDER, THERE'RE STILL A LOT OF UNANSWERED QUESTIONS...
LIKE WHY DOES ROBOTMAN THINK HE'S AN ALIEN?
AND WHAT ABOUT THE FAMILY HE USED TO LIVE WITH?
THAT'S ALL EXPLAINED ON THE SECOND VIDEOCASSETTE.
THE ROBOTMAN PROJECT PART 2: THE COVERUP
BE KIND: REWIND
OH, NO. DON'T TELL ME THIS IS A "TO BE CONTINUED" CLIFF HANGER.
YEP... WE'VE EVEN GOT A SHADOWY BACKGROUND CHARACTER TO MAKE IT EXTRA SUSPENSEFUL!
TO BE CONTINUED!
meddick

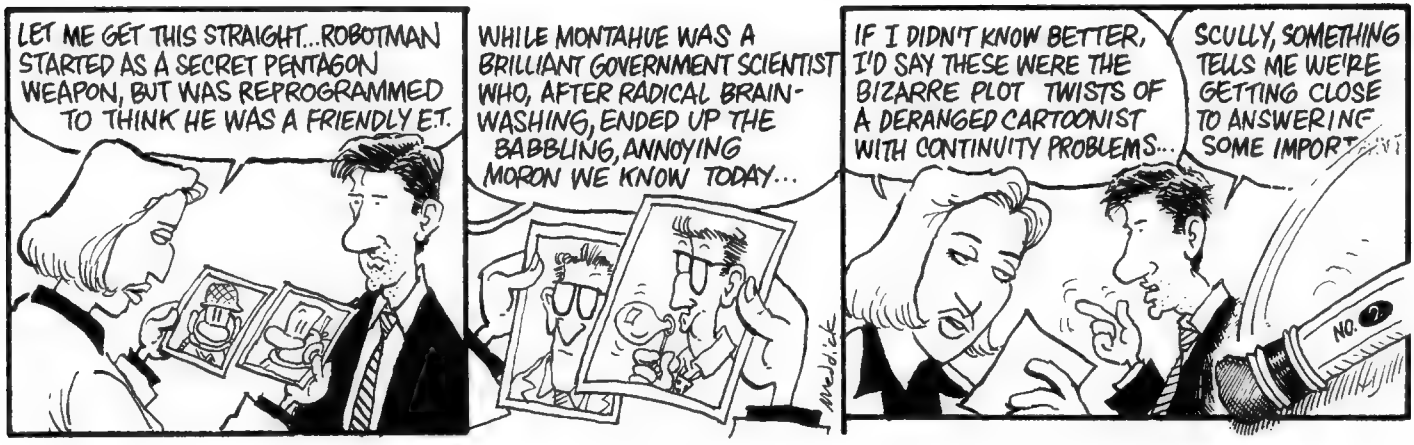
SCULLY, I NEED YOU TO EXAMINE A BODY...
HIS NAME IS EDWARD TOOLE. HE WAS A USED-CAR DEALER IN HYRUM, UTAH...
IT APPEARS HE DIED OF ASPHYXIATION. THERE'S AN UNCHEWED MEATBALL IN HIS WINDPIPE...
meddick
WHAT WAS HIS CONNECTION TO THE ROBOTMAN PROJECT?
NONE. WE JUST NEEDED A DEAD BODY FOR THE OBLIGATORY "X-FILES," GROSS-OUT AUTOPSY SCENE...

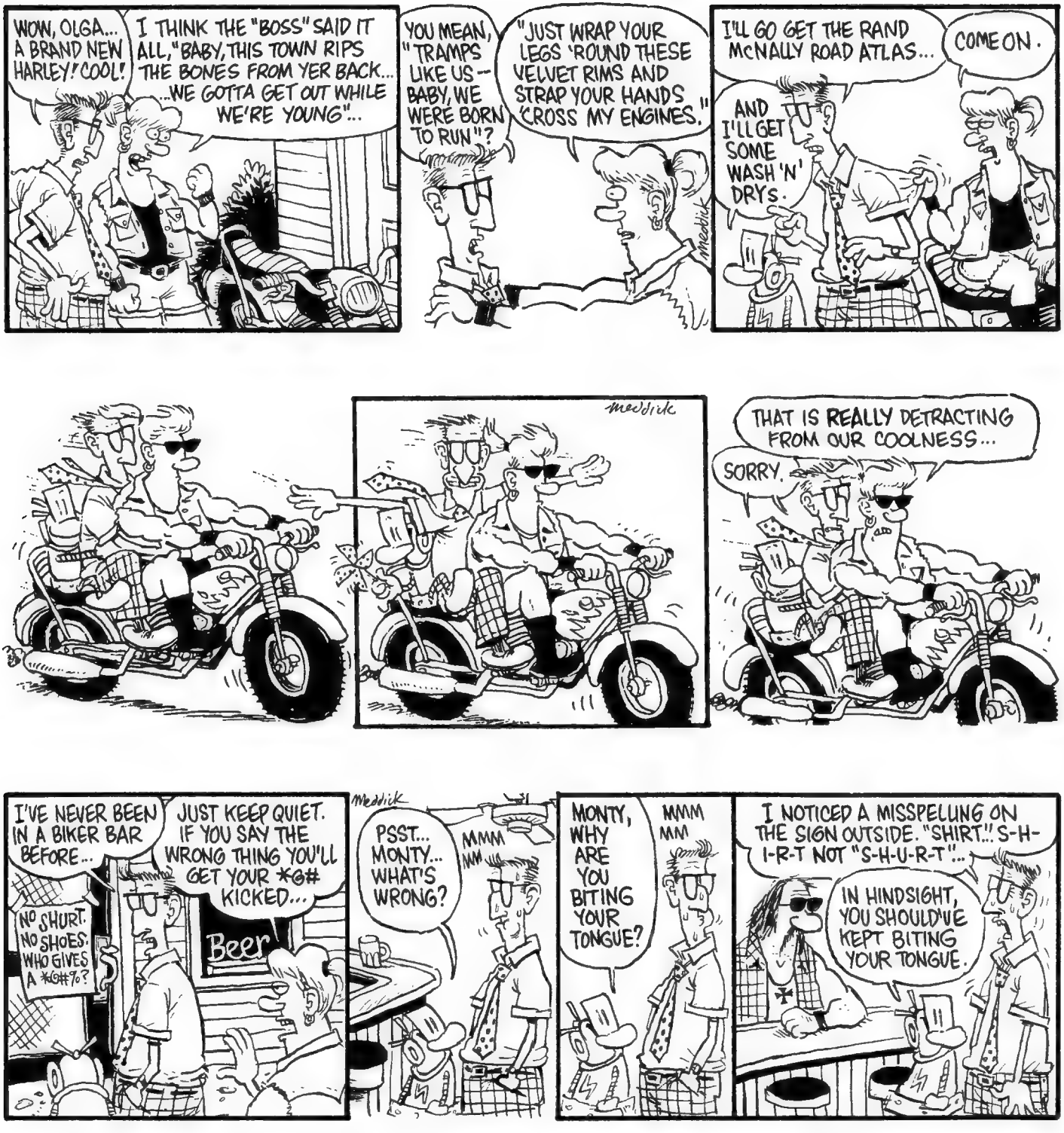
ONCE IT WAS CLEAR THAT THE ROBOTMAN PROJECT HAD FAILED-- THAT MONTAHUE COULDN'T PRODUCE A ROBOT SOLDIER -- THE COVER-UP BEGAN...
ROBOTMAN WAS REPROGRAMMED WITH FALSE MEMORIES OF AN EXTRATERRESTRIAL ORIGIN, THEN RELEASED TO BE ADOPTED BY AN AVERAGE AMERICAN FAMILY...
I ♥ EARTH
meddick
DIE! DIE, YOU GODLESS COMMUNIST HORDES!
I ♥ EARTH
ONLY OCCASIONALLY WOULD REMNANTS OF HIS ORIGINAL PROGRAMMING EMERGE...
I ♥ EARTH


TO ERADICATE ALL TRACES OF THE ROBOTMAN PROJECT, THE PENTAGON NEEDED TO ERASE DR. MONTAHUE'S MEMORY...
meddick
UNFORTUNATELY, THEIR TECHNIQUES WERE CRUDE -- 72 HOURS OF "HEE HAW" RERUNS LEFT MONTAHUE PERMANENTLY BRAIN DAMAGED...
GA.
GIT THIS HERE COW OFFA MA HEAD!
SO THEN THE GOVERNMENT ABANDONED HIM, A USELESS, SPENT MORON?...
NO. IRONICALLY, HE QUICKLY ROSE TO BECOME HEAD OF HIS DEPARTMENT, BUT LATER QUIT IN PROTEST WHEN SOMEONE STOLE HIS YOGURT FROM THE OFFICE REFRIGERATOR.

WHAT THE...?
WHAT IS IT, MULDER?
A "DORGEE," AN ANCIENT AZTEC FERTILITY ICON AND RITUAL BONDING IMPLEMENT...
THE ROBOTMAN PROJECT
A MAN AND WOMAN WOULD PLACE THEIR HANDS INSIDE THIS CHAMBER, THEN PRESS THEIR LIPS AGAINST EITHER SIDE. HERE. I'LL DEMONSTRATE.
WHAT WAS THIS DOING INSIDE A SECRET PENTAGON STORAGE CRATE?
I HAVE NO IDEA, BUT THE SEXUAL TENSION BETWEEN OUR CHARACTERS HELPS THE RATINGS...

"THE ROBOTMAN PROJECT" WAS SHUT DOWN.. THE COVER-UP COMPLETE...
BUT ROBOTMAN, PRIVATELY HAUNTED BY REPRESSED MEMORIES OF HIS TROUBLED PAST, EVENTUALLY LEFT THE MILDE FAMILY IN SEARCH OF HIS TRUE ORIGINS...
WHILE DR. MONTAHUE, A MERE SHELL OF THE MAN HE ONCE WAS, WANDERED THE STREETS COLLECTING FOIL.
UNTIL ONE DAY, AS FATE WOULD HAVE IT, CREATOR AND CREATION MET, AND ON SOME UNCONSCIOUS LEVEL, THERE WAS RECOGNITION!..
WHY DOES THAT GUY ANNOY ME SO MUCH?...
BUS STOP


LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT...ROBOTMAN STARTED AS A SECRET PENTAGON WEAPON, BUT WAS REPROGRAMMED TO THINK HE WAS A FRIENDLY E.T.
WHILE MONTAHUE WAS A BRILLIANT GOVERNMENT SCIENTIST WHO, AFTER RADICAL BRAIN-WASHING, ENDED UP THE BABBLING, ANNOYING MORON WE KNOW TODAY...
IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, I'D SAY THESE WERE THE BIZARRE PLOT TWISTS OF A DERANGED CARTOONIST WITH CONTINUITY PROBLEMS...
SCULLY, SOMETHING TELLS ME WE'RE GETTING CLOSE TO ANSWERING SOME IMPORT
NO.


WOW, OLGA... A BRAND NEW HARLEY! COOL!
I THINK THE "BOSS" SAID IT ALL, "BABY, THIS TOWN RIPS THE BONES FROM YER BACK... ...WE GOTTA GET OUT WHILE WE'RE YOUNG"...
YOU MEAN, "TRAMPS LIKE US -- BABY, WE WERE BORN TO RUN"?
"JUST WRAP YOUR LEGS 'ROUND THESE VELVET RIMS AND STRAP YOUR HANDS 'CROSS MY ENGINES."
I'LL GO GET THE RAND McNALLY ROAD ATLAS...
COME ON.
AND I'LL GET SOME WASH 'N' DRYS.
meddick
THAT IS REALLY DETRACTING FROM OUR COOLNESS...
SORRY.
I'VE NEVER BEEN IN A BIKER BAR BEFORE...
JUST KEEP QUIET. IF YOU SAY THE WRONG THING YOU'LL GET YOUR *@# KICKED...
NO SHURT. NO SHOES. WHO GIVES A *@#%?
Beer
meddick
PSST... MONTY... WHAT'S WRONG?
MMM MM
MONTY, WHY ARE YOU BITING YOUR TONGUE?
MMM MM
I NOTICED A MISSPELLING ON THE SIGN OUTSIDE. "SHIRT". S-H-I-R-T NOT "S-H-U-R-T"...
IN HINDSIGHT, YOU SHOULD'VE KEPT BITING YOUR TONGUE.

HEY, MONTY, CHECK OUT THIS GAME...
COOL. I LOVE GAMES.
THUNK THUNK
THUNK THUNK THUNK THUNK
HERE. YOU TRY.
WELL, I'LL TAKE A "STAB" AT IT...HEH, HEH, BUT I'M WARNING YOU, I USED TO KICK BUTT IN "OPERATION"...
THUNK THUNK
OW.
OWWWCH!
I ASSUME THIS MEANS I SKIP THE BONUS ROUND...

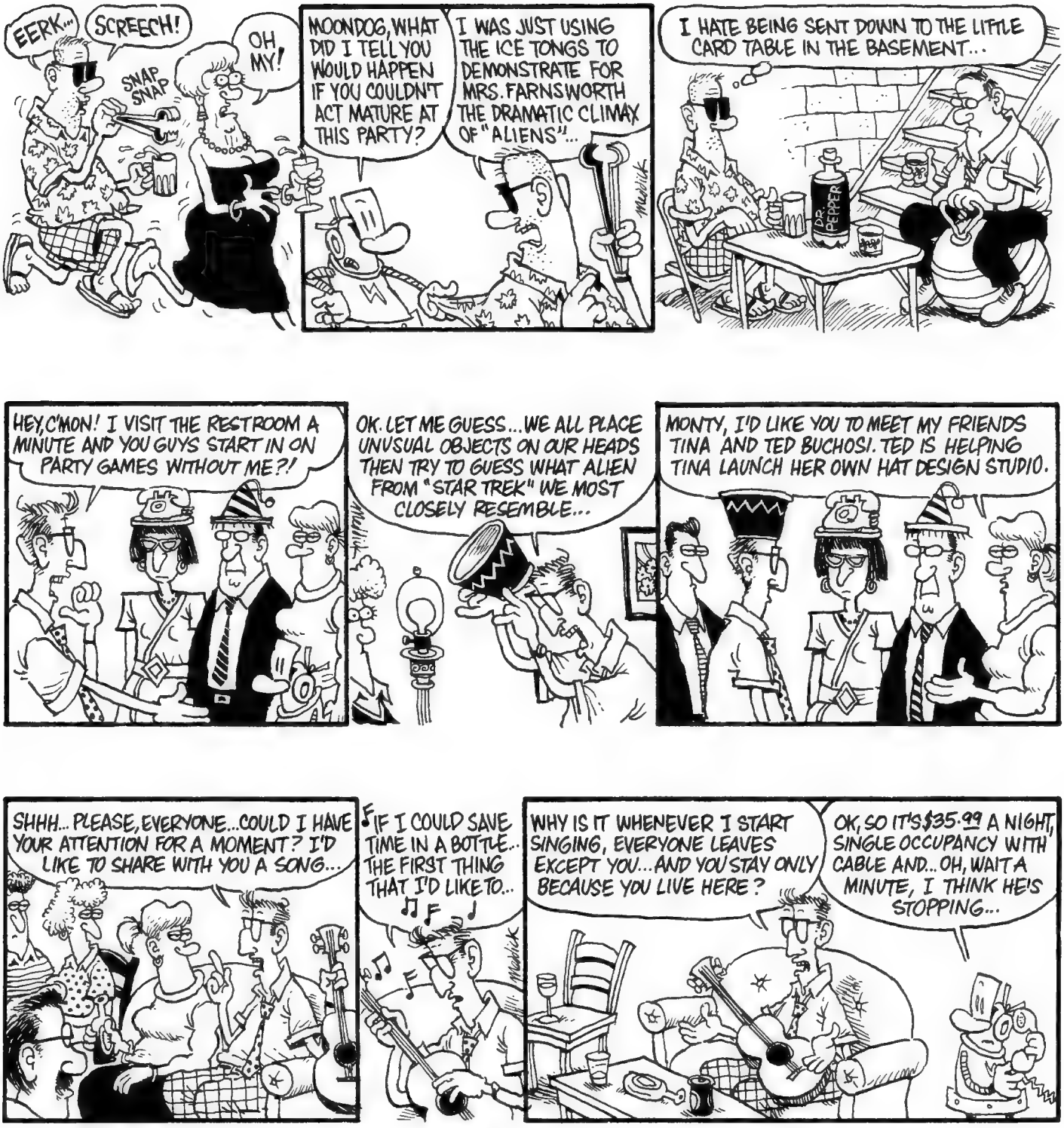
HI, KING COBRA. WE WERE TOLD THAT BEFORE WE CAN JOIN YOUR BIKER GANG, YOU HAVE TO GIVE US NICKNAMES...
YOU'RE "ROAD KILL." YOU'RE "SPEED BUMP."
RRMM
RRMMM
HEY, THAT'S NOT FAIR. HE GAVE HIMSELF A COOL NICKNAME BUT HE GAVE US STUPID ONES!
BBVVVV
IF YOU WANT TO LODGE A COMPLAINT, TALK TO KING COBRA'S ASSISTANT, BIG-FAT-SMELLY-MORON...

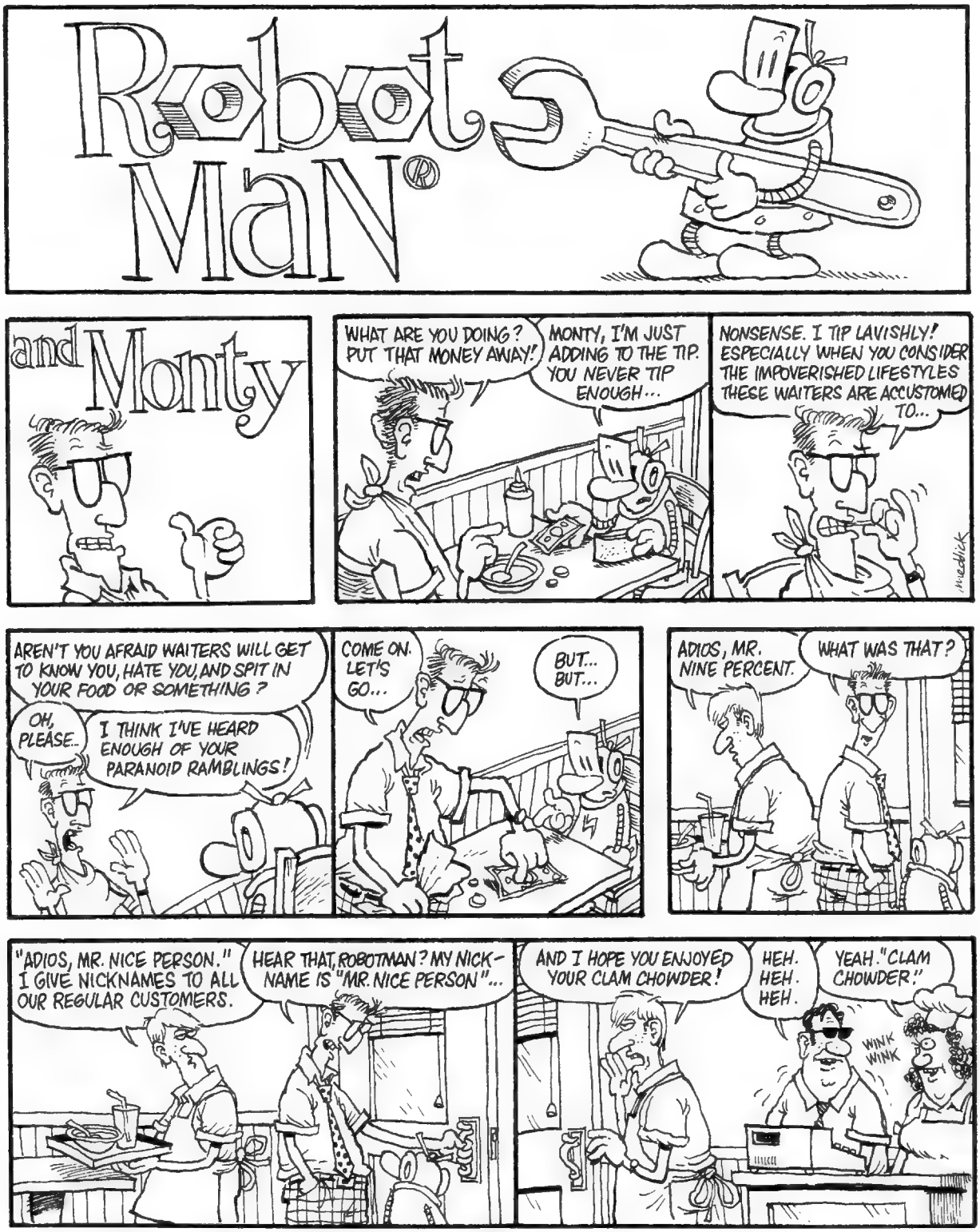
OLGA, WHAT ARE YOU DOING ON KING COBRA'S BIKE?
LOOSEN UP, ROAD KILL... THE BIKER PHILOSOPHY IS FREE LOVE...
RRRMMM
BBBVVVV
HEY, "WHEN YOU'RE NOT WITH THE ONE YOU LOVE, LOVE THE ONE YOU'RE WITH"...
COME HERE, ROBOTMAN, AND LET ME GIVE YOU A HICKEY...

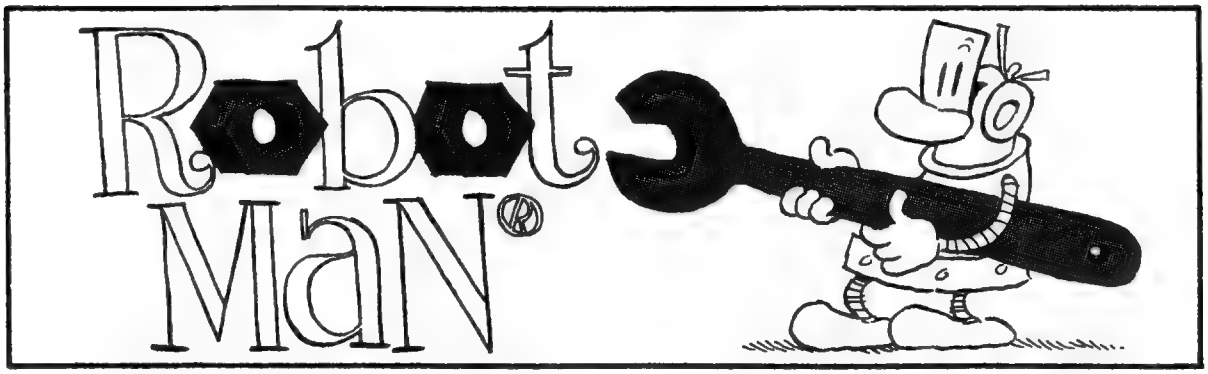
HEY, I'VE GOT AN IDEA...LET'S THROW A PARTY!
ONLY ONE PROBLEM... LAST TIME WE THREW A PARTY NO ONE CAME...
WE'LL PLAY OFF THEIR SYMPATHIES. WE'LL TELL THEM IT'S MY BIRTHDAY.
NOT GOOD ENOUGH. REMEMBER YOUR LAST BIRTHDAY PARTY? ONLY TWO PEOPLE CAME, AND ONE OF THEM WAS DELIVERING THE PIZZA...
OK... IT'S MY BIRTHDAY AND I MAY HAVE A TERMINAL ILLNESS...
HMM... AND WE COULD ADD THAT WE FOUND SOME MONEY BEHIND A SEAT CUSHION THAT'S PROBABLY THEIRS, BUT THEY NEED TO COME IDENTIFY IT...
Meddick

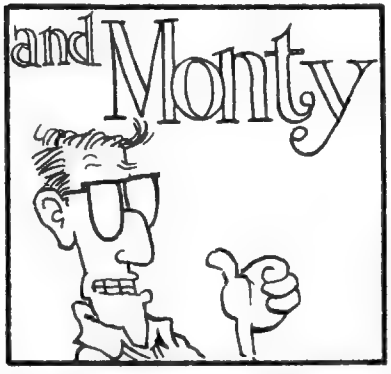
HEY, MOONDOG, WE'RE THINKING OF THROWING A PARTY...
OK. I'VE GOT IT...WE START WITH TEQUILA PONG... THEN, OVER HERE, WE INSTALL THE SLIP 'N' SLIDE BEER COASTER... AND THEN...
SLAP! SLAP!
LET IT GO, MOONDOG! WE'RE ADULTS NOW! COLLEGE IS OVER! O-VER!
MOONDOG STILL SUFFERS FROM POST-FRATERNITY-IDIOCY SYNDROME.
I ASSUME A MR. TURTLE POOL PUNCH BOWL IS OUT OF THE QUESTION...
Meddick

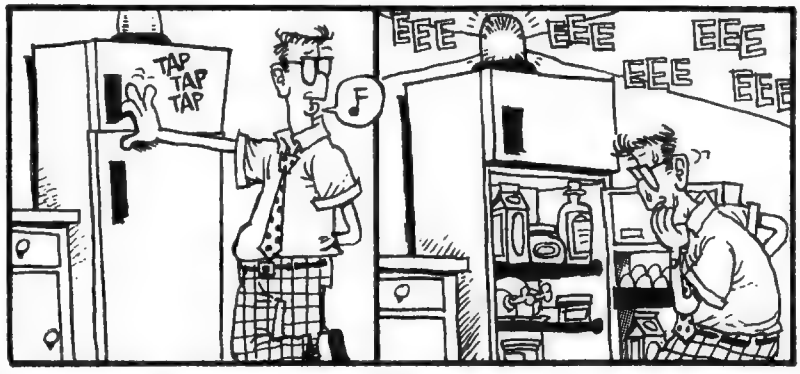
MONTY, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET ISABEL, DOREEN AND DUNCAN...
NICE TO MEET YOU...
I'LL NEVER REMEMBER ALL THESE NAMES WITHOUT USING MNEMONIC TRICKS... UM... ISABEL ISAMESS... DOREEN GIVES ME A SORE SPLEEN... DUNCAN HAS AN ENORMOUS CAN...
TWO HOURS AND FIVE BEERS LATER...
SO TELL ME, ENORMOUS CAN, IS THERE ANYTHING GOING ON BETWEEN YOU AND ISAMESS?
meddick


EERK...
SCREECH!
SWAP SNAP
OH MY!
MOONDOG, WHAT DID I TELL YOU WOULD HAPPEN IF YOU COULDN'T ACT MATURE AT THIS PARTY?
I WAS JUST USING THE ICE TONGS TO DEMONSTRATE FOR MRS. FARNSWORTH THE DRAMATIC CLIMAX OF "ALIENS"...
I HATE BEING SENT DOWN TO THE LITTLE CARD TABLE IN THE BASEMENT...
DR. PEPPER
HEY, C'MON! I VISIT THE RESTROOM A MINUTE AND YOU GUYS START IN ON PARTY GAMES WITHOUT ME?!
OK. LET ME GUESS... WE ALL PLACE UNUSUAL OBJECTS ON OUR HEADS THEN TRY TO GUESS WHAT ALIEN FROM "STAR TREK" WE MOST CLOSELY RESEMBLE...
MONTY, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET MY FRIENDS TINA AND TED BUCHOSI. TED IS HELPING TINA LAUNCH HER OWN HAT DESIGN STUDIO.
SHHH... PLEASE, EVERYONE... COULD I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION FOR A MOMENT? I'D LIKE TO SHARE WITH YOU A SONG...
IF I COULD SAVE TIME IN A BOTTLE... THE FIRST THING THAT I'D LIKE TO...
WHY IS IT WHENEVER I START SINGING, EVERYONE LEAVES EXCEPT YOU... AND YOU STAY ONLY BECAUSE YOU LIVE HERE?
OK, SO IT'S $35.99 A NIGHT, SINGLE OCCUPANCY WITH CABLE AND... OH, WAIT A MINUTE, I THINK HE'S STOPPING...


Robot Man®
and Monty
WHAT ARE YOU DOING? PUT THAT MONEY AWAY!
MONTY, I'M JUST ADDING TO THE TIP. YOU NEVER TIP ENOUGH...
NONSENSE. I TIP LAVISHLY! ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU CONSIDER THE IMPOVERISHED LIFESTYLES THESE WAITERS ARE ACCUSTOMED TO...
AREN'T YOU AFRAID WAITERS WILL GET TO KNOW YOU, HATE YOU, AND SPIT IN YOUR FOOD OR SOMETHING?
OH, PLEASE..
I THINK I'VE HEARD ENOUGH OF YOUR PARANOID RAMBLINGS!
COME ON. LET'S GO...
BUT... BUT...
ADIOS, MR. NINE PERCENT.
WHAT WAS THAT?
"ADIOS, MR. NICE PERSON." I GIVE NICKNAMES TO ALL OUR REGULAR CUSTOMERS.
HEAR THAT, ROBOTMAN? MY NICK-NAME IS "MR. NICE PERSON"...
AND I HOPE YOU ENJOYED YOUR CLAM CHOWDER!
HEH. HEH. HEH.
YEAH. "CLAM CHOWDER!"
WINK WINK

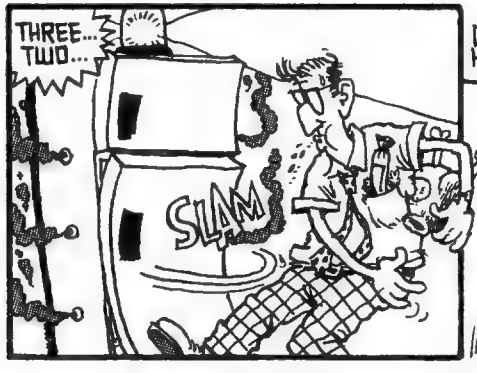

Robot MaN®

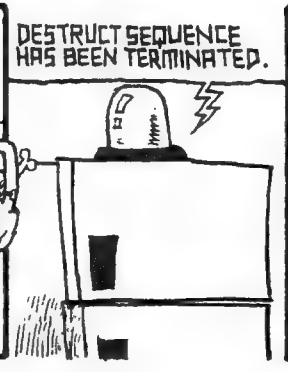

and Monty

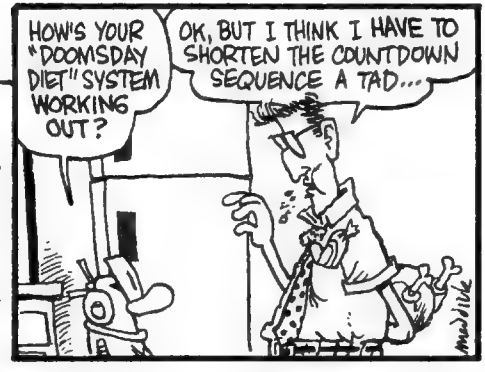

TAP TAP TAP
EEE
EEE
EEE
EEE
EEE

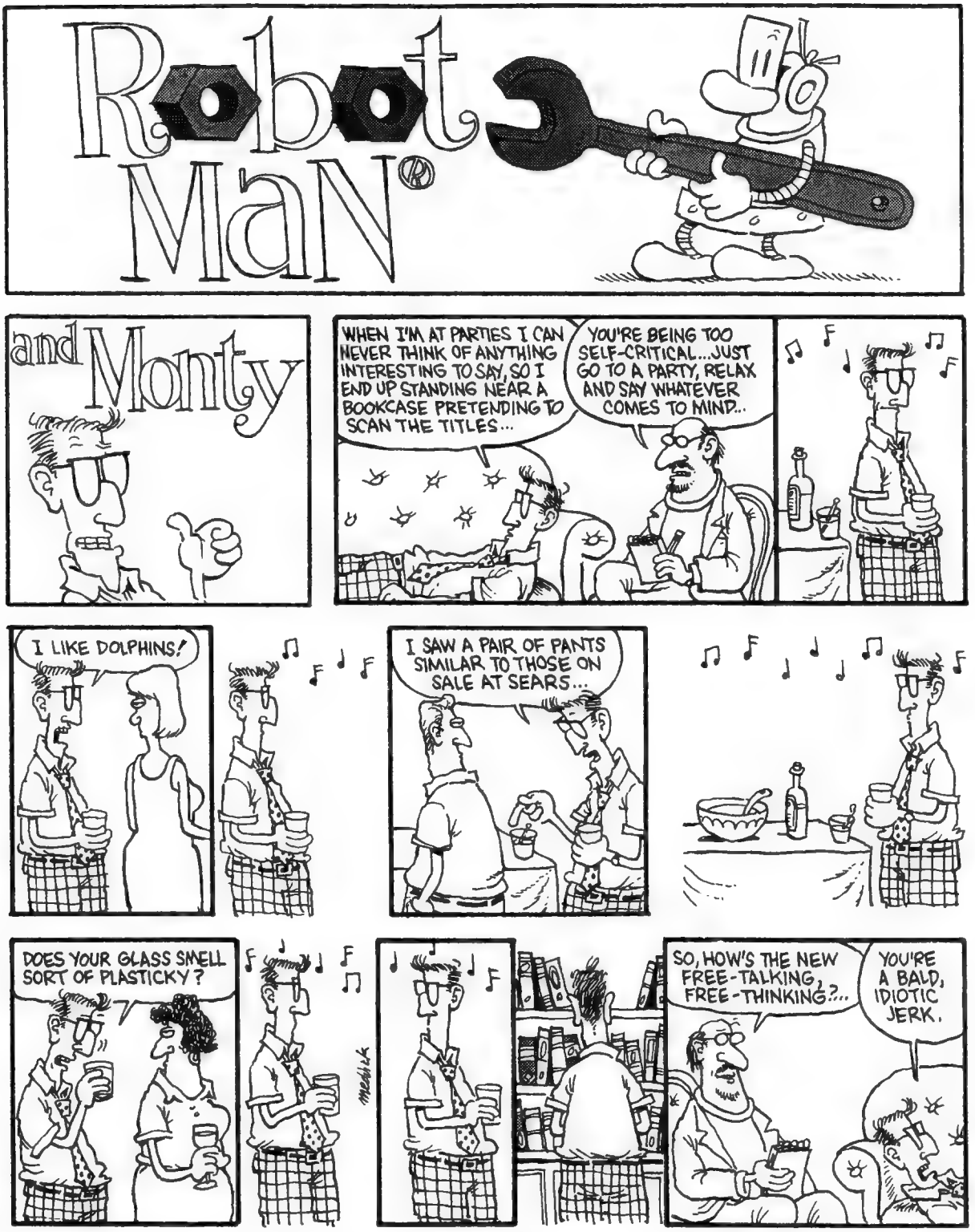
YOU HAVE INITIATED THE DESTRUCT SEQUENCE. TEN SECONDS TO REACTOR CORE MELTDOWN...
EEE
EEE
EEE
NINE... EIGHT... SEVEN...
SEVEN SECONDS TO THERMONUCLEAR REACTION...
EEE
EEE

SIX... FIVE... FOUR...
FOUR SECONDS TO DETONATION...
EEE
EEE

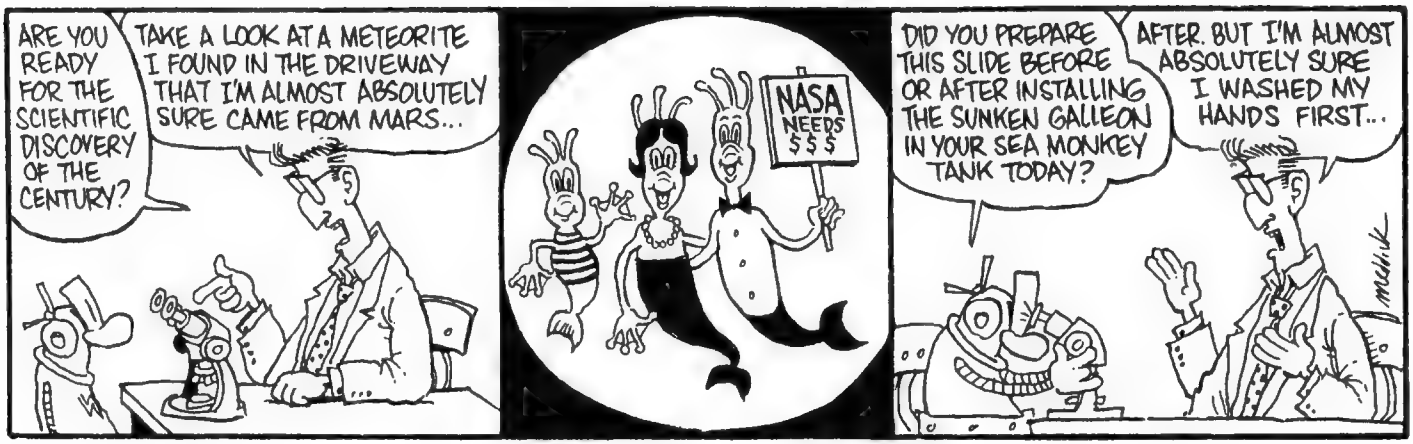

THREE... TWO...
SLAM

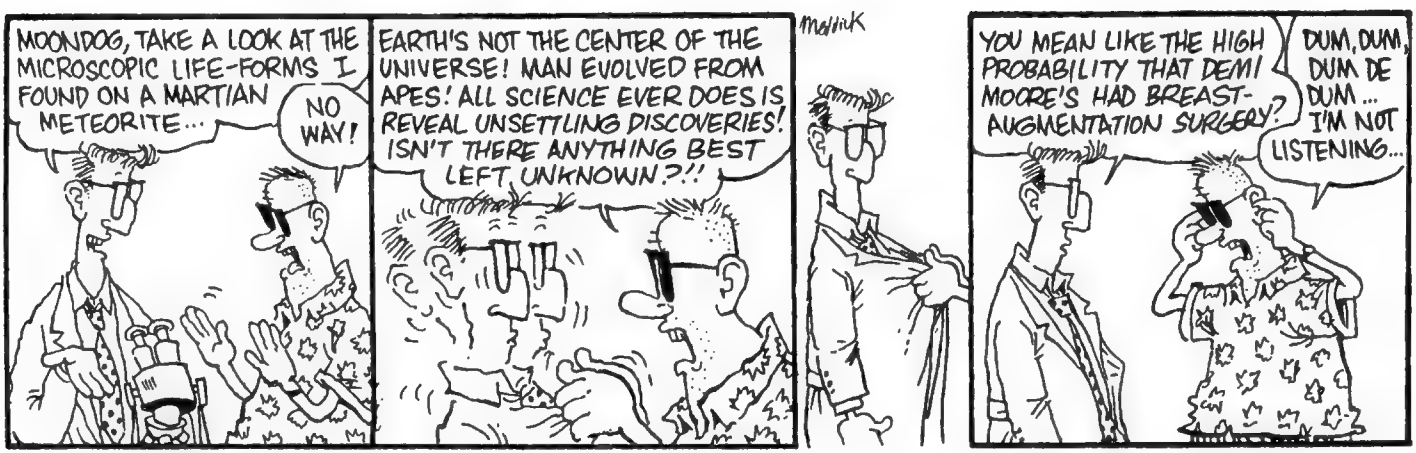

DESTRUCT SEQUENCE HAS BEEN TERMINATED.

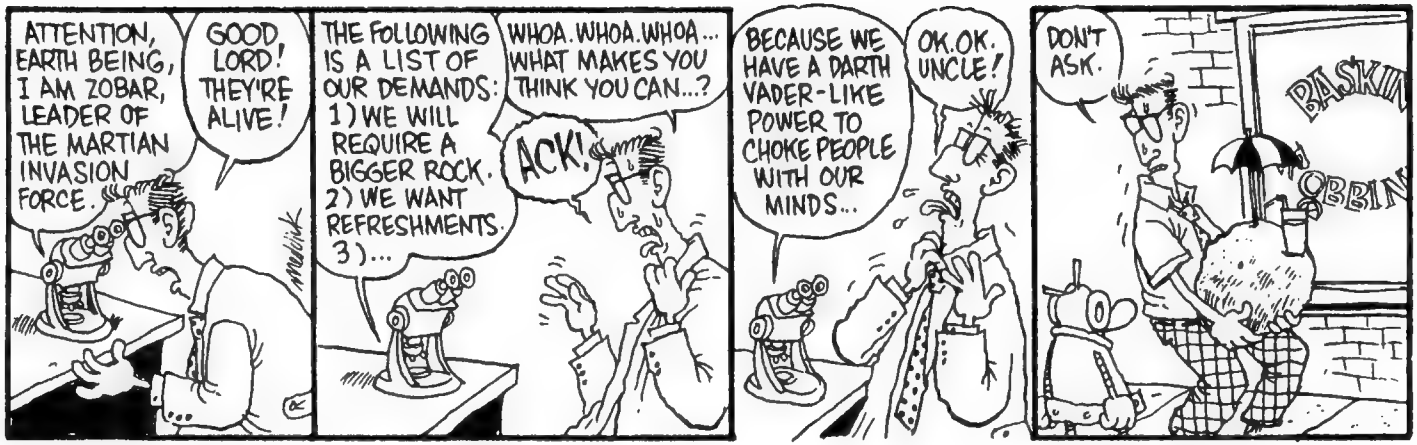

HOW'S YOUR "DOOMSDAY DIET" SYSTEM WORKING OUT?
OK, BUT I THINK I HAVE TO SHORTEN THE COUNTDOWN SEQUENCE A TAD...


Robot MaN®
and Monty
WHEN I'M AT PARTIES I CAN NEVER THINK OF ANYTHING INTERESTING TO SAY, SO I END UP STANDING NEAR A BOOKCASE PRETENDING TO SCAN THE TITLES...
YOU'RE BEING TOO SELF-CRITICAL...JUST GO TO A PARTY, RELAX AND SAY WHATEVER COMES TO MIND..
I LIKE DOLPHINS!
I SAW A PAIR OF PANTS SIMILAR TO THOSE ON SALE AT SEARS...
DOES YOUR GLASS SMELL SORT OF PLASTICKY?
SO, HOW'S THE NEW FREE-TALKING, FREE-THINKING?...
YOU'RE A BALD, IDIOTIC JERK.

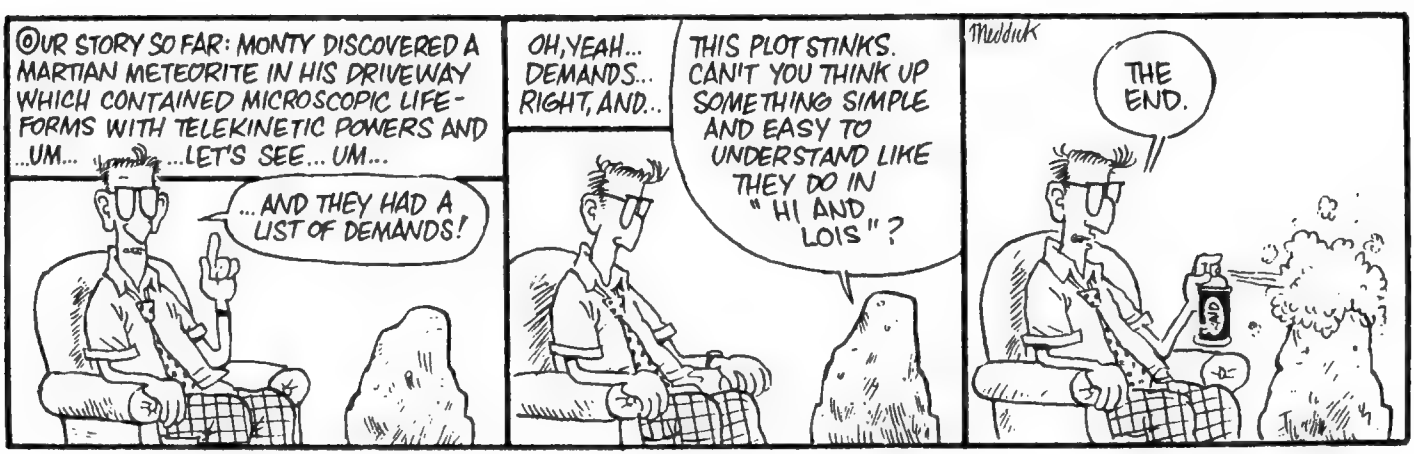
IS THAT A REPLICA OF THE MOTHER-SHIP FROM "INDEPENDENCE DAY"?
NO, NO... IT'S JUST A KICK-BUTT UNIVERSAL REMOTE I BOUGHT... HERE..CHECK THIS OUT..
CHING CHING CHING
TODAY IN THE NEWS...
IT'S BILL CLINTON. HE'S WONDERING WHEN YOU'LL CALL OFF THE DEF-CON 3 NUCLEAR READINESS ALERT.
I'M WORKING ON IT. SO FAR I THINK I'VE FIGURED OUT HOW TO PAUSE THE VCR.
mallick

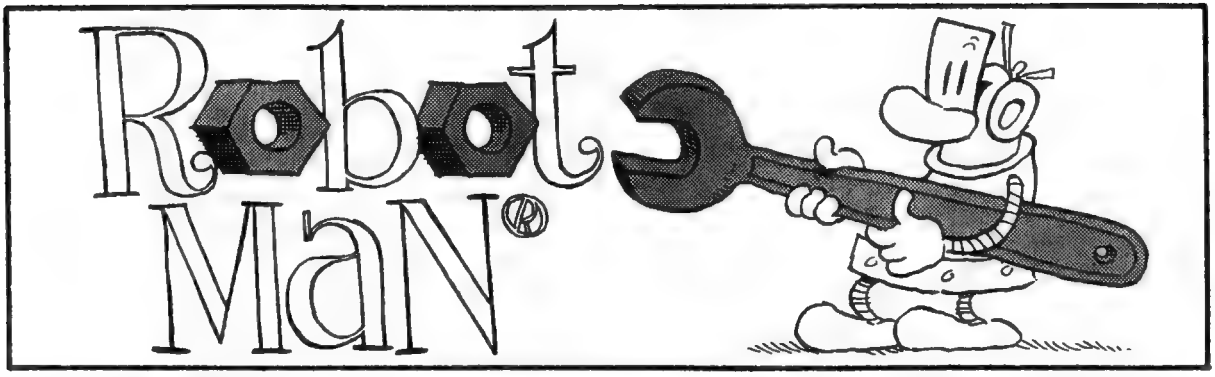

ARE YOU READY FOR THE SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY OF THE CENTURY?
TAKE A LOOK AT A METEORITE I FOUND IN THE DRIVEWAY THAT I'M ALMOST ABSOLUTELY SURE CAME FROM MARS...
NASA NEEDS $$$
DID YOU PREPARE THIS SLIDE BEFORE OR AFTER INSTALLING THE SUNKEN GALLEON IN YOUR SEA MONKEY TANK TODAY?
AFTER. BUT I'M ALMOST ABSOLUTELY SURE I WASHED MY HANDS FIRST...
mallick


MOONDOG, TAKE A LOOK AT THE MICROSCOPIC LIFE-FORMS I FOUND ON A MARTIAN METEORITE...
NO WAY!
EARTH'S NOT THE CENTER OF THE UNIVERSE! MAN EVOLVED FROM APES! ALL SCIENCE EVER DOES IS REVEAL UNSETTLING DISCOVERIES! ISN'T THERE ANYTHING BEST LEFT UNKNOWN?!!
mallick
YOU MEAN LIKE THE HIGH PROBABILITY THAT DEMI MOORE'S HAD BREAST-AUGMENTATION SURGERY?
DUM, DUM, DUM DE DUM... I'M NOT LISTENING...


ATTENTION, EARTH BEING, I AM ZOBAR, LEADER OF THE MARTIAN INVASION FORCE.
GOOD, LORD! THEY'RE ALIVE!
THE FOLLOWING IS A LIST OF OUR DEMANDS: 1) WE WILL REQUIRE A BIGGER ROCK. 2) WE WANT REFRESHMENTS. 3)...
WHOA. WHOA. WHOA... WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU CAN...?
ACK!
BECAUSE WE HAVE A DARTH VADER-LIKE POWER TO CHOKE PEOPLE WITH OUR MINDS...
OK. OK. UNCLE!
DON'T ASK.
BASKIN
ROBBIN

WE ARE DISPLEASED WITH YOU. WE WILL PUNISH YOU BY USING OUR MINDS TO MAKE YOU DO A HUMILIATING JIG.
NO. NO. I'M SORRY. PLEASE DON'T... PLEASE...
I'M A LITTLE TEA-POT, SHORT 'N' STOUT... THIS IS MY...
MONTY, ARE YOU OK?
THE MARTIANS ARE FORCING ME TO DO HUMILIATING THINGS.
WOW. DID THEY FORCE YOU TO WEAR THOSE PANTS?
NO. ACTUALLY, I PICKED THESE OUT MYSELF.
WE WILL NOW PUNISH YOU FOR YOUR BAD FASHION SENSE.


©UR STORY SO FAR: MONTY DISCOVERED A MARTIAN METEORITE IN HIS DRIVEWAY WHICH CONTAINED MICROSCOPIC LIFE-FORMS WITH TELEKINETIC POWERS AND ...UM... ...LET'S SEE... UM...
...AND THEY HAD A LIST OF DEMANDS!
OH, YEAH... DEMANDS... RIGHT, AND...
THIS PLOT STINKS. CAN'T YOU THINK UP SOMETHING SIMPLE AND EASY TO UNDERSTAND LIKE THEY DO IN "HI AND LOIS"?
Meddick
THE END.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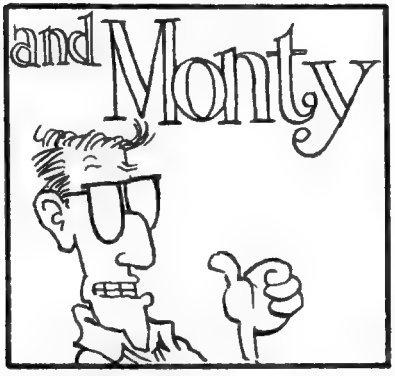
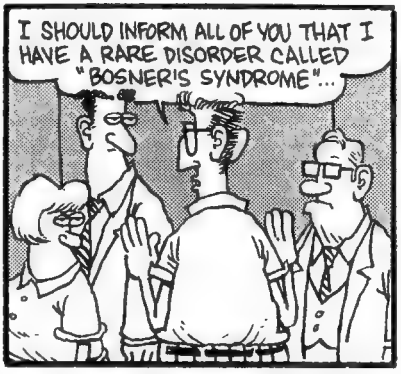
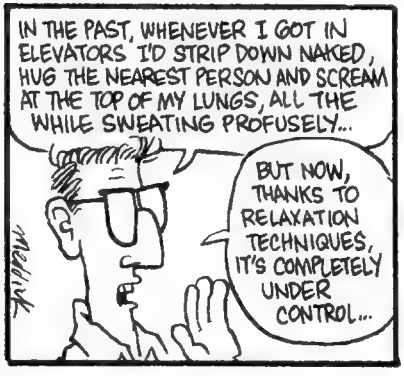
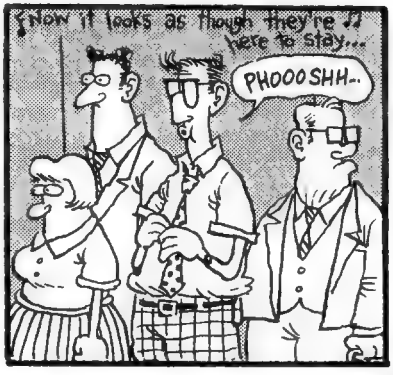

and Monty

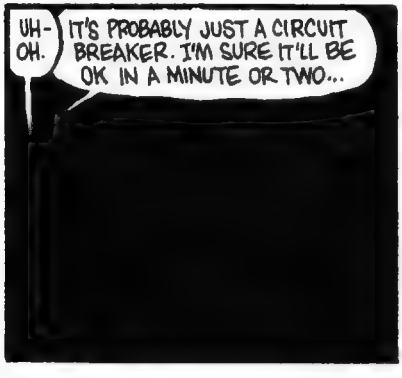
♪ Yesterday... all my troubles seemed so...
PHOOOOSH...


I SHOULD INFORM ALL OF YOU THAT I HAVE A RARE DISORDER CALLED "BOSNER'S SYNDROME"...

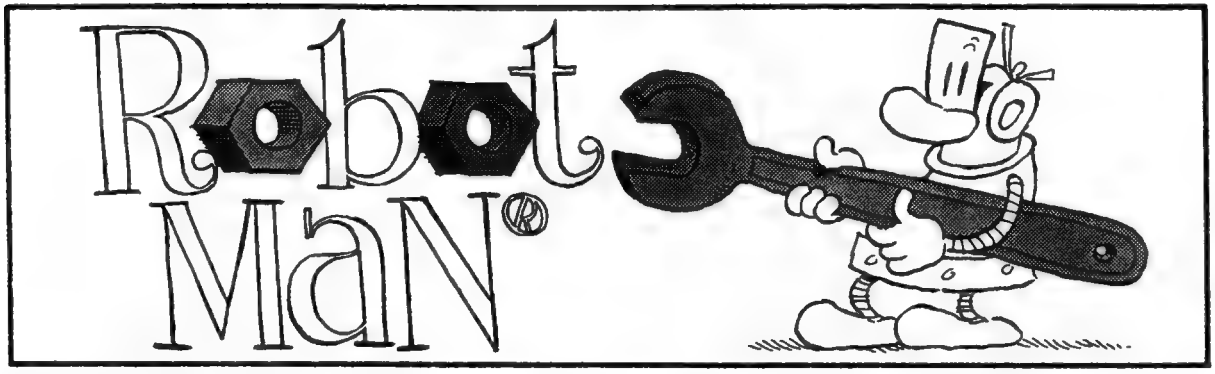

IN THE PAST, WHENEVER I GOT IN ELEVATORS I'D STRIP DOWN NAKED, HUG THE NEAREST PERSON AND SCREAM AT THE TOP OF MY LUNGS, ALL THE WHILE SWEATING PROFUSELY...
BUT NOW, THANKS TO RELAXATION TECHNIQUES, IT'S COMPLETELY UNDER CONTROL...

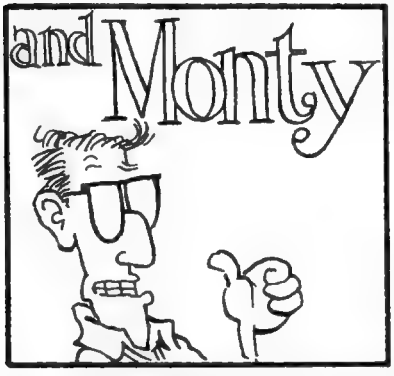

♪ Now it looks as though they're here to stay...
PHOOOSHH...

♪ I believe in yesterrrrrrrrr...
WHAT THE...?!


UH-OH.
IT'S PROBABLY JUST A CIRCUIT BREAKER. I'M SURE IT'LL BE OK IN A MINUTE OR TWO...

EEIIAAHHHEEIIA!
AND, AS FATE WOULD HAVE IT, I JUST HAD THIS SUIT DRY-CLEANED.


Robot Man®


and Monty

I GOT A MINI-TAPE RECORDER SO I CAN STORE MY THOUGHTS DURING THE DAY, THEN TRANSCRIBE THEM LATER...
ALL SUCCESSFUL MOVERS AND SHAKERS USE THESE...
OH. OK.

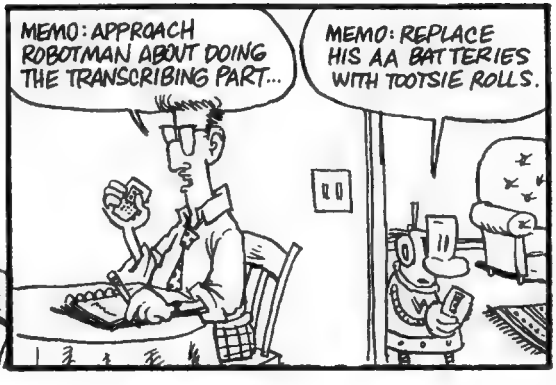
MOVIE CONCEPT: "ROBIN IN THE HOOD." AFRICAN-AMERICAN CAT BURGLAR/ GOOD SAMARITAN. CAST: WILL SMITH AS ROBIN... AL ROKER AS FRIAR TUCK.

PROPOSAL: NEW MAGAZINE CALLED "MAGAZINE" ABOUT MAGAZINES FOR PEOPLE WHO LOVE MAGAZINES. SELLING POINT: BUILT-IN SUBSCRIBER BASE.

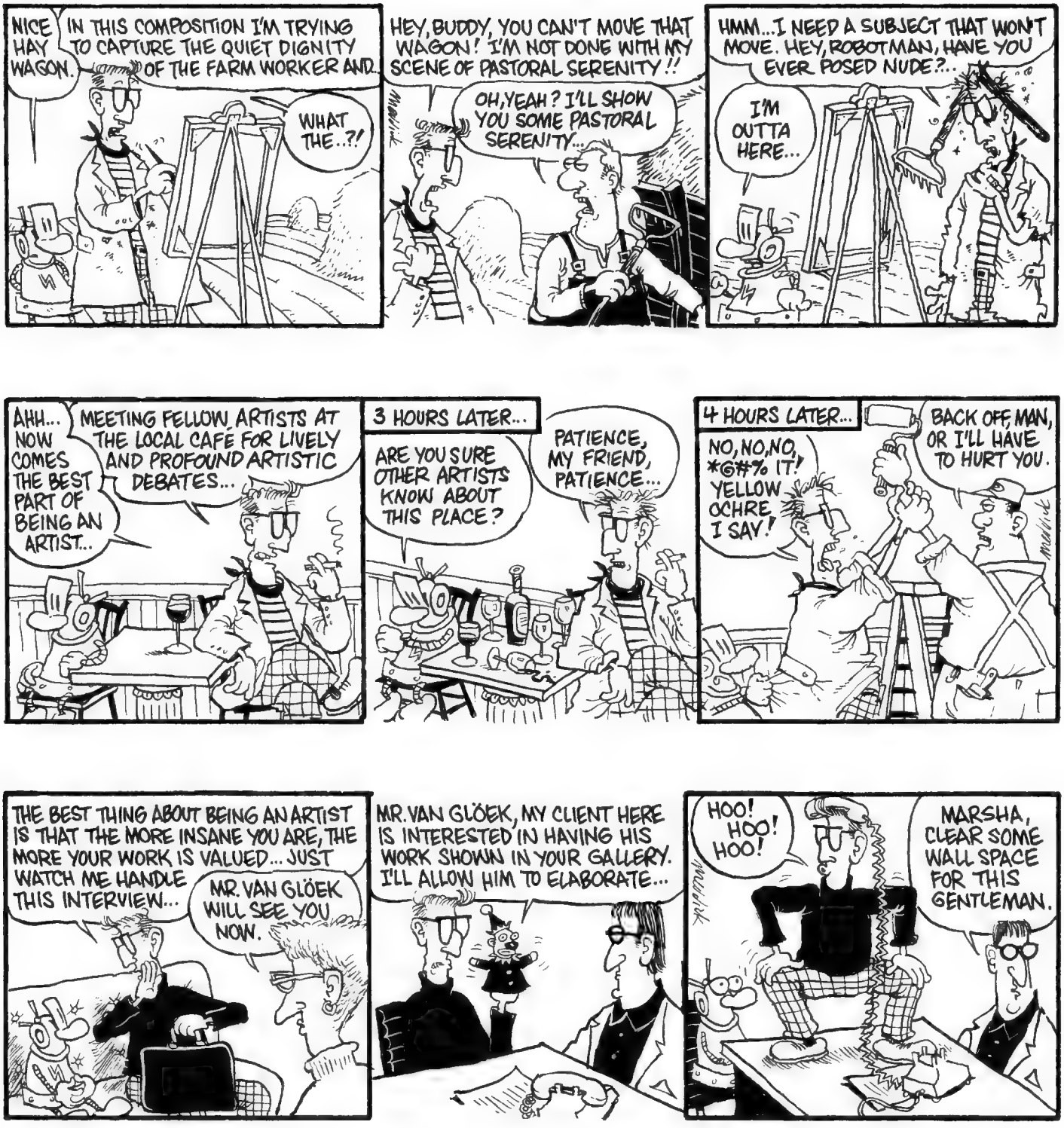
PATENT IDEA: "ADULT SAFETY CAPS." ONLY OPERABLE BY CHILDREN. FOR USE ON CANDY CONTAINERS.

LATER...
...MARKET CAN OF PORK AND BEANS WITHOUT REPULSIVE WHITE CUBE INSIDE...
..."MARKET...CAN...OF..." UMMM... MAN, IT'S HARD TO KEEP UP...
mewirk

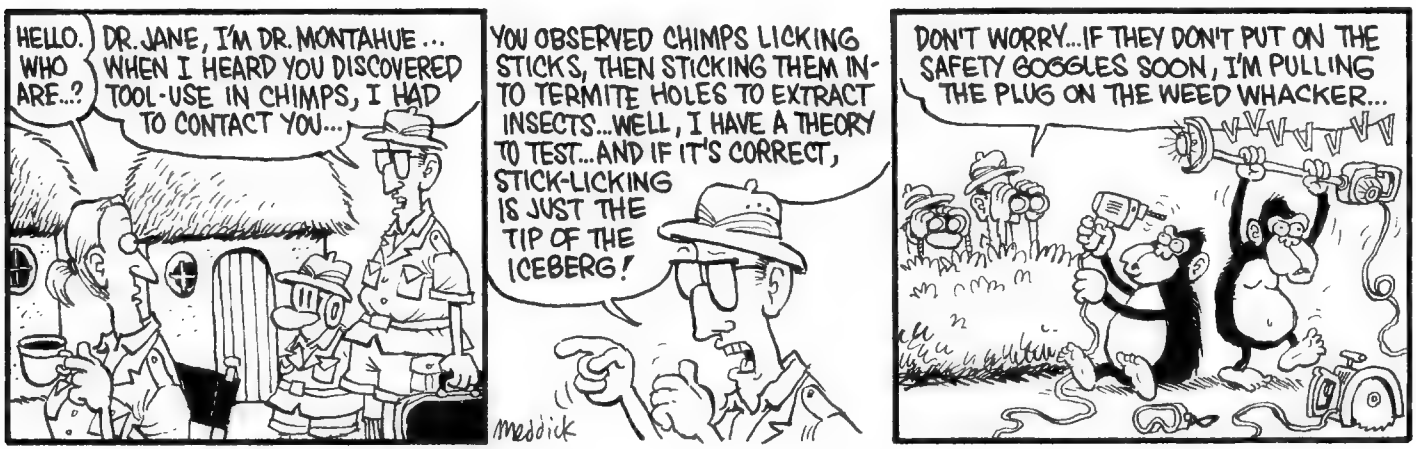
WRITING ALL THIS DOWN ISN'T EASY... IF ONLY... HMMM...


MEMO: APPROACH ROBOTMAN ABOUT DOING THE TRANSCRIBING PART...
MEMO: REPLACE HIS AA BATTERIES WITH TOOTSIE ROLLS.

THIS BIOGRAPHY OF VAN GOGH HAS TOTALLY CHANGED MY LIFE! I REALIZE NOW THAT I TOO AM A MISUNDERSTOOD GENIUS SCORNED BY THE SHORTSIGHTED CRITICS OF MY TIME...
Vincent Van Gogh
385 PAGES. YOU READ THIS?
I READ ALL THE JACKET COPY, HALF OF THE FIRST CHAPTER AND MOST OF THE CAPTIONS UNDER THE PICTURES...
MONTY, THAT'S NOT READING... THAT'S JUST...
A-HA HA HA, MY SHORTSIGHTED FRIEND!...HEAP ON THE SCORN! I LAUGH NOW AND HISTORIANS WILL LAUGH IN DAYS TO COME!
MONTY...ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR HAND?
NOW I KNOW WHAT VINCENT VAN GOGH MUST'VE GONE THROUGH.
I WAS OUT PAINTING IN THE STARRY, STARRY NIGHT, WHEN SUDDENLY I HAD AN OVERWHELMING, INEXPLICABLE DESIRE TO CUT OFF A PART OF MY BODY AND MAIL IT TO THE WOMAN I LOVE...
WHAT... WHAT IS IT?
IF I HAD TO GUESS, I'D SAY IT'S AN ENVELOPE OF CUTICLES...
MAIL
UM... I DON'T GET IT.
OF COURSE YOU DON'T... YOU'RE NOT AN ARTIST...
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE FILLED WITH VISIONS... VISIONS THAT HAUNT THE SOUL AND DEMAND TO BE GIVEN FORM!
VISIONS OF PAMELA ANDERSON WRESTLING CHIMPANZEES?
THIS CHIMP HERE REPRESENTS MAN'S STRUGGLE TO CONFRONT HIS OWN MORTALITY...

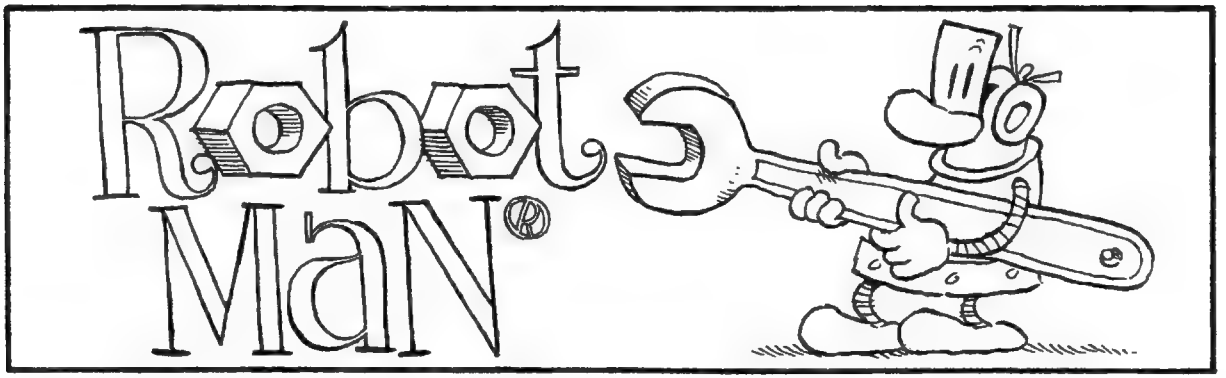

NICE HAY WAGON.
IN THIS COMPOSITION I'M TRYING TO CAPTURE THE QUIET DIGNITY OF THE FARM WORKER AND...
WHAT THE..?!
HEY, BUDDY, YOU CAN'T MOVE THAT WAGON! I'M NOT DONE WITH MY SCENE OF PASTORAL SERENITY!!
OH, YEAH? I'LL SHOW YOU SOME PASTORAL SERENITY...
HMM...I NEED A SUBJECT THAT WON'T MOVE. HEY, ROBOTMAN, HAVE YOU EVER POSED NUDE?..
I'M OUTTA HERE...
AHH... NOW COMES THE BEST PART OF BEING AN ARTIST...
MEETING FELLOW ARTISTS AT THE LOCAL CAFÉ FOR LIVELY AND PROFOUND ARTISTIC DEBATES...
3 HOURS LATER...
ARE YOU SURE OTHER ARTISTS KNOW ABOUT THIS PLACE?
PATIENCE, MY FRIEND, PATIENCE...
4 HOURS LATER...
NO, NO, NO, *@#% IT! YELLOW OCHRE I SAY!
BACK OFF, MAN, OR I'LL HAVE TO HURT YOU.
THE BEST THING ABOUT BEING AN ARTIST IS THAT THE MORE INSANE YOU ARE, THE MORE YOUR WORK IS VALUED... JUST WATCH ME HANDLE THIS INTERVIEW...
MR. VAN GLÖEK WILL SEE YOU NOW.
MR. VAN GLÖEK, MY CLIENT HERE IS INTERESTED IN HAVING HIS WORK SHOWN IN YOUR GALLERY. I'LL ALLOW HIM TO ELABORATE...
HOO! HOO! HOO!
MARSHA, CLEAR SOME WALL SPACE FOR THIS GENTLEMAN.

TELL ME, DR. MONTAHUE, WHAT IS IT THAT DRAWS A MAN LIKE YOU INTO THE JUNGLE, SO FAR FROM FAMILY AND FRIENDS?... SURELY IT IS MORE THAN SCIENTIFIC CURIOSITY...
WELL, MATAMBE, THERE IS IN ME A LONGING TO CAST OFF THE COMPLEXITIES OF CIVILIZATION AND RETURN TO A SIMPLER, MORE HARMONIOUS WAY OF...
MONTY, I THINK THE VISA CARD ACCOUNT GUY IS GAINING ON US...
FASTER, MATAMBE, FASTER!
meddick


HELLO. WHO ARE...?
DR. JANE, I'M DR. MONTAHUE... WHEN I HEARD YOU DISCOVERED TOOL-USE IN CHIMPS, I HAD TO CONTACT YOU...
YOU OBSERVED CHIMPS LICKING STICKS, THEN STICKING THEM INTO TERMITE HOLES TO EXTRACT INSECTS...WELL, I HAVE A THEORY TO TEST...AND IF IT'S CORRECT, STICK-LICKING IS JUST THE TIP OF THE ICEBERG!
DON'T WORRY...IF THEY DON'T PUT ON THE SAFETY GOGGLES SOON, I'M PULLING THE PLUG ON THE WEED WHACKER...
meddick

Having arrived at Dr. Jane's primate-research camp, I am much impressed by Dr. Jane's intelligence, charm and, I might add, physical beauty...
Why a woman of her considerable appeal would choose a life so removed from the company of men remains a mystery...Perhaps, with time, the answer will become clear.
A visiting scientist, Dr. Montahue, arrived today -- his presence quickly reminding me why I chose a life of solitude...
SO, DOC, D'YOU THINK WE'LL GET T'SEE ANY MONKEYS "MAKING IT" TOMORROW?
meddick

YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY AT THIS DISTANCE. IT TAKES THE CHIMPS WEEKS BEFORE THEY ADJUST TO A NEWCOMER'S SCENT, APPEARANCE, MANNERISMS AND...
GOOD LORD. BE PREPARED TO RUN ON MY SIGNAL...
REMARKABLE. THEY'VE NEVER ACCLIMATED TO A HUMAN SO QUICKLY...
DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT I THINK LITTLE KEEBA IS DOING THE MATING DANCE.
MONTY! THERE YOU ARE! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU?
I SPENT THE NIGHT WITH THE CHIMPS...TO TRULY LEARN THEIR WAYS...
YOU HAVE NO IDEA, MY FRIEND! I LEARNED HOW TO FIND WATER IN A TREE HOLLOW!..HOW TO COMMUNICATE WITH A SPIDER MONKEY!
AND I LEARNED HOW A SIMPLE BROAD LEAF CAN BE USED FOR A VARIETY OF PERSONAL HYGIENE APPLICATIONS!
UM...HOW WOULD A SPIDER MONKEY SAY "SPARE ME THE DETAILS"?
"TARZAN" SHOWED THE GLAMOROUS SIDE OF LIFE AMONG THE APES...SWINGING THROUGH TREES, WRESTLING ALLIGATORS.
BUT DID "TARZAN" EVER SHOW THE KINDER, GENTLER SIDE?
FOR INSTANCE, GRAMPA HERE HAS NO TEETH, BUT WE ALL TAKE TURNS PRE-CHEWING HIS FOOD FOR HIM AND BITING THE LICE OFF HIS GREYING COAT...
THAT MAY EXPLAIN WHY "TARZAN" IS A HOUSEHOLD NAME, WHILE "ROBOTMAN" IS KNOWN ONLY AMONG SUBSCRIBERS OF THE "TALLAHASSEE MORNING TRIBUNE."
GRANDMA! A GRUB... FOR ME?!


Robot Man®

and Monty

HI. SORRY. NO ONE'S HERE RIGHT NOW. AT THE SOUND OF THE TONE PLEASE LEAVE A MESSAGE...
HI. SORRY. NO ONE'S HERE RIGHT...
I SOUND SO NASAL! I'VE GOT TO RE-RECORD IT. I'LL TRY A CASUAL APPROACH...

HI THERE! HEH, HEH... I JUST STEPPED OUT, BUT AT THE "BEEP" LAY IT ON ME, HEH, HEH, HEH...
NO. NO. NO. THAT'S NOT RIGHT...
GREETINGS. YOU'VE REACHED THE MONTAHUE RESIDENCE. I'M DREADFULLY SORRY, BUT I'M CURRENTLY INDISPOSED AND...
HERE. GIVE ME THAT.

HEY. NOBODY'S HERE. AT THE SOUND OF THE BEER CAN, TALK...
FFFT
THAT'S RIDICULOUS! WHAT KIND OF MESSAGE IS...?

ROBOTMAN'S TOO KIND TO TELL YOU, BUT SOMEONE HAS TO: IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT YOUR MESSAGE SOUNDS LIKE...NO ONE EVER CALLS YOU. DO YOU UNDERSTAND? NO ONE. JUST LET IT GO.
WHOA. TOUGH LOVE.

HI. I'M NOT HERE. AS IF YOU CARE... YOU PROBABLY DIALED WRONG... PROBABLY HAD SOMEONE ELSE IN MIND... A FRIEND PERHAPS OR... UMM... ANYWAY... AT THE SOUND OF THE GENTLE SOBS PLEASE, PLEASE LEAVE A MESSAGE...
THAT'S A KEEPER.

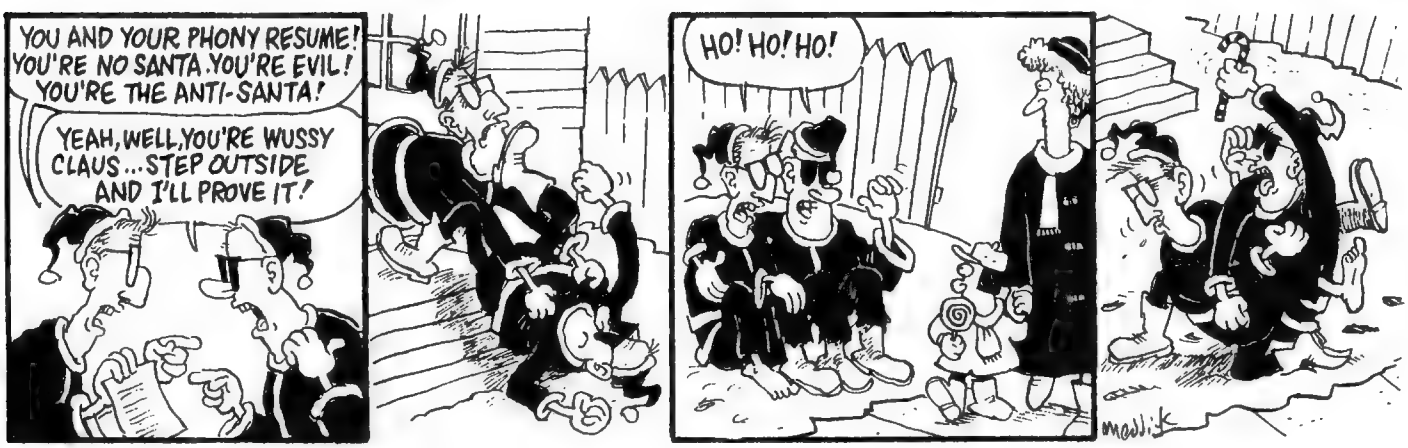
KING TUFF HAS ASKED ME TO NEGOTIATE A PEACE FOR HIS PEOPLE...
BUT TO GAIN THE RESPECT OF THE RIVAL TRIBE, I MUST FIRST CHALLENGE THEIR BEST WARRIOR TO HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT...
MONTY, YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT...
HEH, HEH, HEH... DON'T WORRY... THE RIVAL TRIBE IS A PYGMY TRIBE!..
IF HE HADN'T WEAKENED ME WITH THAT DEVILISH BLOW DART, I WOULD'VE HAD HIM IN THE SECOND ROUND!
MONTY, I THINK THAT WAS JUST A SODA STRAW.

TO CELEBRATE THE END OF TRIBAL WAR, I MUST JOIN THE CHIEFS IN SMOKING A PIPE OF RITUAL HERBS...
BE CAREFUL, MONTY... THOSE HERBS MAY CONTAIN PSYCHO-ACTIVE PROPERTIES.
RELAX. I PLAN TO FOLLOW PRESIDENT CLINTON'S STRATEGY AND "NOT INHALE"...
HOW MANY FINGERS AM I HOLDING UP?
NOW, NOW, HILLARY... WHY DON'T YOU EVER JUST TRUST ME?!

COME ON, MONTY, IT'S TIME TO HEAD BACK TO CAMP...
YOU GO BACK WITHOUT ME. I AM A CHILD OF THE JUNGLE NOW. MY PLACE IS HERE WITH...
RUSTLE RUSTLE
OH, NO! OH...
FEAR NOT. MY MONKEY BRETHREN HAVE TAUGHT ME TO COMMUNICATE WITH OUR VARIOUS JUNGLE FRIENDS!..
RRWORR!
RWOOORR!
MAYBE HE'S HARD OF HEARING.
THE PROBLEM IS, RHINOS HAVE A TRICKY WAY OF ROLLING THEIR R'S.

mudrick
WHAT THE...?
SORRY...I JUST SPENT A WEEK IN A MONKEY CLAN AND THERE WAS A LOT OF COMMUNAL GROOMING...AND, AND I JUST SPACED OUT... HEH, HEH... FORCE OF HABIT... SORRY...
WHEN I GET BACK TO THE STATES, I'M SERIOUSLY CONSIDERING A JOB IN THE HAIR-CARE INDUSTRY...
THIS IS ONE OF THOSE RARE OCCASIONS I THANK GOD I'M BALD.

SOMEONE ELSE GOT THE SANTA JOB AT WAL-MART. I HAVE NO IDEA WHY I...
HO! HO! HO!
YOU! HOW COULD YOU POSSIBLY...?
"3 YEARS, ELF AT MACY'S. 2 YEARS, SANTA FAO SCHWARTZ. LEAD CHOREOGRAPHER IN RICHARD SIMMONS' "SWEATIN' SANTA'S" WORKOUT VIDEO"...
A PHONY RESUME! HOW COULD ANYONE SINK SO LOW AT CHRISTMAS TIME?!
ALL I KNOW IS, HE WHO HO-HO-HOs LAST, HO-HO-HOs LOUDEST.
FFFTT
mudrick


YOU AND YOUR PHONY RESUME! YOU'RE NO SANTA. YOU'RE EVIL! YOU'RE THE ANTI-SANTA!
YEAH, WELL, YOU'RE WUSSY CLAUS... STEP OUTSIDE AND I'LL PROVE IT!
HO! HO! HO!
mudrick

SO, LITTLE BOY, WHAT DO YOU WANT FOR CHRISTMAS?
WELL, I'D LIKE A GI JOE ACTION... UM...
A GI JOE ACTION FIGURE? IS THAT ALL?
UMM... I'LL JUST WRITE THE REST DOWN IN A NOTE AND MAIL IT TO YOU, IF THAT'S OK WITH YOU...
meddick
MOMMY, WHY DOES SANTA'S BREATH SMELL LIKE UNCLE JACK'S BREATH AFTER HE'S SPENT THE DAY AT THE SPORTS BAR?
NEXT!
HOW 'BOUT WE START WITH AN EASIER QUESTION LIKE HOW DOES SANTA TRAVEL AROUND THE WORLD IN 24 HOURS?!

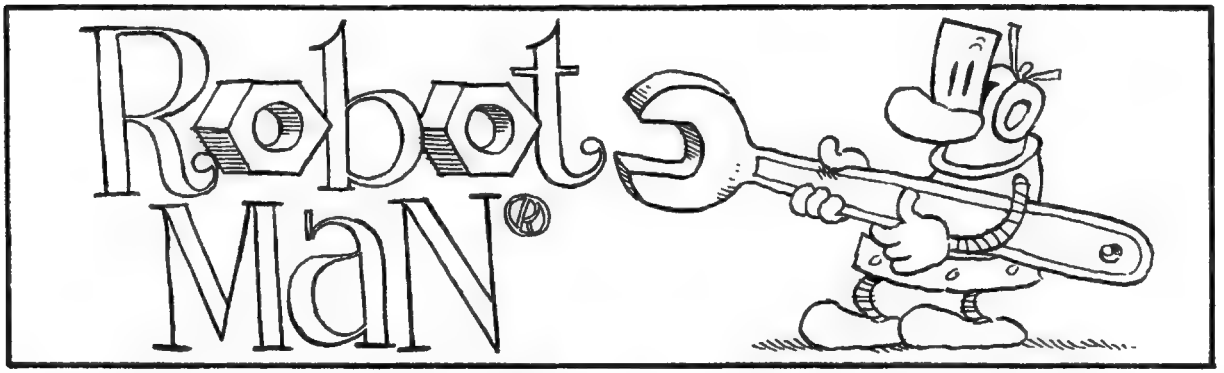
THE GHOSTS OF CHRISTMAS! ARE YOU HERE TO SHOW ME MY CHRISTMASES PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE?!
NO. WE'RE HERE TO TAKE AWAY YOUR CASE OF TALL BOYS.
WE FIGURE ONCE YOU SOBER UP, YOU'LL SEE THE ERROR OF YOUR WAYS...
HEY! THAT'S MY BEER! YOU CAN'T JUST...!
AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
I'M YOUR CUTE, GRINCH-SIDEKICK-TYPE COMPANION HERE TO HELP YOU ALONG THE ROAD TO CHRISTMASSY CHEER!
CARE FOR AN "O'DOUL'S"?
meddick

MONTY, I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO GET OFF MY CHEST...
I'M SORRY I STOLE YOUR SANTA JOB. I... I DON'T KNOW WHAT I WAS THINKING...
I'M NO SANTA. I'M JUST A BEER-GUZZLING, OVERLY COMPETITIVE, OVERAGED FRAT BOY...
HERE. TAKE THE SANTA HAT... I... I DON'T DESERVE IT...
meddick
MOONDOG... KEEP THE HAT... RIGHT NOW, IN MY EYES, YOU'RE THE BEST DARN SANTA THERE EVER WAS!
YOU... YOU REALLY THINK SO?!
NOT EXACTLY. I STILL THINK YOU'RE SORT OF A CREEP, BUT THAT WOULDN'T MAKE FOR A MELODRAMATIC CHRISTMASSY ENDING.
HO HO HO

OLGA!... FOR ME?!
JUST A STOCKING STUFFER I FORGOT TO GIVE YOU ON CHRISTMAS...
OH, GREAT. BARBELLS.

SO, LIL' BUDDY, ARE YOU GOING TO USE THE CORN-FLAKE MAKER I GOT YOU FOR CHRISTMAS TODAY?
UMM...NOT TODAY. I WAS JUST TEMPORARILY GOING TO STORE IT WITH THE OTHER SPECIALTY-FOOD-PREPARATION DEVICES I GOT AS GIFTS...
DON'T WORRY. THE PARAMEDICS ARE ON THEIR WAY. THEY SAID TO TRY TO WIGGLE YOUR TOES ON THE SIDE PINNED BY THE "LE CROISSANT-A-LOT"...
I CAN'T FEEL MY LEG... I CAN'T FEEL MY...
Raisin toast so easy

WHERE'S OLGA? SHE'S SUPPOSED TO INTRODUCE US AROUND... IT'S AWKWARD NOT KNOWING ANYONE AT THIS PARTY...
IT DOESN'T HELP THAT YOU'RE WEARING A RIDICULOUS SHIRT.
OH, THIS? OLGA GAVE ME THIS FOR CHRISTMAS, SO I THOUGHT I'D WEAR IT OUT OF POLITENESS...
AND THE AWARD FOR "WHIPPED BOYFRIEND OF THE YEAR" GOES TO...
MONTY, WHY ARE YOU WEARING THAT GAG GIFT I GAVE YOU?
"GAG GIFT"?
GAG GIFTS SHOULD COME WITH LAUGH TRACKS.
I FEEL ONE COMING ON...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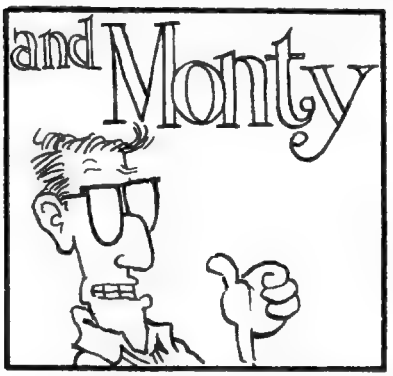
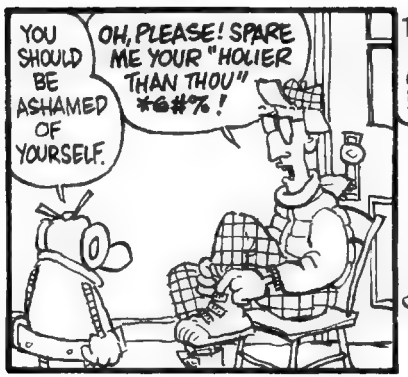

and Monty

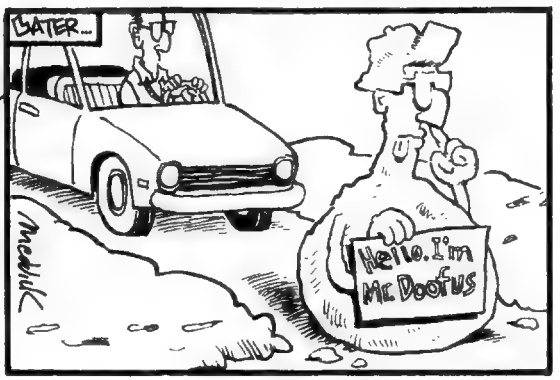
NO, NO, KIDS... YOU'RE DOING IT ALL WRONG! THERE SHOULD BE A LAW: NO SNOWMAN CONSTRUCTION WITHOUT ADULT SUPERVISION...
WHAT'S WRONG?
YOU'RE USING THE WRONG KIND OF SNOW! THIS IS LOW-GRADE YARD SNOW!

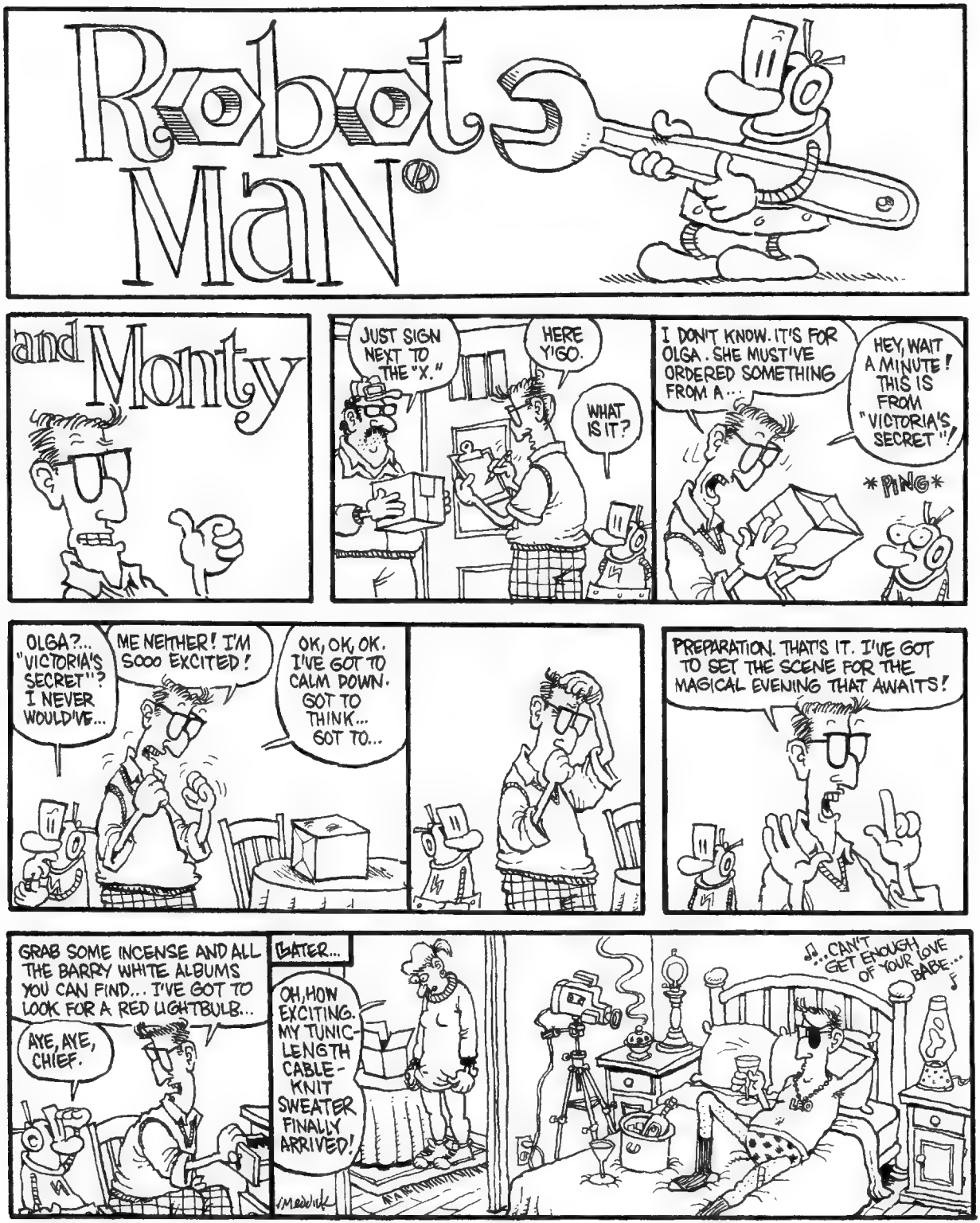
FOR SNOWMAN CONSTRUCTION, YOU NEED TO USE DRIVEWAY SNOW, OR AT THE VERY LEAST, HIGH-GRADE FRONT-STEPS SNOW.
BUT, MISTER...
NOW, NOW, I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING... YOUR DRIVEWAY AND STEPS ARE ALREADY CLEARED OF SNOW...
WELL, DON'T PANIC.

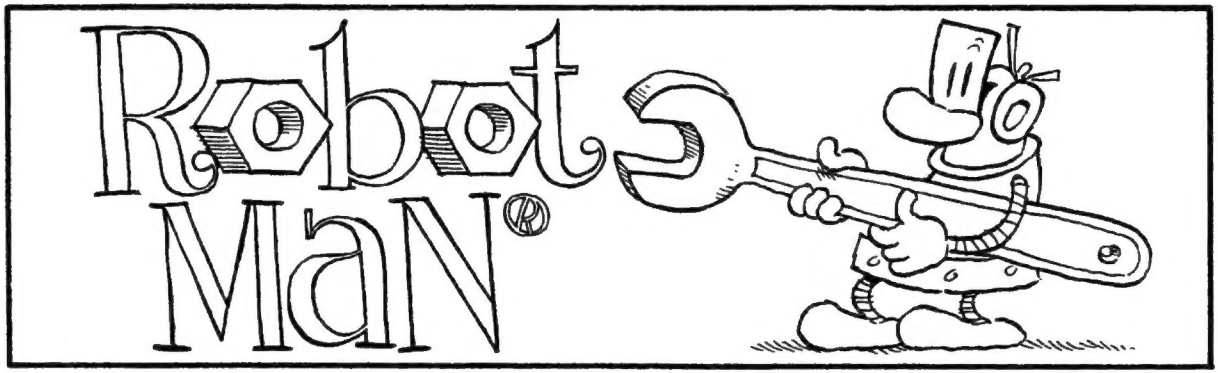
BECAUSE YOU SEEM LIKE GOOD KIDS, I'LL LET YOU USE THE SNOW IN MY DRIVE... AS MUCH AS YOU WANT!
HERE. I'LL EVEN LET YOU USE MY PROFESSIONAL SNOWMAN-MAKING EQUIPMENT.

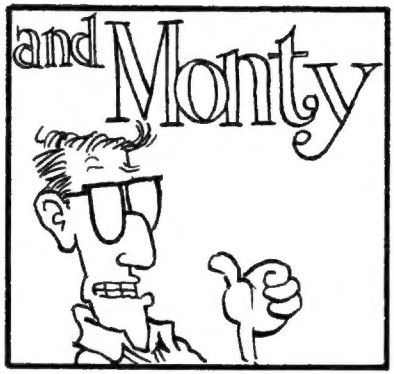

YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF.
OH, PLEASE! SPARE ME YOUR "HOLIER THAN THOU" *@#%!

THE WAY I SEE IT, IT'S A WIN-WIN SCENARIO: THEY GET A SNOWMAN. I GET A CLEAN DRIVE. EVERYBODY'S HAPPY!

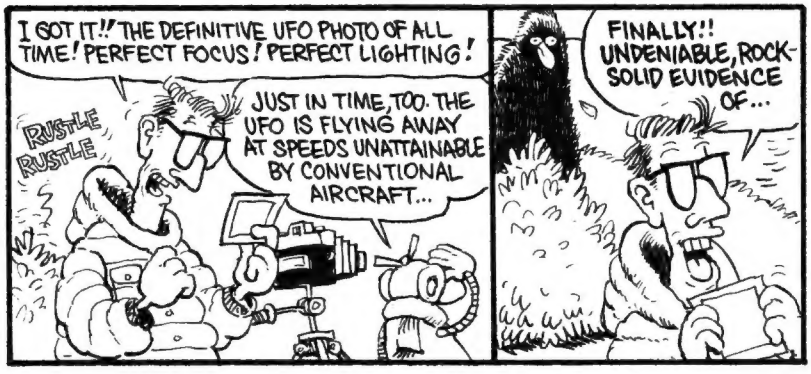

LATER...
Hello. I'm Mr. Doofus
Medbik


Robot Man®
and Monty
JUST SIGN NEXT TO THE "X."
HERE Y'GO.
WHAT IS IT?
I DON'T KNOW. IT'S FOR OLGA. SHE MUST'VE ORDERED SOMETHING FROM A...
HEY, WAIT A MINUTE! THIS IS FROM "VICTORIA'S SECRET"!
PING
OLGA?... "VICTORIA'S SECRET"? I NEVER WOULD'VE...
ME NEITHER! I'M SOOO EXCITED!
OK, OK, OK. I'VE GOT TO CALM DOWN. GOT TO THINK... GOT TO...
PREPARATION. THAT'S IT. I'VE GOT TO SET THE SCENE FOR THE MAGICAL EVENING THAT AWAITS!
GRAB SOME INCENSE AND ALL THE BARRY WHITE ALBUMS YOU CAN FIND... I'VE GOT TO LOOK FOR A RED LIGHTBULB...
AYE, AYE, CHIEF.
LATER...
OH, HOW EXCITING. MY TUNIC-LENGTH CABLE-KNIT SWEATER FINALLY ARRIVED!
♫...CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF YOUR LOVE BABE...♫


Robot Man®


and Monty

OK...THIS'LL BE A GREAT SHOT... STAND IN FRONT OF THE LAKE AND HOLD UP THE COLORFUL LEAF.
WHAT THE..? OH MY LORD! THIS IS UNBELIEVABLE! DON'T MOVE! THERE'S A UFO BEHIND YOU!!


I GOT IT!! THE DEFINITIVE UFO PHOTO OF ALL TIME! PERFECT FOCUS! PERFECT LIGHTING!
RUSTLE RUSTLE
JUST IN TIME, TOO. THE UFO IS FLYING AWAY AT SPEEDS UNATTAINABLE BY CONVENTIONAL AIRCRAFT...
FINALLY!! UNDENIABLE, ROCK-SOLID EVIDENCE OF...

HEY! WHO THE..?!

WAIT! BIG-FOOT! DON'T GO! DON'T...
...THEN BIGFOOT PULLED MY PANTS DOWN CREATING A DIVERSION WHILE NESSIE STOLE MY PHOTO, BUT CLEVERLY, I LEFT MY PANTS UNTOUCHED SO YOU COULD DUST FOR PRINTS.
OK. NOW DO YOU RECOMMEND WE USE STANDARD DUST OR DO YOU PREFER FAIRY DUST?...
Mechlik

0 50837 14352 4

"I really, really, really liked this book. Pure genius. In hindsight, I wish my book had been more like this one."

—Anonymous

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